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THE EEL

EVAN MORGAN

I HAVE floated far too long on the surface of the wave,
Far too long upon the surface of the wave.
Better had I died and been buried in my grave
Than have floated on the surface of the wave.
Let me sink then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me hide me from myself, let me hide myself from Thee,
I have floated far too long, far too long and wantonly.

I have lain among the seaweeds, the dim flowers of the deep,
Half asleep amongst the flowers of the deep,
What sort of count I wonder of those hours did I keep
While I drowsed among the flowers of the deep?
Let me drop then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me tumble to destruction in a stricken misery,
Be frozen as my heart is; my heart to His heart's plea.

From the deeps there let me cry and when smothered by the wave,
Entirely hid and smothered by the wave,
Let me cry, and hear my cry, my cry to Thee to save,
When my bones are knocked together by the wave.
Let me rise then as an eel, as an eel up through the sea
Let me creep unto His feet to lie there patiently
Until His eyes of mercy are turned with love on me.

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SHALL WE FORCE RELIGION INTO THE SCHOOLS?

YES, says the Reverend Mr. Winchester. Religion must be the central kernel of all sound education. Separation of Church and State has left secular education in the grip of materialism. Children are therefore being reared in skepticism or ignorance of all religious teachings. The remedy is, first, to teach history, civics, biography, and literature with a religious interpretation; and second, to set aside a certain period of the school day for religious instruction by whatever sect the parents may prefer.

NO, says Mr. Watts. Religious freedom in America rests upon the principle that Church and State shall remain forever separate. To overthrow this principle is to breed sectarianism and intolerance. This new demand of the clericals is a confession of weakness. With all the resources of the home and the Church at their disposal, do they dare admit they can't teach religion except in the mystical hour between two and three on Wednesday afternoon? If religion is so important, let them make use of the superabundant amount of the child's time they already have, without clipping the school hours which are even now too short.

I — WITHOUT GOD, IS IT EDUCATION?

BENJAMIN SEVERANCE WINCHESTER

POPULAR education is essential to democracy. This is axiomatic. But religion is also essential. Moreover, the State must be free from Church control and, conversely, the Church must not be hampered by political interference. Hence the separation of Church and State, as a fundamental principle of democratic procedure. Right here lies a problem: How to ensure an intelligent citizenship, perpetuate vital religion and, at the same time, keep separate Church and State.

The New England colonists were eager to establish schools, in which religion had a prominent place. They founded universities in order that there might be an educated ministry; and these were often privately supported while, on the other hand, the State was actively concerned in the welfare of the Church. With the development of the public school system and of denominationalism, however, there came increasing emphasis upon separa-

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tion of Church and State with sharp distinction of function, a principle now so widely accepted that any discussion of the relation between religion and education is generally prefaced by disavowal of any purpose to reopen this question. The application of this principle has been interpreted to mean the practical exclusion of religion from public education.

The result is that the public school has become almost completely secularized, while religious freedom has given us some two hundred sects, each making its specific, — and in many cases infinitesimal, — contribution to the sum total of religious education. The public school system has developed enormously until its curriculum now includes a wide range of subject matter and a vast number of socializing activities. Its appeal to the interest of the pupil is immediate and engrossing and its support by the adult members of the community is generally cordial and fairly generous. The religious forces, on the other hand, weakened through excessive division and competitive rivalry, have hitherto confined their efforts mainly to a brief session on Sunday, a rest day, and have suffered when brought into comparison with the public school.

This separation of religion from public education creates the impression that secular education, — which is provided so extensively by the state and is required by law, — is important and essential, while religious education, — comparatively meagre in amount and optional with the pupil, — is of no great consequence. This inference was quickly drawn and frankly expressed by a high school boy who was asked which he liked better, Sunday school or day school. "I like Sunday school all right, but then you *have* to have an *education* (i.e., public school course) and I don't see that religion makes any difference." In other words, the practical effect of our procedure is to create a prejudice *against* religion and religious education. As Mr. Luther A. Weigle has put it, "while seeking to avoid sectarianism in education we have become sectarian, throwing our influence in favor of secularism, free-thinking, and materialism, — which is, in fact, a sectarian position."

The weakness of the churches in attempting to meet this situation is all too apparent. It has been estimated that twenty-six million children and youth of school age in this country are not receiving systematic religious instruction in any church and that "more than half of those who are enrolled in Sunday schools are

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absent more than half the time". With all due allowance for parental instruction, it can hardly be questioned that the policy of excluding religious instruction from the public schools, coupled with the inadequacy of the provision made by the churches to supply the lack, has produced a generation whose outlook upon life is largely pagan. Ambitions are directed toward standards measured in terms of material success. We have failed to give what Principal Jacks calls "the highest education", that is, a spiritual interpretation of the universe. Deprived of the searching discrimination of values and the controlling motives which religious education should supply, stimulated by the emotional excitement and suggestiveness of popular plays and demoralized by the free associations of cheap dance halls, it is not strange that the prevalence of violence and crime in this country should have occasioned wide-spread comment and growing concern.

One need not be an alarmist to discern in the present situation elements of grave danger to the future of American society. Neither is it necessary to claim that any program of education, however saturated with religion, will wholly eliminate the criminal and the moral pervert. It is generally agreed, however, that something must be done to make the program of religious education more extensive, inclusive, and effective.

But when the churches seriously undertake, as many are now doing, to provide such a program, they find it necessary not only to contend against the implications of a secularized public school system, but actually to compete with the public school for time in which to give instruction. It is easy to say that the public school has the children five or six hours a day, five days a week, and that the church may have all the rest of the time if it wishes for religious instruction. The demands of the public school upon the time of the pupils does not end with the school day. Home work is assigned, especially in the upper grades, which often requires the pupil to study until late into the night and on Sundays. Many feel that the public school program has expanded to the point where it absorbs practically all the time and energy of the pupil that can profitably be devoted to systematic study. The proposal to increase this demand upon the children for purposes of religious instruction meets with remonstrance from both pupils and parents.

Thus it has come about that the question as to the mutual

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relation of Church and State to education has been raised afresh from a new angle. In the effort to secure more time for religious instruction the churches have hit upon the expedient of week-day classes in religion. Various experiments have been tried. According to one plan, representatives from the churches teach, — during the school session, — classes of children belonging to their respective religious groups. In other cases classes are taught in the school buildings outside of school hours. Again, classes in religion are taught in the churches, the children being released for a period from school and the instruction being accepted by the public school authorities in fulfilment of part of the school requirements. All these plans, however, are open to the objection that they involve the use of public money or public equipment for private, — that is, ecclesiastical, — purposes.

Another plan has been rapidly growing in favor, by which the children are excused, on request of their parents, for religious instruction, either in the churches themselves or in school buildings provided by them. It is estimated that more than two thousand such schools are in operation in different parts of the United States. Some of these are denominational schools, under the care of single churches, or groups of churches of the same denomination. Many of them are "community schools", carried on cooperatively by interdenominational effort. That this plan also has its difficulties is readily admitted. While it is not open to the charge of using school property, equipment, or the time of teachers for church purposes, — the religious classes being held in churches and the public school being relieved of all responsibility for keeping track of attendance or granting credit, — other problems are likely to occasion embarrassment. The withdrawal of any large proportion of pupils from the schools for religious instruction complicates the administrative problem of the superintendent. He must provide, for the pupils and teachers who remain, work of sufficient importance to command their interest without being actually indispensable for those excused. Some have attempted to meet this problem by excusing the pupils during a period devoted to play, — which seems to penalize those who are to receive religious instruction and create prejudice against the movement from the start. Jewish parents object that the departure of certain children to one church and of other children to

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another church introduces into the otherwise democratic atmosphere of the public school a sectarian consciousness which acts as a divisive antisocial influence.

In many communities, the school authorities, upon being asked to excuse pupils, have demanded that the churches submit the program of religious instruction which they propose to substitute for public school work, on the ground that the work done in the churches must be of equivalent cultural value. This demand tends to force the churches into formal, text-book methods similar to those followed in public schools.

Moreover, the concentration of attention upon a week-day session of the church school, and the pressure to make its instruction closely similar to public school work, tends to invest this particular undertaking with an exaggerated importance and to throw it out of relation with the other teaching of the church.

Recently this movement, which notwithstanding these difficulties has been increasingly popular, has encountered determined opposition on strictly legal grounds. The Freethinkers' Society of New York brought suit against the superintendent of schools in Mt. Vernon to prevent the release of pupils for religious instruction. It seems that the report cards used were printed upon school printing-presses. This was construed as a misuse of school property and school time. Their plea having been sustained by the court, the Society then brought mandamus proceedings against the state commissioner of education, to compel him to forbid the release of pupils anywhere in the public schools of the state for purposes of religious instruction. Justice Staley decided that it is not inconsistent with public policy and constitutional guarantees thus to excuse pupils on request of their parents. The case was appealed and the final decision will be awaited with much interest.

These recent instances of opposition to the release of pupils for religious instruction on school time indicate anew the sensitiveness of public opinion to any effort to commit the public schools to a share in the churches' work of religious instruction. On the other hand, there is instant opposition to any move on the part of the public schools which tends to curtail the right of the churches, within their own sphere. The attempt in Oregon to compel all children to attend only the public schools was bitterly resented and was ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

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Again, the passage of the law against the teaching of the theory of evolution in Tennessee may be regarded as an assertion by public opinion of the right of the churches to preserve their teaching against what they regarded, however mistakenly, as the adverse influence of the public schools. The principle of the separation of Church and State seems firmly established.

It is time, however, that we learned to make a distinction between the Church and religion. They are not identical. Religion is a way of living, an attitude toward the world in which we live. Theology is the result of the attempt to give a religious interpretation of the universe. The church is an institution through which religious people seek to give organized and social expression to their religious life. But just as it is possible for members of different political parties to cooperate in an effective program of public education which is non-partizan, so it ought to be possible for members of different religious bodies to cooperate in including in the public school program religious instruction which is non-sectarian. In all the century-long discussion about the separation of Church and State, this course has been frequently advocated and, in varying degree and by different methods, has actually found its way into practice in certain localities. It is now being urged anew by some of our foremost educators. For the sake of simplicity we may reduce to three the types of proposals which have been offered.

I. *The Bible should be taught in the public schools.* Advocates of this policy remind us that the Old Testament is the common possession of the three major religious bodies, Jews, Protestants, and Roman Catholics. It ought to be possible, they argue, to agree upon portions of Scripture acceptable to all and give them a place in the public school curriculum as examples of classic literature, if nothing more. Greek and Roman classics have a recognized status. Why not also the Bible? Let it be taught simply as literature, without dogmatic interpretation.

With reference to this proposal it is well to keep in mind that there is a wide difference of legislation in the different states. There are some states where the use of the Bible is prohibited by law on the ground that it is a "sectarian" book. There are other states, however, which not only permit but require the teaching of certain portions of the Bible, as for example the ten command-

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ments, and many states in which the devotional use of the Bible is customary.

Recent attempts to revive this argument have met with violent reaction and reveal again the confusion in the popular mind. It is objected that an instruction which stops short of interpretation is emasculated and ineffective and an instruction which includes interpretation becomes at once sectarian. One Jewish rabbi insisted that a Jew, with his unitarian idea of God, would not be satisfied with an interpretation even of the decalogue by a Christian who held a trinitarian view, while a public school principal maintained that the mere reading, or even memorizing, of the ten commandments was of little worth. Here, then, in this apparently innocent suggestion we run against conflicting theological convictions and pedagogical theories. But why assume that religious instruction and Bible study are identical?

II. *Religion should be introduced into the public school curriculum as a subject.* Just what this would be like is not quite clear. It is no doubt intended that it should be free from all elements which might lead to controversy, perhaps a kind of irreducible minimum. Or perhaps it would be religion divested of its dogmatic, devotional, and ecclesiastical habiliments. Religion as a subject suggests some kind of systematic formulation, something which can be studied as a text-book, one among many subjects in the public school curriculum. This approach to the problem seems peculiarly fraught with difficulty. The preparation of text-books upon the subject of religion would presumably fall to the lot of religious scholars who are already committed in their thinking to some form of ecclesiastical dogma. Could they detach themselves from these presuppositions sufficiently to present a subject in a form acceptable to the advocates of a different doctrine? Moreover, knowledge of religion as a subject by no means insures religious conduct. Is not this attempt to introduce religion into the schools really based upon the assumption that religion is identical with theology?

What, then, is religious instruction? And how may it be given in the schools without violating the accepted principles of democracy? Religion is more than Bible study, it is something different from theology. Many deeply religious people have a very limited knowledge of the Bible and still less familiarity with formal

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theology, valuable as these are as aids to religion. If we mean by religion a certain quality of life, a consciousness of God, an acceptance of relationship to him and of responsibility to live in accordance with his purposes, an attitude of reverence toward God and his world, it is vastly more immediate and vital and pervasive than anything that can be taught in a class period set apart for Bible study or devoted to a special subject. The scientific attitude, community and civic spirit, cooperation, friendship, self-reliance and self-control, — these are not taught as subjects nor from text-books. They are taught, if at all, in connection with the entire teaching process.

III. *Religion should be taught through the public school curriculum.* Mr. Charles E. Rush elaborated, a decade ago, a very interesting plan. The assumptions upon which his plan was based were these: Religion is a phase of human life at its best. It comes to the aid of the individual in his struggle for existence, in his quest for a system of permanent values, converting him from a use of inadequate or wrong standards, enabling him to triumph over every enemy of personality. Religion, too, has its social aspect, making possible a social fellowship, the joint reaction against sin and suffering and the promotion of individual and social righteousness.

It requires no very keen analysis of the public school curriculum to reveal numberless opportunities for religious instruction *in connection with the customary subjects.* Much of this instruction will be informal and incidental, consisting of an emphasis or interpretation designed to vitalize and illuminate the values of the subject matter. Nature study provides a convenient approach to nature's God, mathematics suggests the inevitableness and immutability of God's laws, history may be studied as the story of the unfolding purposes of God. To teach science and ignore the spiritual implications of physics, chemistry, and biology is, in this day, to give a biased and unscientific interpretation of natural phenomena. Art, poetry, music, biography, are rich with religious suggestiveness. Such a conception of religious instruction will not exclude Bible stories from the curriculum of the public school, nor prevent reference to the biographies of Jesus and the prophets, nor omit from the panorama of the world's history the contribution of the Hebrew people. There is a proper place for simple but

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beautiful forms of worship in the school program, just as there is a place for emphasis upon ethical principles in all the school relationships and for working out the problems of civic and community life upon the basis of religious convictions.

This conception of religion assumes it to be a vital factor in the total experience, and such a religious interpretation of the public school program would invest each subject with rich meaning. It would go far to unify the entire work of the school. It involves, to be sure, a type of teacher who is both religious in spirit and at the same time able to strip from his religious instruction all the characteristic theological phraseology associated with sectarian controversy. It implies, indeed, a high degree of pedagogical skill, the ability to invest all teaching with religious warmth and suggestiveness while keeping it free from homiletic dogmatizing. No doubt there are many such teachers to-day, who, through their teaching of biography, literature, the physical and biological and social sciences, are able without making any ado about it to develop in their pupils attitudes of reverence, devotion, and goodwill. There are multitudes of teachers who, as friendly counselors of pupils regarding their personal problems of conduct, base their counsel upon ideals and standards generally acceptable to all religious bodies. What we need is frankly to recognize the place of such religious instruction in public education and consciously to provide for it everywhere. The attempt to make this kind of teaching universal may have to contend against the twofold difficulty of securing teachers equipped for such service and of overcoming the prejudices and fears of religious bodies apprehensive lest some new inroads are about to be made upon our precious heritage of religious freedom. These difficulties, however, are not insuperable and should not deter us from the attempt.

There is no thought, of course, of absolving the Church and the home of any part of their responsibility for religious instruction. It is not contended that the public school should provide *all* religious instruction. What we are combating is the theory that the public school must be prohibited from giving *any* teaching in religion. The home and the Church will still have their distinctive contribution to make to religion, but they are entitled to have provided through the public school an atmosphere and a background which shall not be inimical but favorable to their effort.

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II — WHICH GOD AND WHY SCHOOLS?

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

AS fatuous as the professed intention of William Jennings Bryan to "put God into the Constitution" is the more vicious folly which, — in the name of fundamentalist and evangelical sectarianism, — now aims to turn the public schools of this country into organizations for the promotion of racial and religious differences. The scheme may be succinctly summed up as a project for "putting God into the schools on Wednesday afternoons". Carrying on an extensive campaign through various evangelical organizations and supported by certain judicial opinions of no more merit than the utterances of the Tennessee Supreme Court in the Scopes case, a group of sectarian propagandists are making a great to-do about the so called sacred right of home and Church to inculcate religious principles in the young. These rights none dispute or deny. But the question at issue is whether the religious gentlemen are justified in disregarding the preponderant rights they already have to the child's time when they come forward with their plea for an additional concession from the all-too-limited time now allotted to the public schools.

The propagandists have tried to conceal from the public the very pregnant fact that the parents and the Church seem to have failed signally in teaching religious principles to the child during the superabundant time these institutions now have at their disposal; and they propose to place on the schools the responsibility for what they claim is a desperate situation. They have made up their minds to force the public schools to bear the burden of those sacred duties which naturally fall to the home, and the Church, — duties which, it appears, the religious enthusiasts prefer to talk about rather than exercise.

This issue is now before the American public and it cannot be stated too emphatically. Though the judicial opinions rendered in the so called White Plains (New York) case settled nothing, they all point to one thing. By the most astounding perversion of fact and argument, this new crusade against the integrity of the public schools has not only refused to charge the derelictions of parents

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and Church against these real offenders, but has laid the blame at the doors of the unoffending schools themselves. Thus, while the public schools are exercising their primary and wholesome function of giving secular instruction during the very small amount of time in which they control the child, they are being so maligned, misrepresented, and attacked that they are left almost without defenders. A nation-wide animosity is thereby being aroused against the schools, simply because they are not usurping the Church's function of nurturing the child in the religious beliefs of their parents.

On all sides this failure of the home and the Church to set up the restraints of religion about the modern child is admitted. But the remedy proposed, — instead of seeking to increase their control, instead of attempting to raise the efficiency of the natural guardians of religion, — aims on the contrary to relieve them of all responsibility. The plan of attack is both naive and ingenious. First, the propagandists attack the schools as irreligious and godless. And then they propose to filch certain school hours for sectarian religious instruction. The plan, — which varies somewhat in different parts of the country, and which is not "sweeping the country like wildfire", as its proponents claimed it would, — may be briefly stated as follows: "Inside the school hours" but "outside of the school structures" the children are to be officially segregated, labeled, and "released" for religious instruction in such sectarian centres as the religious organizations may determine.

Back of all this movement is the greatest fallacy, the falsest assumption, that has ever been presented for the judgment of the American people. Unfortunately, it is a fallacy that has been given specious endorsement by such judicial decisions as those of the White Plains case. These decisions by no means got at the real issue but were more like obiter dicta, dealing with the rights and duties of parents, — which no one disputes, least of all the poor, overworked school teachers. The fallacy need only be stated clearly to expose its fundamental absurdity. It is that the home and the Church combined cannot teach religion to the child save on Wednesday afternoons, preferably between the mystical and sacred hours of two and three o'clock! It does not require an undue modicum of brain to see that this proposal is not based upon

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any of the necessities of the case, but is part and parcel of a much larger and more vicious propaganda which looks to forcing sectarianism into the public schools as a part of the regular curriculum. Indeed, in this movement the Protestant denominations have abandoned the old cry of "Hands off the public schools!" in which they once joined so enthusiastically. This new conspiracy against the schools, — clothed, of course in the fine verbal livery of heaven, — is headed by fanatics of the Bryan stripe, and aims at nothing less than using the established discipline and trained personnel of the public schools in an unblushing effort to entrench sectarian and racial differences in the receptive and unquestioning minds of school children. All this through highly officered religious organizations which now make open boast of the millions of men and the millions of money behind them.

Though the time argument is unanswerable, neither the propagandists nor the few courts which have sustained them pay any attention to it. Public school authorities have stated that there is plenty of time for religious instruction outside of school hours. But their opinions are passed over in contempt. The advocates of the plan are bent on mustering the schools and their discipline into the contending armies of the Lord; and they have learned that the best way to effect their ends is to paint the dire necessities of the situation and clamor that the schools are responsible for it. Various leaders are quoted, indicting the schools as a menace to our civilization. It is the order of the day to proclaim that "the ignoring of religions by the public schools transgresses the principles of religious freedom", — a ludicrous *lucus a non lucendo* argument if there ever was one! Consistency, however, is not the hobgoblin of the little minds engaged in this attack on the schools. Their tirades are only a smoke-screen to hide their yearning to control the schools.

The Wednesday afternoon sectarian diversion is merely a step in a much wider series of proposals that is revolutionary and wholly unconstitutional in its character. In Illinois the Attorney-General has decided that "releases" on Wednesday afternoon are sectarian and clearly unconstitutional, since they demand the cooperation of school authorities in setting up sectarian distinctions. He also called attention to the fact that the segregation of children according to the denominations of their parents put

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a stigma on the non-segregated children of non-church-going parents, which was entirely foreign to American principles. In New York also, in the Mount Vernon case, "releases" for Wednesday afternoon were refused by Judge Seeger; and while they were allowed in the White Plains case by Judge Staley and affirmed by the Appellate Court, the court evaded the time argument and the constitutional argument.

Along with the agitation for God in the schools goes a demand for a wider use of the Bible as a religious exercise whose character is plainly sectarian, dogmatic, and superstitious. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, in his recent endorsement of an hysterical fourteen-year-old girl evangelist, held that there would be no improvement in morals or religion in the United States "until we have religion in all the schools". The Reverend Mr. Sheldon, of old time evangelistic notoriety in Kansas, is convinced that religion must be taught in the public schools, but for the present he magnanimously holds off because he doesn't believe we yet have the proper teachers. Besides, he is not at all sure precisely what kind of religion can be taught. This phase of the situation is possibly the most paradoxical. At a time when the Protestant denominations are sharply divided over what they believe, they boldly assume a uniform attitude in their sinister effort to turn plastic children into self-conscious, squabbling sectaries!

The Protestant Churches are as busily engaged in crying "godless" at the public schools as the Roman Catholic Church ever was. And, logically enough, they are now asking Roman Catholic endorsement for this Wednesday afternoon movement. But neither of the great divisions of Christianity really meets the fact that all this hue and cry about godless schools is absolutely untrue. Even if the schools *are* chiefly engaged in their proper business of secular instruction, the home and Church need only exercise their loudly advertised prerogatives and thereby make the pupils turned over to the "secular arm" both religious and God-loving. The innocents would then be beyond all possible contamination from the unreligious exercises of learning that two and two make four and that a plural verb must follow a plural subject. The school authorities would be delighted to receive well-behaved children whose religious enthusiasm would be reflected in their morals and conduct. But mush and maudlinism have

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ruled otherwise, and the Reverend Dr. William B. Miller, General Secretary of the New York Federation of Churches, recently asserted "that if any of the Revolutionary red blood is left in our veins, we should not let our children be robbed of their birthright of religion." He did not point out that the secular schools are in no wise interfering with the right of the Church to safeguard this birthright. Nor did he point out that daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, the home and the Church have more than enough time, — if they care to use it, — to teach any child all the religion he can be expected to understand or live up to.

A striking example of what the propagandists are attempting was the syndicated article in the magazine sections of several Sunday newspapers last February, headed "God in the Schools". On the front page was a large illustration showing the child receiving instructions at its mother's knee in the most old-fashioned manner. Another large illustration represented a youth, presumably at college, surrounded by alembics and presumably on the edge of despair through the study of science. The burden of the article was given over to quotations from cardinals and bishops and Dr. Cadman in a misleading effort to suggest that it was through religion in the public schools, and that alone, that the country could be saved.

No, the propagandists are intent on getting Wednesday afternoons and are indifferent to all their other opportunities. In violation of all sound American principles, they assert that "the responsibility of the State for religion is just as basic as the principle of the separation of the Church and State". Of course, they are not all agreed as to how they are going to handle the Wednesday afternoon idea, or even the bigger idea of putting religion into the schools regularly. The Reverend Dr. Clarence E. MacCartney, of Philadelphia, — who is proud to admit that he is the most extreme of all the Bryanites in the Presbyterian Church and is the most fundamental of all obscurantist Fundamentalists, — recently told the assembled superintendents of schools of the country that he appealed to them because other formative influences had failed to do anything for the modern child. His confession ran thus: "When we take into consideration the fall of the family altar, the abandonment of moral and religious instruction in the home, and the lowering of standards in the home, the

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ghastly ravages of divorce, leaving its evil trail in one home out of seven, we begin to understand something of the gravity of the task now laid upon the shoulders of the teacher and the principal."

Dr. MacCartney overlooked the fact that in this, at least, the schools are blameless. Every educator who knows anything, knows that the schools are doing all they can be expected to do, — and more, — to make up for the short-comings of the home and the Church. For, with a curious inconsistency, the advocates of religious instruction in the public schools at one minute denounce the schools as godless and the next minute are tearfully imploring those same schools to save the country. Dr. MacCartney was probably surprized at his own moderation when he admitted that the public schools cannot teach "the distinctive doctrines of Christianity". What he wants them to do is first to provide "definite instructions as to the existence of God; second, the same definite instructions as to the existence of immortality; third, the same definite instructions as to the existence of the moral nature of man."

But what nonsense this all becomes when one faces the fact that the public schools, — through their hygienic, sanitary, and ethical instruction, and through their welfare work, — already stand *in loco parentis* to the children, and are doing everything that the parents should do in the very homes themselves, as well as in the schoolrooms. Even now they are teaching future parents, — as well as the present parents, through the medium of their own offspring, — how to make better homes and how to become better citizens. No one can look over the school curriculums without realizing that they are making up for the deficiencies of home and Church.

Those who wish to put sectarian Scriptures and sectarian gods into the mind of the child care nothing for this work that is already done so supremely well in the public schools, — and done, too, in a relatively brief time. Even the Roman Catholic parochial schools, stimulated by criticism from within their own communion, make it very clear in their reports what a very large proportion of the time that the Roman Catholic child spends in these schools is devoted to secular studies. And all public school superintendents know that if the home and the Church did their duty by religion and by the child, the school authorities would

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be left free to use their relatively small share of time for a more intensive secular education. On its face the issue raised by the Wednesday afternoon religious propagandists is not honest. The schools can not accept the stigma of moral delinquency. They must and should resist the intrusion of what is all too plainly sectarian influence, no matter how specious may be the plea that sectarianism is not the aim. It is the hidden aim and is even openly admitted as the aim by the less discreet and the more fanatical. If the school authorities do not resist this attack, — all the more odious since it comes from those who have admittedly failed to control the child in its critical periods when it is all their own to mould and form in matters of conduct and character and religion, — they will be unworthy to be called American educators. They will, indeed, be little above the egregious creatures who sing the rigmarole of the Koran in Moslem courtyards and neither know nor care for science or conduct save that approved by the shrieking brotherhood.

Taking God into the Home

From a drawing by Clare Leighton

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AT FIRST SIGHT

A Novel in Four Parts — I

WALTER DE LA MARE

AT first sight any passer-by chancing to notice the gray-flanneled figure of the young man who was now making his way round the eastern horn of Galloway Crescent, might have assumed that he was blind. But this was not so. It is true the slender cane he carried in his hand was poised lightly in front of him as he stepped quietly on, but then he never tapped with it; and an occasional slight sidelong movement of his head suggested that he was making at least *some* rudimentary use of his eyes, even though they were hidden from view beneath a green silk shade attached to his head under his hat.

There was a peculiar grace in his movements, too, like that of some timid wild thing, and an almost absurd fastidiousness was apparent in his clothes. Maybe because this green shade had always shielded his face from the furies of a London sun, his lower features were unusually pale. But there was nothing positively effeminate in his looks. Wild things, after all, however timid, are not all of the weaker sex.

To residents in the Crescent, accustomed occasionally to glance out of their scrupulous windows, Cecil must long since have become a familiar sight; since the pavement between their iron balconies and their basements was part of his daily constitutional. Where old Professor Smith lived indeed, No. 24, — an old gentleman so profoundly interested in Persian literature that he had no need of "the time", — the neat parlor maid sometimes actually set her alarm clock by this young man. Busy at her dusting, her dark eye would glance down from the drawing-room to which she was all but the sole visitor, and see him gently forging his way along with a motion a little like that of a yacht on a halcyon sea. "Why, there's that young Mr. Jennings!" she would exclaim to herself, with a little thrill in her mind, and would at once run off downstairs to see if its hands, — as they always did, — actually pointed to ten minutes past eleven.

On this particular morning, however, Cecil was at least a

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quarter of an hour before his time; and to judge from his progress, a stiffer breeze than usual was catspawing his sea. On approaching the Crescent's westerly horn, however, his footsteps began to lag, and he seemed to be taking the liveliest possible interest in the narrow outskirts of the scene which his shade and his affliction enabled him to command.

The slightly protruding dark-blue eyes were now fixed on the pavement as if in actual search of something there; though, as a matter of fact, for days past his whole mind had been fixed on but one hope, — the hope of discovering not its fellow, but the owner of the gray suède glove that now lay safely tucked away in the side pocket of his jacket. That hope was rapidly waning now, leaving him not only restless but forlorn. These last few days, indeed, he had merely hung on to its shadow as one may hang on to the vanishing outskirts of a happy dream.

In a monotonous life even the smallest excitement seems to have dropped clean out of the blue. And since Cecil's day-by-day had been as regular and punctual as Professor Smith's kitchen clock, to want badly anything at all was a rare novelty and excitement. He was still in his early twenties, and in part because of his affliction, in part because of a peculiar retiringness, he was still under the unrelaxing care of a kind of step-grandmother, Mrs. le Mercier, — a lady of ample means, if not always of the most transparent ends.

Cecil also had money of his own. Comfort lapped him in; every wish within reason could be his. There was only this one comparatively slight ocular disability. He might have been a cripple, or an imbecile, or a monstrosity, or gravel-blind; and not even then always unhappy. But nothing so tragic as that. He was merely incapable of looking *up*. From his earliest infancy this strange and baffling derangement of his eyes had kept whatever attention he had to give fixed almost solely to the ground. By thrusting back his head, he could, it is true, slightly increase his optical range. But any effort of this kind was severe, and was apt to cause him excruciating pain. And Mrs. le Mercier, — "Grummumma," as he called her, — steadily set her face against these experiments. She counseled patience and moderation to any extreme. "I cannot bear the distress of it," she would cry, when Cecil falteringly moved up his head. And though naturally

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she had spared neither time nor money to get advice, and had never given up the hope that time that heals all things might alleviate this, she had never been in favor of drastic measures. She hated the notion of plaguing the poor, dear boy, and even of reminding him more often than was necessary to his well-being that he was different from other young men, abnormal in any way. "After all," she would sometimes confide in her friends, "so long as dear Cecil is all right in himself, that is all that really matters. We don't want a poet in the family, and fine frenzies, I am thankful to say, are not Cecil's forte. That is my conviction. So long as he is all right in *himself*, we must just make the best we can of his little handicap." Still, even Grummumma sometimes had her doubts; and could be peevish when incommoded.

Standing in his shade in the middle of the luxurious, almost lush, French carpet laid all over Mrs. le Mercier's drawing-room, and soundlessly twirling on his heels, Cecil could see nothing beyond a circle of a diameter of some eight feet. This area, of course, might be indefinitely shifted; and all human venture is only *human* venture. Still at no time in his life had he ever experienced much temptation to become a traveler or a pioneer. He was as ordinary in that respect as most people. And his grandmother, in the kindness of the heart that lay somewhere within her ample bosom, had if anything tended to restrict his range. Any little whim of this kind she would greet with indulgent, if not copious, amusement. And as the years advanced, — though they seemed powerless to add anything more suggestive of age than "presence" to her general effect, — that amusement grew ever more pronounced.

Inspired one April morning in his seventeenth year by a bright idea, Cecil had been discovered kneeling, hair-brush in hand, busily knocking into his bedroom wall, — a foot or so above the wainscot, — a tin tack or two. Unframed photographs of the "old masters" lay scattered on the floor around him.

"You know how I enjoy looking at them, as I *can* look at them," he had explained to Grummumma, archly surveying him from the doorway. "I wanted just to see if, — well, you see, at *this* height . . ."

"And Grummumma doesn't blame her dear boy," she had replied in that deep rich voice of hers. "It's the happiest of

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thoughts! None the less, I am perfectly certain, Cecil, you don't want any one who happens to look in at this door to die of laughing. You can't imagine how absurd the effect is, — even to *me*. No, Cecil, we don't want that." And Cecil had at once concurred.

It may or may not be true that children in general enjoy a far more comprehensive view of life than grown-ups are apt to surmise. It was true anyhow of Cecil: and this in spite of his poor eyes. His mother, indeed, in his quite early days, had realized this, and had always made a point of engaging tall, strapping nurse-maids, to the end that the little man, while at least *she* had any say in the matter, should see as much of the world as possible.

Fortunately, too, in this respect she had not died until a good six months after he had been breeched, when to be carried about at all, even by a nine-foot Amazonian Queen would have been a little humiliating. He had *once* enjoyed the "larger view"; that was the point.

On the other hand, all children, however freely they may twist their big heads on their small bodies, are accustomed to being close to the ground, which may account for the fact that most grown-ups have a rather narrow outlook. Cecil, having as an infant spent most of his waking hours in high chairs and in the arms of these domestic grenadiers, became suddenly shorter, so to speak, as soon as his mother died; and Grummumma was not one to gainsay the obvious.

On the other hand, custom, while blunting and dulling the mind, can also bless it with almost incredible funds of patience and endurance. And in an uncomplaining household, — consisting of himself, Mrs. le Mercier, an occasional grandniece, three servants, a gardener, his boy, and a kind of crippled old pensioner who did the boots and all odd and dirty jobs, — though he was to all intents and purposes practically invisible, — Cecil was the most uncomplaining of all. It was to appearance a singularly placid household. The servants kept their audibility to their own quarters; Eirene, Grummumma's niece, was unusually discreet for a young woman of her age; Cecil was no conversationalist; and Mrs. le Mercier, though she had a temper, very rarely showed or lost it. Concealed and kept, it was, if anything, more intimidating. Even at its extreme, it dressed itself up in the mantle of a still, peculiar, ferocious scorn.

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Incompetent members of a household cannot but be a burden, however philosophically that burden may be borne. The moment it threatened to be unbearable, Grummumma became a dowager Mrs. Christian, while remaining Mrs. Worldly-Wisewoman in her methods of removing it. She could be liberal, even magnanimous to any one really dependent on her, and she never humiliated the humble. Her husband, after her tedious illness, had, as it were, suddenly dropped out of her life. That was years ago; but she never failed to think sentimentally of him, restoring him to youth when she thought of him at all. And every least bit of maternal instinct she had was squandered upon Cecil. He was hers "for keeps". "He is 'my young man'," she had once fondly sighed of him over her tea-table. "If anything happened to him . . ." a momentary frumpishness of utter dejection had settled over her ample figure; one plump ringed hand lay on the Indian tea-tray while she followed up the sentence in the silence of her mind.

It was merely one of the contradictions so common in humanity that she simply couldn't endure in any one the slightest deviation from the norm. At sight of a cripple her eyes rolled in her head. She could be profoundly charitable, — but only at a distance. As a girl she had been made to read the life of St Francis. It had disgusted her. The experience, — and similar compulsions, — had tainted for her the very sight of a book, and even the marks in a strange face of poverty or sickness filled her with dismay, — "froze her up." "I know it, my dear," she had once confided in a friend, "I am at the mercy of horrors." And there came with the words such a look of helplessness into her bold and formidable face that even cruelty itself would have hesitated to set to work on such a victim.

Maybe it was to spare herself then, that while she had never desisted from her efforts to better poor Cecil's eyes, she had steadily opposed anything in the nature of an operation. Physicians and specialists from all the countries of Europe had been consulted, turn and turn about, and had expressed their views at large when out of hearing of their subject. For Cecil, this ordeal had almost become a habit. He knew how to avoid being hurt, became an expert in specialists' little ways, and usually feigned to be much more of a muff, — of an indoor creature, — than he looked. And when the specialists were gone, he would

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settle his silk shade over his eyes and just simply become himself again, — whatever that might mean.

"We cannot be downcast," Grummumma would sometimes declare in astonishing contradiction of her habits. "We cannot be downcast, my dear boy, provided we know the worst. Face that, and all is well." Not of course that Doctors This and That intended to be optimistic. But it's just false hopes that are the bane of most people. The poor hope to be rich, the afflicted hope to be whole, little realizing how much happier they would be if they were merely contented with things as they are, and expected them so to stay. "After all, Cecil, the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

So Cecil had continued not to look up. On the other hand, there is a metaphorical use of the phrase, and Cecil had been reminded of it at rather frequent intervals. Here Grummumma and he indeed completely parted company. Particularly when Canon Bagshot came not to dine, but to "help". When Cecil was a little boy, the Canon used to take him, — used indeed to wedge him, — between his angular knees, and talk to him. Being spare, dark, and tall, Canon Bagshot looked a more ascetic man even than he actually was. He had done excellent, if rather active, work in the parish and was one of the few human beings whose company Mrs. le Mercier could enjoy without any symptom on his part of a polite subservience; and no local scheme of betterment was complete without him. Among these, Canon Bagshot had somehow got imbedded in his mind the notion that Cecil might be cured of his physical difficulty if in spirit, so to speak, he might be persuaded or induced or compelled to "look up".

One particular catechism of this kind remained vividly in Cecil's memory, and Grummumma had been present at it, sitting with her back to the window, drinking it all in. There was a particular large rose of many graduated reds in the Brussels carpet upon which he remembered he had then actually stood. The two large hands had been holding his elbows, and just the extreme edges of the Canon's dark wide chin had been visible as it gently wagged up and down.

"You know, my dear boy," the voice had assured him, "how much we all have your happiness at heart. And if we urge you to things even a little painful in themselves, it is only for your

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good. And now I am told you refuse to speak sometimes when you are spoken to. Why is that?"

At the moment Cecil had no wish to refuse to speak, but his mouth was dry, he felt extremely uncomfortable, and, indeed, what he most wanted to do *was* to look up into Canon Bagshot's face just to see if it resembled what was suggested by the tones of his voice. He meant to explain too that it was useless to ask him the same question again and again when he had already answered it. Instead of this, he at last managed to mutter, "I don't want to."

"But then you see, my dear boy," replied Canon Bagshot, "it is just those 'don't wants' that harass and impede us in life's pilgrimage. It is not what we want or don't want to do, but what we ought to do that matters. Your dear grandmama wishes only for your good. 'Ah,' you may say, 'I can't be like other boys.' And that, of course, in its degree is perfectly true. God's will be done. But it doesn't mean that in many other things you cannot be *better* than other boys, setting an example which would shame them, knowing what advantages they have, and at the same time realizing there are many, many advantages denied to them which have *not* been denied to you. Do you follow me?" His voice alone, its mere accents, brought to mind some Alpine guide, brass horn on wrist, just disappearing round a further bluff of snow and rock. It invited one on.

Cecil indeed had in actual fact been a long way in front throughout this speech. He now had to hasten back in order to nod and shake his head. The double motion was a little instinctive device of his own. If he had been able to raise his eyes, he might, with the same end in view, have shut them.

"Exactly," cried the Canon. "And examples are better than precepts. You would hardly believe it, perhaps, but there is a poor old woman living in Fish Street, not a mile from here, who is compelled to lie on her back incessantly in one dingy little room into which I should hesitate to take a dog. She knows absolutely nothing of the gentle circumstances that surround you. Only one dingy old blanket to cover her; and her window cracked and grimed. And I ask you, is she unhappy?"

She must be very stupid if she is not, had been Cecil's conviction. What he said was, "I hate old women in Fish Street."

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"You will please, Cecil," came a voice from the bright-lit window, "you will please, when you are addressing Canon Bagshot, leave off those sullen manners. Those who live with you may be accustomed to them; visitors are not."

"Well, my dear boy," continued the Canon magnanimously, "whatever you may think, you are mistaken. She is as happy as the days are long." The last part of the remark on that bleared winter afternoon was perhaps less appropriate than it seemed on the surface. But Cecil made no comment.

"Now to have to use physical persuasion in your case," the Canon continued, "is the last thing any one could wish. All that I want you to remember is this: Humility, Trust, Gratitude. Say those words over to yourself night and morning. Say them now. No," the Canon rapidly added, remembering similar adjurations in the past, "say them over when you are alone. For it is not, dear boy, as if we could plead ignorance. We *know* our duty. It is in black and white. 'I must order myself lowly and reverent to all my betters.' What does that mean? Surely, no scowling looks, no dumb-doggedness. Friends are constantly praying for you; sympathy is being poured out for your affliction. But though it is your lot in life to be compelled to be unable to face the world boldly, as Christian faced Apollyon, in spirit you can, like all of us, at least learn to look up. And I, as one of the humblest of spiritual pastors and masters, if you remain recalcitrant, must find some means of insisting upon your making the attempt. No sullenness now, no dark clouds. What were our Gentle Three? — Humility, Trust, Gratitude."

But these were far-away days. Sunday by Sunday Cecil had continued to sit beside Mrs. le Mercier in her pew at St Peter and St Paul's. But the Canon's sermons on these occasions were of a more general direction. And since, as they differed in form only and not in matter, Cecil knew their general trend by heart, much of this edifying half hour was spent in day-dreaming. Here he had an advantage over his neighbors. For not only were the mean decorations of the Corinthian pillar above his head, and the stained glass chancel window figures, — green, azure, and crushed strawberry, — hidden from him, but no one could judge from his downcast eyes on what his attention was fixed.

On the whole his relations with Grummumma were friendly

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enough, and, when visitors were present, even cordial. But then, though in a negative sort of way he might be said to look up to *her*, it was difficult to tell exactly to what extent; and partly because he could not help himself and partly because of a natural indolence, he had just gone his own way, — the way within, that is, — without saying very much about it and without deliberately setting his will against her own.

Cecil, however, could hardly be said to be thinking of this *auld lang syne* as he gently pushed on round the Crescent this particular sunny morning, one hand clasping the derelict glove in his jacket pocket. Only a nebulous incubus of it hung in his mind. Meanwhile his eyes wandered restlessly and heedlessly over the ground at his feet. He had long been an expert in his own particular range: concerning objects, that is, perceptible by human eyes of so narrow an orbit as his own. Quite apart from such refuse as cigar and cigarette ends, dead matches, hairpins, footprints, city weeds, the laying of pavements and asphalt, puddles, mosses, mud, pebbles, straw, and the way of the wind amid dead leaves or drifting snow, — concerning which he was probably the only expert for miles around, — he was also a connoisseur in dogs and cats, horses' hoofs, boots and shoes, socks and laces, the nether half of trousers, and to some extent, though without being aware of it, of feminine skirts and ankles.

He had long enjoyed the habit, too, of steadily scrutinizing what happened to interest him indoors as well as out. Reading desperately tired his eyes, and so, apart from the books his Grummumma kept out of his way, his range there, too, was rather narrow. But while he looked and read he usually thought. He was indeed a master of his own entirely restricted fraction of the complete human range of consciousness, — a range fairly considerable in itself which one may assume or hope is being steadily amplified.

But this fine morning he was anxious, uneasy, and sick at heart. His eyes wandered desultorily, and his attention was elsewhere: simply because his one and only desire during the last few days had been to return the glove in his pocket to its owner. He just wanted to say, "You will forgive me for intruding, but I picked this up, you know. And you may have missed it perhaps."

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It was never very easy to raise his hat when his Grummumma whispered, "Ssh, Cecil, there's Mrs. Shrub, or Lady Linsey, or Miss Bolsover," mainly because he got so nervous, and usually hit with his knuckles the shade over his eyes before his fingers reached the brim above.

But this time he was going to do it very carefully, and then take his leave. It seemed to him a small glove compared with Eirene's, with Mrs. le Mercier's, or even with that of their parlor maid, Janet, which he had seen by accident hanging beside her skirt (its hand within it) at the area gate but a few weeks ago, on one of her "afternoons out".

The glove was faintly scented, too, though not quite so delicately as would seem to make it impossible for Grummumma to detect it even though it lay in his pocket. Grummumma's gloves were also scented, but with a different perfume from this. He had deduced, too, that this particular specimen was not a very expensive one. The fact that it had a tiny hole in its first finger only made him the more anxious to return it to its owner. But . . . his heart came into his mouth once more, — how on earth was he to recognize her unless she happened to be wearing the same blue serge skirt, and the same stockings and shoes?

Never in the world had there been such a fool as he was, — he knew that well enough. But to be a fool in public is one thing, to be a fool in one's own private soul is another. And that was what he was being now. He was being timid and ashamed, simply because there was the faintest possibility that Grummumma might herself be abroad that morning in her soft glacé kid shoes, or that Canon Bagshot might come treading along in his stout parochials, or the odious, mincing Miss Bolsover, with her ringing voice and old-fashioned springsiders. All three of them would realize at once that he was not taking his constitutional, but hanging about, loafing. They would watch him; their gaze would bore into his back, and by that time it might be, — well, — too late. The sun was hot, too, the pavement a continuous glare with its sharp-cut shadows here and there, and its steady, pungent, broiling odor.

Cecil had by this time not only turned the corner of the Crescent but was approaching the first of a row of shops. Their window-blinds hung dazzling in the sunshine, casting delightful

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shadows. A medley of noises zigzagged across the air. The whole vista of High Street, he knew, was steadily effervescing with traffic of matutinal gaiety and business. It was odd how one's mind roved to and fro from point to point in memory without once realizing its direction, or what intervened. He had suddenly become a little boy again, his right hand tenaciously clutching the iron handle of a perambulator, which a plump young nurse-maid, — Annie, — in a stiff print gown was pushing in front of her.

Because perhaps in those far-off days he had been a little nearer to them, he would sometimes shut his eyes altogether rather than endure the dreadful glare of the street stones. A grocer's assistant, too, had come back to mind, a young man with a voice almost as rich in flavors as the inside of the shop in which he served; and on this particular morning he had slipped out of it to talk to Annie. And though Cecil could not recall any of the pleasantries they had actually exchanged, he could remember how double-voiced the young man with the frayed green apron and corrugated button boots had seemed to be, — just as if what he was saying had two meanings, one for Annie and one for himself. And Annie had giggled, while her cotton-gloved hand stroked gently the iron handle of the perambulator above his own. He watched the soiled cotton finger-tips slip suddenly into view towards his thumb; but each time he had cautiously moved it before the two could meet. Indeed he hadn't liked the young man, and had even attempted to lift his young eyes just to give him a stare, to show it. The pain had dreadfully frightened him. And he was glad Annie had afterwards married a strange postman who had come to help in the district during the Christmas card season.

This harmless little recollection for some reason made him still more ill at ease, and once again he assured himself with the glove in his pocket. He hated the shops in this busier time of the day. He hated all crowds, "gatherings," congregations. He could tell by the lower legs and feet of the people thronging the street and its shop windows that from their upper parts they were curiously examining this green-shaded stranger in their midst.

"What the devil!" he would now and then quietly mutter to himself. And then perhaps: "Oh, mind your eye!" These hardly

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refined exclamations, picked up he knew not whence, were part of the life Grummumma knew nothing about. Still he held on, with that gentle antenna-like movement of his ivory-headed cane, and rapid searching glances from under his shade at every boot and shoe that came into view.

This was his sixth similar excursion, and to-day he pushed on still further, — three more shops: an ironmonger's, with lawn-mowers, syringes, pruning-knives and slug traps in the low window, all well within view; a tobacconist's, — but Cecil had not been taught to smoke; and a tailor's and outfitter's.

Here for a moment he came to a pause. For a moment even his mission edged a little out of his mind. He adored clothes. Apart from his little collection of unframed prints and engravings, and apart of course from the plate on Sundays, they were all but his only means of being extravagant. In blind furious moments he had, it is true, more than once given every penny he had in his pocket to some dog-guarded "blind man", or paralytic, or forlorn-looking shrew selling matches in the street. It was not exactly a charity, even though his heart would seem to gulp within his body at sight of them. It was a hostage to fortune, a clumsy attempt to call quits, perhaps.

For in general, Cecil detested beggars, and hastened away from anything that could be described as ghastly, horrible, or even unpleasing. He detested rags, dirt, neglect and even the brazen spectacle of potatoes in stockings or of leaking uppers failed to amuse him. His shoes, his suits, his own gloves and hats and other personalia were made to measure. He enjoyed considering himself a fop; his little, innocent airs and graces were a sort of hobby. The "man" would call at the house, and Mrs. le Mercier, anxious to indulge any little innocent whim, would leave them to themselves. In all that concerns clothes and kindred matters, indeed, Cecil was at least as much of an expert as was Thomas Carlyle; and this morning he edged slowly along the display in the window, marking for future use the exclusive shapes and tints and fabrics displayed on the other side of the plate glass.

Then suddenly at whisper of a gentle frou-frou behind him, a flush of shame mounted into his pale cheek, and he turned about and retraced his footsteps. And Providence was watching over him. For he had progressed not more than a dozen paces

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or so when, having arrived at the two private doors separating tobacconist's from ironmonger's, his anxious glance alighted on the long expected. And every drop of blood in him stood still.

The owner of this particular pair of shoes must herself have reached the tobacconist's while he had been engaged at the outfitter's. And, though the indiscriminate noises of the street had suddenly mounted up into a prolonged roar, and then had seemed to cease, and though every fibre of Cecil's body seemed to be at an affrighting stretch, he knew as well as if an angel had whispered it into his ear, that she, — this longed-for stranger, — was now actually surveying the peculiar creature he appeared to be.

In a strange, dizzy eternity, every forecast of this meeting, turned over and over in his mind night after night of late before he had fallen asleep, fled on the four winds of heaven. It was as if he had come to the very end of a long, straight road, — and then, nothing.

He had forgotten Grummumma, Canon Bagshot, Miss Bolsover; he had forgotten himself, his shade, the glove, the universe. There was nothing anywhere but just this mute, unknown figure, of whose slim person in its black-braided blue serge skirt, less than one-third was visible to him. How odd that even in a world renowned for its oddities just a scarcely perceptible little flaw in the sewing of a toecap would have been alone enough to distinguish those shoes from every other foot covering in man's five continents!

Perceptible, — no, that was not the real mystery. The shoes, the skirt, was all he could see. And yet it seemed the presence of this unknown girl, the very being of her, flooded his senses, his mind, and, — one might add, — his soul. There was not even the perfume of the glove to help him. Possibly that slim malacca cane of his had now become in sober truth one of a pair of human antennae. What he had meant to say, what he had heard himself saying again and again, — not one single syllable of it recurred to his mind. His chin lifted by scarcely an inch. He could scarcely breathe, and his heart, as though it were a hare on a dewy hillside when distant hounds are hallooing, seemed to be sitting perfectly still in its ribbed cage.

"Forgive me," he heard an utterly unfamiliar voice, and yet

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his own, pleading. "Forgive me. I have been looking for you for days and days and days. This is your glove." He was holding it out, as if, poor young man, it was the very secret of his life.

At this the feet beneath his gaze seemed to have planted themselves a little more firmly in their shoes. There was an enormous pause, while instinctively the young woman hesitated to thrust out her gloved right hand or her bare left, till the moment concealed in her skirts. As a matter of fact, it was the bare left hand that came into Cecil's view. And at first glimpse of it, — though Cecil was unconscious of the cause for at least a half-hour afterwards, — a frigid and sickening sort of misgiving and disappointment swept over him.

"And there," said the voice, "there's the very hand it belongs to. Thank you ever so much."

Maybe because their fellow servants, his eyes, were unable to be of as much service as they might have been, Cecil's ears were acuter than most. Before that voice's sound had come to an end, he had half-consciously examined and dissected its every minutest cadence and nuance, just as a connoisseur may sit down to the critical enjoyment, say of an aria by Bach, or a fragment of Debussy. It rang within him, — it very quietly rang within him, — and he never doubted in the least that he could read not only much of its owner, but even of its owner's past in its inflections. How strange; for never in the world was there such a benighted ignoramus, a poor, abandoned creature on a remote atoll, as he.

"Yes," said the voice, "that's *it* right enough. If by nothing else, I should know it from the hole in the first finger. I hate mending, and I haven't much time. But how you came to know it was mine, and why you should have taken so much trouble about it simply beats me. It simply beats me, I must confess."

Every ounce of genuine confidence had evaporated in Cecil's mind, and how it came about he could not so much as guess, — his next remark afterwards appalled him by its boldness: "I want, if you don't mind," he said, "to keep it. Or will you please let me give it you another time?"

He could not see the longish nose and the dark eyes beneath the delicate curved brown eyebrows of the face now confronting him beneath its cheap straw hat. Its whole attention was steadily, the least bit furtively, and yet with immeasurable candor, fixed

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on his mouth. "It isn't of much value," said the voice, without the faintest trace of mockery in it.

"No, but you see," blurted Cecil anxiously, "I have had it so many days now, and should miss it. . . . I haven't very much to do, you know. And, of course, I haven't many friends."

This was well on the right side of exaggeration. For the truth was that Cecil in any real meaning of the word, though possessed of numerous acquaintances, had no friends at all. For though his rather remote cousin Eirene was almost more often in the house than not, and occasionally produced familiars of her own of both sexes, Cecil could never be perfectly at ease even in her company, let alone in theirs. He could never be quite sure why she was so persistently sympathetic and he couldn't bear the colors and patterns she chose for her clothes. As for her friends, they never took any notice of him. Or rather, when they showed themselves to be aware of him, they only took notice of him as if he were a rather unusual chair, or a dumb animal, or even a tame bird that liked to peck at a blunt-headed yellow spray of groundsel and enjoyed an unlimited supply of lump sugar.

"Well," responded the clear crisp voice, "even if you haven't, you don't seem to mind very much."

"I mind enormously," cried the young man, so sonorously that he positively startled a little old gentleman with a purplish face and pale blue eyes, who happened to be passing at the moment, and who whipped round on him like a startled bird.

"Then why don't you make some?" inquired the voice.

"I mean the glove," said Cecil, his own trailing off into an almost complete inaudibility. "I mean," he muttered, "I want to keep it. May I give it you next time? To-morrow?"

"I am not so sure as I can get out," replied the stranger.

"Well, if you please could and *would* come," he said, "I shall be waiting here at this time. I shall be waiting here until —"

"Until?" echoed the other.

"Why, until," he trailed on, "there is no hope at all of your ever coming again."

Once more there fell a pause. The eyes regarding him had lifted, and were now overwhelmed, though evidently not for the first time, by a cloud of doubt and perplexity.

"Well, I really don't know that I ought to be seeing you

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again, I really don't," the stranger's voice was repeating, as if she were speaking to herself. "We don't know one another, and it isn't as if . . . why, not even your name!"

For the breath of an instant Cecil's hand had fluttered towards his pocket as if to produce a card. It dropped again. "My name is only Jennings," he said. "And I have a perfectly silly Christian name, though it exactly describes me, I suppose, — what I look like, I mean. So perhaps you would not mind about that. And though, if you don't mind, I won't ask you yours, — just here, I mean. Surely we do know one another now, — a little? And you will come?"

He awaited her answer, lips ajar, shoulders stooping, as if in expectation of manna from heaven.

"And meanwhile, I suppose, I am to keep this disgraceful hand somehow covered up." There may have been the faintest ring of defiance in her tone, and yet, it seemed, not defiance of *him*. "Very well, then. I'll come. And then you promise to give me my glove. Not because it's of much value even to me; but because I was already thinking of buying another pair of gloves and losing *them*, and, — well, that's settled."

At this poor Cecil was more confused and dismayed than he could have imagined possible. He had suddenly become aware of but one small fraction of himself, — the dove-gray, suède-clad hand that held his cane. "I don't see how you can *ever* forgive me," he blurted with crimson cheeks beneath the green. "I had no idea —"

"Why, how should you? And there's really and truly nothing to forgive. And now I *must* be off."

She was gone, Cecil was alone again. As much alone as if he stood high up on a desert island, safe after shipwreck. But gradually the bustle and babel, the sights and sounds and odors of the street returned to his perceptions. He came to himself and suddenly realizing the enormity of these proceedings, was utterly at a loss how to look, to move, to free himself, to find his bearings. But the hateful shops at last were left behind; and Cecil, gently forging his course along familiar pavements and yet all but into a world that until that moment he had never even dreamed to exist, was soon safely home.

TO BE CONTINUED

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IF –

VERSES BY MARY DIXON THAYER

OH! How fine if I might play
A hurdy-gurdy all the day,
And after me, with shouts and noise,
Have crowds of little girls and boys!

Oh! What fun if I possessed
A monkey all in crimson dressed,
Who tumbled round upon his head
And did exactly as I said!

Oh! If I could hold my hat
And let the pennies fall in that!
And if I *ever* went to bed
Have just the stars over my head!

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ASIA'S NEW VOICE

FELIX VALYI

EAST and West have reached a crisis in their relations. The task of our generation, says Mr. Valyi, is that of "searching out a formula of equilibrium for the world" which will permit "the great spiritual forces of human history to be turned to the benefit of mankind without coming violently into collision." There will be no world peace until Asia is granted equality. The new Oriental spirit is a matter of world-wide importance,—as all who read the news from China will readily believe.

THE crisis reached by the spirit of the West in its dealings with the nations of the East is apparent to all. The white race is undergoing one of those attacks of conscience which, at certain moments in history, upset the established order of things, shake governments and empires to their foundations, and provoke all kinds of antagonistic forces which in a latent state are to be seen from times immemorial accompanying the evolution of mankind, doomed to suffering. History, confronted by these prodigious phenomena of universal dissolution and social disintegration, stands perplexed. It has not yet succeeded in understanding the mystery of the human soul, which, under periodical assaults of collective frenzy, frivolously pulls to pieces what it has taken centuries of painful effort and struggle to accomplish.

The extraordinary state of affairs that we are witnessing to-day in Asia arises from the doubt which is beginning to take hold of the finest minds in the Western world, concerning the justice of the Western attitude towards those peoples whom we have acquired the vicious habit of regarding as no more than human cattle, fit to be sacrificed on the altar of modern industrialism. With the object of ensuring the greater comfort of the white race, two-thirds of humanity have been reduced to economic slavery.

The events in Turkey, in Persia, in India, in China have opened our eyes. The whole problem of the East has entered upon a phase which constrains us to regard from a new standpoint all those matters upon which the future relationship between the Orient and the Occident depends. The same economic and psychological considerations that gave rise to the American War of Independence in 1776 are now convulsing the continent of Asia. All the grandiose plans for world peace are doomed to failure unless the

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West is prepared to grant to Asia the legitimate rights of man, the law of nations, on a basis of equality of treatment. This is what the continent of Asia is asking for, through the voice of its chosen few.

The policy of plunder which characterized the Western attitude towards the East during the nineteenth century is at the root of all the recent calamities that have overtaken humanity. If it be admitted that in historic times the primitive character of the human races let loose upon the fertile tracts of our planet, situated in the only temperate climes then known, accounts for the savage struggles that ensued for the possession of pasture lands and dwelling places, there is no longer any sound reason for refusing to divide the good things of the earth afresh among all nations on a basis of equity.

To-day the question is whether there still remains a sufficient number of intelligent statesmen in the West capable of realizing that Asia is demanding insistently to be allowed, on equal terms, to join the movement of modern ideas; and that it behooves us to promote this reintegration of Asia into modern humanity by co-operating with her intellectually, scientifically, and economically. By admitting Japan to the law of nations we have but taken the first step in a development which must inevitably lead to an ultimate revision of all our views concerning the value of non-Christian civilizations.

The movements in Asia are fundamentally movements for education and progress, in spite of all the mistakes of their inexperienced leaders. In the case of Turkey, as well as in the case of China and India, we are not concerned primarily with anti-European fanatics, aggressive Pan-Islamism, or Pan-Orientalism, but with a spiritual movement based upon a national sentiment bred under the influence of Western teaching. The profound significance of the movement which produced Gandhi in India and Mustapha Kemal in Asia Minor has not yet been understood by the Western Powers. The conqueror of Angora, unlike the Indian sage, succeeded in imposing his views on the diplomacy of Europe by means of the very strategical and technical methods which Gandhi despises. Nevertheless, their desires for national and human dignity appear to be identical. The one, relying on the military virtues of his race, succeeded. The other, invoking

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the abstract ideal of Indian thought, preached a sort of passive resistance and failed. The one who fought Europe with European weapons was right in the eyes of Europe; whilst he who loyally helped England during the War and enabled her to mobilize Indian troops against Turkey in 1915, was sent to prison like a common felon. The system which, thanks to a strange irony of history, led to this result, proves that there is something rotten in the relations between East and West.

This rottenness in our ideas about Asia arises from the religious and social prejudices which poison the air between the Orient and the Occident. And these prejudices are proof even against the overwhelming evidence of science and the ordinary conventions of international relations. When the Crown Prince of Japan visited the King of England three years ago and was received with every mark of respect by the Royal Family and the British Government, a number of English people, who were alleged to be ladies and gentlemen, preferred to leave a certain hotel in London, rather than take their seat at the same table with the captain and other officers of the Japanese ship that had brought the hereditary prince of the most advanced and progressive Asiatic nation to England.

This refusal to shake hands with an Asiatic or to take a meal with him and this habit of regarding a man of the race of Buddha or Confucius, however cultivated he may be, as unworthy of a white man, although the latter may be a booby, has done more harm than all the economic methods by means of which European powers have placed their foot upon the neck of Oriental peoples. The moral problem which dominates the relations of the white race with Asia is at the root of all Eastern complications.

All that is happening in China, in India, in the Moslem world, only confirms this view. Every Westerner who has had a correct grasp of the problem has been received with friendship by the East and listened to with respect. The hatred which simmers among the masses of Asia has never prevented the élite among the Oriental nations from listening attentively to moderate counsels, whenever these have come from true friends in the West. It is difficult to maintain that all these Asiatics are animated by hatred against Western civilization. It is very much more probable that Western bureaucracy knows nothing of the psychology of Asia.

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Preconceived ideas, superannuated prejudices, unfounded judgments, and historical absurdities concerning the part played by Asiatic civilizations in general characterize the state of mind of the Western bureaucrat in control of Orientals.

Yet it is evident that the tremendous upheaval in the East from Morocco to Mongolia, which constitutes one immense movement directed by the same spirit of nationalism, cannot be treated by the usual methods of European colonial powers. The European races, which were seen at their worst during the Great War, lost their prestige in the East. There is no chance for them to solve by brute force the social and economic problems which confront them in Asia.

The real issue at stake is whether the best minds of the Orient will cooperate with the best minds of the Occident to reorganize human civilization, or whether they will help Russian Bolshevism to destroy Western influence in Asia. The problem of the psychological transformation of the Eastern soul is dominant in all international affairs, but I see no sign that British or French statesmanship understands it. Yet it is evident that Soviet Russia, having offered the principle of social equality to all Oriental nations, will profit by the mistakes of the colonial powers.

All impartial observers of the East agree on this point. In 1918 the Autumn of the victories left the West everywhere unchallengeable in arms and bankrupt in ideas. To rejuvenate our moral relations with the Orient we should adapt ourselves to the powerful new movement of ideas which is shaking the continent of Asia, instead of combating it with brutal force.

The gigantic task which is imposed upon our generation by the extraordinary conditions of this period of transition is that of searching out a formula of equilibrium for the world which may permit the great spiritual forces of human history to be turned to the benefit of mankind without coming violently into collision. This is possible only if the educated classes of the Orient are willing to support a reasonable program of coordination and cooperation between East and West. If Western inspiration is to be maintained as the dynamic force in the life of the educated classes of Asia, as it has been for the last two generations, an intellectual understanding between the two worlds is indispensable. The East has never refused to make use of the high schools and

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universities of the West. What she refuses to do is to allow herself to be shamelessly exploited by Western profiteers.

In its deepest significance, the problem of the Eastern soul goes beyond the bounds of Western economics or Western diplomacy. In our dealings with Asia we are too often slaves of obsolete formulae. If we wish to settle our future relations with the Orient, we have to take into account the spiritual and moral factors instead of considering only the dangers now threatening business profits in the East. The hope of the spiritual unification of mankind depends above all upon the transformation that may be looked for sooner or later in the soul of Asia.

The dominating question is how to bring about the synthesis of human civilization, with a view to allowing every nation to make her contribution to the future world. As Rabindranath Tagore so eloquently expressed it a few years ago in his program for the International University which he has established in India: "Before Asia is in a position to cooperate with the culture of Europe, she must base her own structure on a synthesis of all the different cultures she has. When, taking her stand on such a culture, she turns toward the West, she will take, with a confident sense of mental freedom, her own view of truth from her own vantage-ground and open a new vista of thought to the world. Otherwise, she will allow her priceless inheritance to crumble into dust, and, trying to replace it clumsily with feeble imitations of the West, make herself superfluous, cheap, and ludicrous. If she thus loses her individuality and her specific power to exist, will it in the least help the rest of the world? Will not her terrible bankruptcy involve also the Western mind? If the whole world grows at last into an exaggerated West, then such an illimitable parody of the modern age will die, crushed beneath its own absurdity."

It would be a puerile idea to suppose that Western culture is the only source of light for the Asiatic mind. Asia had her own creative genius. The science of Orientalism put an end to the oversimplified but flattering conception which presented the West as the champion of a superior humanity, of science, law, morality, whilst the East was described as the empire of Ahriman, the world of darkness and of evil. Our horizon has been enlarged by the discoveries of Orientalism. Civilization no longer appears to us as the privilege of a single race. History knows no chosen people.

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The new movements in Asia have one undoubted characteristic. This consists in the revolt of vital and deep-rooted forces in the Eastern soul against the stagnation and demoralization of the last centuries, against corruption and spiritual decay. The new spirit can be expressed in the following words: Self-respect, freedom for self-expression, and the acceptance of Western scientific methods as the means of salvation.

Those who realize the value of moral forces will not refuse to place faith in the tremendous movements that are convulsing the Eastern world. Tempests sometimes break out in the human soul, the purifying power of which becomes visible only long afterwards. It is the fate of man to make mistakes and to learn his lesson from mistakes. Why should the Eastern nations not receive their political and economic education at their own expense, — at the expense, perhaps, of mistakes?

As regards "business", in the East more than anywhere else business means friendship. Hearts must first be won, and trade will follow after. All the Western powers, with the exception of the United States, have tried to dominate the East by brute force, by machine-guns and bayonets. They have failed, in spite of appearances to the contrary which show vast regions of the East under the political domination of Europe. *Domination* means and implies *obedience* on the part of those who are dominated. But the East refuses to obey. It proposes to *negotiate* in the strict etymological meaning of the word, — that is to say, to sit on a carpet or about a round table to discuss the terms of some arrangement which would allow everybody to live. For the East desires to live, whilst allowing the West to live, too. All the East demands is its just share, the share which God Himself would refuse to no living creature.

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THE FALLACIES OF BIRTH CONTROL

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND, M.D.

CONTRARY to the laws of Nature and the processes of physiology, — so runs the sweeping condemnation of birth control by Dr. Sutherland, of Edinburgh, in reply to the article in its defense in the last number of THE FORUM *by Professor East, of Harvard. Dr. Sutherland roundly denies the usual assertions of the advocates of contraception. He declares small families are no healthier than large ones, and has only withering contempt for the assertion that racial benefits will result from the control of births.*

THE practice of contraception or birth prevention is unnatural in terms of ethics and unphysiological in terms of biology. As an unnatural act it is in the same category as murder and sexual perversion, because all such acts, if universally practised, are incompatible with the well-being of humanity. Contraception is unphysiological because, apart from preventing pregnancy, it inhibits far-reaching physiological processes which result from normal intercourse, by reason of the absorption of certain vital substances which have a beneficial influence on the metabolism and health of the female. Since there is no known method of birth prevention whereby pregnancy can be avoided without hindering or prohibiting this beneficial absorption, the practice of contraception is unphysiological. Experiments on rabbits have shown that when the female is subjected to truncated intercourse there are subsequent pathological changes in the organs of generation. It is therefore not surprising that the majority of gynecologists should have reached the conclusion, from clinical observation, that contraception is a cause of sterility, or neurasthenia, and of fibroid tumors in women. So far from being beneficial, contraception is positively harmful to women.

There is no real evidence in support of the assertion that birth prevention benefits such children as may be born. After an exhaustive statistical investigation Dr. John Brownlee ("The Lancet", Nov. 1, 1924) concludes that "when the data are taken before restriction of birth became a practical factor, there is no evidence that large families were more unhealthy than small ones, and the statement that it is better to have three healthy children than six unhealthy ones has no apparent foundation." The health of the children in five hundred very poor families selected at

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random in Hull was ascertained by Dr. Helen Gamgee. These families were divided into those having over five children and those having under five children. The health of mother and children was found to be better in the large families! After all, the poor are not automatons, and it is curious that birth preventers should have overlooked the simple fact, known to all who have worked amongst the poor, that the many children of a good mother will be better cared for than the few children of a bad mother, wages and housing conditions being equal. The practice of contraception is not likely to engender qualities of self-sacrifice on the part of parents, because contraception is avowedly designed to obviate the necessity for self-sacrifice.

Birth prevention cannot lead to happiness in marriage, because the practice of contraception injures the minds of men and women. George Bernard Shaw has said that when people adopt methods of contraception they are engaging, not in natural intercourse, but in reciprocal vice. That is the plain physiological truth, and the mutual self-respect of two people is thus at the mercy of an animal instinct, neither satisfied, controlled, nor denied. Once the chance of pregnancy can be safely ignored, there is no natural check on the passions of husband or wife, since they have learnt how desire may be gratified, — either within or outside the marriage bond, — without the responsibility and publicity of children. The number of childless unions dissolved in our divorce courts is an index of the unhappiness following marriages in which the primary end of marriage is defied. For some the unhappiness may come later in life, and indeed there are few more pitiable objects than the childless woman who is losing her beauty after a fevered life of egotism and self-indulgence. In the common experience of mankind, marriages based on passion are seldom happy. If it is suggested that contraceptive methods be employed merely to space the arrival of children in relation to available income, two objections must be considered. In the first place it is easier to rear children more or less of the same age, because they educate each other in the nursery. Secondly, the attempt to space a family by contraception is often followed by sterility. It is dangerous to go against Nature. Another objection to the teaching of birth prevention has been little recognized, namely, that it is incompatible with the tradition of marriage in Western civiliza-

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tion, based on the mutual rights of husband and wife. The most ardent advocates of birth prevention claim that this is solely a woman's question and that every woman has the right to decide, according to her own caprice, whether or not she will bear a child. She is to be under no obligation in this matter either to the husband who supports her, to the State which safeguards her, or to the God who created her. Moreover, by suitable instruction, she is to be given the privilege of practising contraception without the knowledge or consent of her husband. That is a claim for Feminism which no sane man would admit, or which, if admitted, would destroy the very foundations of our civilization.

It is claimed that the practice of contraception would improve the race by limiting children in proportion to the unfitness of parents, whereby inferior stocks would be suppressed. That is negative in contrast to positive eugenics, which seeks to find the environment in which the moral, mental, and physical qualities of a race could be improved. Contraception cannot achieve this end, because the great diseases, cancer, tuberculosis, and syphilis are not inherited. No child is born tuberculous. All cases are infected after birth, and infection can be prevented. Syphilis is not inherited, but may be transmitted, and is curable. Insanity is inherited, but the prevention of insanity by contraception would injure the race. A bold statement, but nevertheless true. Dr. Lange traced the healthy collaterals, — brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts, — in the latest generation of twenty-eight families in which one, two, three, and even four members had been certified insane. If the grandparents of those twenty-eight families had practised contraception all this lunacy would have been prevented, but the State of Denmark would have lost the healthy collaterals, — including two Cabinet Ministers, an Ambassador, three Bishops, Generals, Admirals, and Judges of the Supreme Court, eight consulting physicians, nine Professors, and twenty-three Doctors of Science or Arts, a large number of members of parliament, city councilors, teachers, business men, and government officials, together with seventy-two individuals who by their intellectual ability had won a measure of distinction in other paths of life. Contraception! If the grandparents of these twenty-eight families, represented in the lunatic asylum, had practised contraception it is impossible to visualize the conse-

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quent loss to the world, — a world in which there is more good than evil.

If high birth rates were the cause of poverty, contraception would be a logical remedy. In point of fact the reverse is true, because poverty is a cause of high birth rates. Elsewhere I have restated the law of Doubleday as follows, — "that under conditions of hardship the birth rate tends to rise, and that in circumstances of ease the birth rate tends to fall." The same truth underlies the Darwinian conclusion that the rate of reproduction has been regulated in the course of many generations in relation to the chances of death. Nature makes good the leakage from high death rates by a high birth rate. For example between 1800 and 1820 social conditions in England were deplorable. Wheat ranged in price from four to six pounds per quarter, and famine prevailed in many parts of the country. And yet during the first ten years of that period the population of England increased by fourteen per cent, and during the second ten years by seventeen per cent. On the other hand when social conditions are improved the birth rate falls of its own accord. Thus in the Suez Canal Zone between 1901–10 the introduction of antimalarial measures reduced the death rate from thirty to nineteen per thousand. Yet there was no increase of population because the birth rate fell of its own accord, the people being strict Mohammedans to whom contraception is forbidden by the Koran. Elsewhere in this brief essay I have referred to some of the true causes of poverty in the modern world. If these were removed the high birth rates of the poor would fall of their own accord. In relation to poverty birth prevention is now offered in place of social reform. The one- and the two-roomed houses would do very well if contraception were practised by the occupants. Nor would there be any need to raise wages, if the number of children were reduced to the economic level of existing wages.

When Neo-Malthusians claim that contraception will prevent overpopulation, it is advisable to define what overpopulation means. It is not merely a matter of numbers. A barren rock in the ocean is overpopulated by one starving man, but the United States is not overpopulated by one hundred and six million people. A country would be overpopulated when population is increasing at a faster rate than the unrestricted food supply,

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whereby population is literally pressing on the soil, and large numbers are overcrowded and underfed, for the reason that there is neither sufficient space for their accommodation nor enough food to go round. Under these conditions I admit that contraception could alleviate the distress, because the miserable inhabitants of such a country would be faced by two alternatives, — either to endure the high death rates of want and starvation that reduced population to the level of the food supply, or to restrict the birth rate, either by self-control or contraception. These arguments are purely academic, because this state of affairs has never yet been proved to exist in any country in the world, and is unlikely to arise in the future because even industrial countries are now able to obtain their food supplies from the greater part of the inhabited globe.

It is necessary to distinguish between an unrestricted food supply, and a restricted food supply. The food supply coming to any state, community, or family may be so restricted by war, by a corner in food, or by the greed of a profiteer, that the available food is insufficient for the needs of the children born into that country, community, or family. In that case the cause of the shortage is not overpopulation, but bad government or war. So far as I know contraception has never yet been suggested as a remedy for bad government and, as will be proved, it is not a preventive of wars. Moreover, Neo-Malthusians fail to distinguish between overpopulation and overcrowding. Overcrowding might be caused by overpopulation, but where overcrowding does exist more obvious causes are apparent. For example, let us postulate an island of one thousand acres, divided into ten farms of one hundred acres, each supporting a family of ten people. My island is not overcrowded. But if one family eventually obtains the ownership of nine farms, then ninety people may have to live on ten acres. Although ninety people are thus overcrowded, my island is not overpopulated, and they are overcrowded, not by reason of overpopulation, but because of the avarice of their fellows. On the other hand a certain amount of poverty is due to indolence and frailty on the part of those who are poor and consequently overcrowded, but I have yet to learn that contraception is a cure for indolence and frailty.

As to war, it cannot be denied that, as long as Christianity is

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more preached than practised, a strong, vigorous, fertile race may wage war for the acquisition of new territory. Against that risk contraception is no insurance, for the simple reason that strong and vigorous nations do not practise, and never have practised contraception. On the contrary contraception may be regarded as a cause of war, because a nation whose numbers are dwindling offers a temptation to the declaration of war by a more robust and aggressive neighbor. In every fight there is an aggressor, and when two nations are equal in strength, the aggressor will hesitate before entering into an exchange of death, mutilation, and destruction of wealth. In 1850 the populations of France and of Germany were equal, — thirty-five and a half millions each; but in 1913 that of France was thirty-nine and a half millions, that of Germany sixty-seven millions. The smaller population of France was an incentive to the declaration of war by her neighbor, who expected to reach the gates of Paris within a month. Contraception has been widely practised in France for more than half a century and, so far from having conferred any benefit, is now recognized as a national danger against which the French Government in 1921 made laws whereby the advocacy of contraception was made a criminal offense.

The practice of contraception is incompatible with the progress of civilization. It has never been associated either with the growth of a nation or with the spread of a civilization. There are certain races in the world who practise a method of birth prevention more effective than any hitherto advocated in Europe and America. By a simple surgical operation on every male child at the age of ten, it becomes unnecessary to take any precautions in later life *except* when the birth of a child is desired. This simple, inexpensive, and fool-proof method of birth prevention is practised throughout Western and Central Australia by savages who are the poorest and most degraded of mankind. On the other hand, birth prevention in the past has been associated with the decline of great civilizations. It may be that birth prevention was the cause of their decline, or that birth prevention was one sign of a moral breakdown antecedent to national extinction. "In our time," writes Polybius (circa 150 B.C.) "all Greece was visited by a dearth of children . . . and a failure of productiveness followed . . . by our men's becoming perverted to a passion for

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show and money and the pleasure of an idle life, and accordingly either not marrying at all, or, if they did marry, refusing to rear the children that were born, or at most one or two out of a great number, for the sake of leaving them well off or bringing them up in extravagant luxury."

From the history of dead nations it would appear that race suicide is the mediate but not the ultimate cause of national decay; that it is but one expression of moral weariness pervading a civilization whose force is spent; and that the suicide of a race demands less resolution than the suicide of an individual.

Discussion of the birth control question will be continued next month by the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, Chaplain to His Majesty King George V, and Father John Augustine Ryan, Director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

LOVE IN LIFE

WITH some it is the brief flare of a match,
Cupped with both hands against a flow of air
Or a quick-taken breath.

With some it is the great blaze of a beacon
Built on a headland
In a storm;
Flattened by blasts,
Dragged sideways by gales,
Roaring upward in lulls;
Spit at by spray,
Licking up sleet,
Climbing on rain,
Blazing all night in the storm!

— *Abbie Huston Evans*

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WHAT CAN FISHES SEE?

H. Munro Fox

IT is no easy thing to know what animals see. For no one can ask an animal directly what its impressions are nor hear the truth by word of mouth. The physiologist studying the senses of animals must attack his problems by indirect means. He cannot operate like the physiologist who investigates the human subject. Quite different methods must be employed, which depend upon the reactions of the animals to the external world. Since we cannot directly know the sensations of animals we study their responses to sensations.

In this way the color senses of fishes have been profoundly studied in the last few years. We know now that not only do fishes see colors but that they appreciate shades unknown and inconceivable to us.

In two quite different fashions it was found out that fishes know the differences between colors. The first method of investigation was this: Certain fishes, — notably the flatfishes such as the plaice, sole, and turbot, — have the power of changing their dress. They can assume one pattern of color or another at almost a moment's notice. These color changes are brought about in the fish's skin by minute cells or bags of dyestuff. These are microscopic bags, each of which can be extended to cover a wide area or can be retracted to a point. When bags of a certain hue are extended, the fish's skin assumes that color, and when these same bags are retracted, the skin lacks the tint in question. The movement of these color bags is controlled by nerves which get their signals from the brain. Now it has been found that these fishes can rapidly adapt their color patterns to the pattern and to the colors of the ground upon which they lie. Evidently, then, the fish sees the different colors of the pebbles with its eyes, and the brain telegraphs the signals to the color bags so that the skin pattern imitates the stones.

A second line of study has led to this same conclusion. It has been found that fish can be trained to take their food off different colors. And once trained, they will return always to the same color whether food be placed on it or not. They make no

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mistakes between tints, and this proves they appreciate color differences.

But the newest researches have gone further still. The appreciation of pure spectral colors has been studied with most interesting and surprising results. It is well known to all that when white light is made to pass through a glass prism it is split up into its component colors. In just this way the rain-drops split the sun's rays into the rainbow colors. Now such a rainbow-like spectrum from an arc lamp was projected into an aquarium and fishes were taught to pick up their food from one particular color. After a short apprenticeship they returned invariably to this same color. In this way it was discovered that the fish know the differences between red, yellow, green, and blue. But in addition to this a most extraordinary fact emerged. The fish not only see these colors, which we appreciate ourselves, but they perceive another color of which we can form no conception.

Light passing through a prism is split into its component rainbow colors just as it is in passing through rain-drops. As one end of the scale is red, then come in order yellow, green, blue, and violet. But beyond the violet there are still other radiations to which we must not refuse the name of light rays although we cannot see them. Our eyes are so constructed that they lack the necessary apparatus to appreciate these radiations out beyond the violet, and we give them the name of ultra-violet just because we cannot conceive of their real color. If we cannot see them, how then do we know that the ultra-violet radiations exist? From the fact that they affect a photographic plate just as visible light does. And every one knows to-day that the ultra-violet rays from the sun have a stimulating and curative effect on the human body.

To return, however, to our fishes, this recent research work has brought out the fact that in their watery homes they live in a world richer in colors than our own world. For not only do the fish distinguish all the colors which we ourselves can see, but in addition they perceive the ultra-violet.

In the yellow region of the spectrum, between the red and the green, and in the blue region, between the green and the violet, our eyes are most sensitive to changes in tints. Two reds, two greens, or two violets can hardly be known apart although they belong to different parts of the spectrum. But two yellows close

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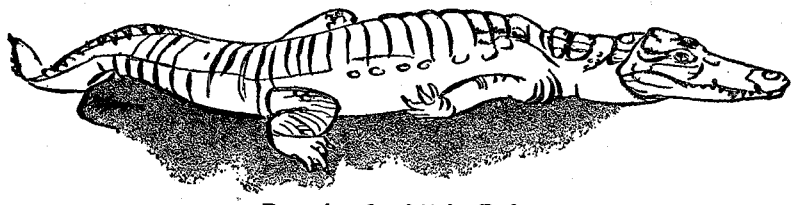
together in the spectral scale, or two blue-greens differing only very slightly, will easily be distinguished. How can one tell whether the fish's eye is like our own in this respect or not?

This would seem a most difficult question to solve, for the fish cannot be asked pointblank for an answer. Yet the problem has been solved by a refinement of the training method outlined above. It will be remembered that the fish were trained to come to certain colors for their food. Now this method was continued for smaller and smaller differences in color shades. The spectrum was divided into twenty steps or shades. Different fishes were then trained each to come to one or other of these shades. Naturally no fish is perfect. To err is human, said Saint Augustine. But it is also fishy. They make mistakes. A fish trained to go for its food to a certain shade of green would make unerringly ninety times out of a hundred for this shade. But every now and again it would make a slip and swim towards a green rather more on the yellow side or rather more towards the blue. Now, for each shade of color with its trained fish, the percentage of errors was noted. And it was found that most mistakes were made in the pure reds, pure greens, and pure violets. The fish's eye was most trustworthy in the tints of yellow and of blue-green. From this it follows that, just as in the case of man, the fish is most sensitive to color differences in the regions of transition between red and green and between green and violet.

These details of color sensitiveness are of the greatest importance to the scientist. But the most startling fact that has emerged from the researches is the fish's appreciation of the ultra-violet as a color, of which we have no conception. An old English saying has it that Blue is true, Yellow is jealous, Green's forsaken, Red's brazen, White is love, and Black is death. What quality would be attributed to Ultra-Violet?



Drawing by Silvia Baker

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WHERE THE EAST BEGINS

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

THE East should have a table for locating itself, just as the prayer book has for settling the arrival of movable feasts. As one reaches Trieste, journeying eastward, one hears for the first time of the proximity of that region which despite its association with the dawn is supposed to be all night, a place of dirt and bugs and decay.

"So," says the Italian waiter in Trieste as he waves away the flies, "you go to Zagreb? Ah, that is a filthy place, fit only for the pigs of Croats who live there. My mother was a Croat, but she knew enough to marry an Italian. Here we are on the frontier of Dante's civilization. Beyond, there is nothing but laziness and dirt. It is the beginning of the East."

Some time before Zagreb is reached, eight hours from Trieste, the magic line must have been crossed, if the descendant (on his father's side) of Virgil and Dante was correct. The high white houses of Italy have indeed given way to one story plaster cottages, about which geese stray and stop to spit in chorus at the passer-by. But though it is only six and the sun is not yet high, the maroon-colored fields are already being traced with long furrows, stretching into the distance as far as the eye can see. Not lazy, at any rate. Well, it is natural that the first symptoms of the Orient should appear in adulterated form.

In Zagreb, close to the station, rises a magnificent new structure from which shining gold letters blazon forth the name, "Hotel Esplanade." No bugs come to call on me there, and, unlike hotels in certain towns even further westward, no fleas either. The broad terrace is spotted with red and green tables and gay Lido umbrellas. The band plays there, on warm evenings, and one can dine very well. I am reminded of Vienna, even though the Viennese in the days of the Hapsburgs used to pride themselves that "the East begins" at the River Leitha, the little tributary of the Danube just down-stream from the Austrian capital. Some, more modest, said, " It begins at the Landstrasse."

Down the broad street is the university, with one of the finest

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libraries in Europe. There is opera nightly, with native talent and some first-rate Russians. On the hill rises the great Roman Catholic Cathedral, thronged on the Sunday morning when I strolled up there with a stream of gaily dressed peasants, who if they have not been lucky enough to dispose promptly of their hens and geese bring the vocal collection in to mass with them.

And before long, particularly if one is fortunate enough to be invited up to one of the pleasant high-ceilinged houses in the old part of the town on the hill, where live the remnants of the semi-Croat, semi-Austrian aristocracy, one hears a complete refutation of the ridiculous idea that Zagreb has anything in common with the East. It will sound something as follows:

"We in Zagreb, after all, have had a good many centuries of culture, — an advantage, by the way, not shared by the poor Serbs farther to the east. Croatia is more than a historic political conception. However much we may have disliked the efforts of Vienna and Budapest to Germanize and Magyarize us, we must admit that our association with those two great capitals made us thoroughly Western. We are Roman Catholic, and we spell with your Western alphabet. That means that in all sorts of ways, — in religion and in literature and in art, — we have turned westward and northward for our inspiration.

"In Serbia, now, though the people are very chivalrous and brave, they are still in the shadow of the Turkish night. They have never had a chance to become really civilized. As they are Orthodox and spell with the Cyrillic alphabet, their ties have naturally been always with Constantinople. We respect them for what they did, — for us as well as for themselves, — in the War. But it's too much to expect us to be governed by their political ideas, to go up to that poor hole named Belgrade to arrange our commercial and financial undertakings, to copy their dirty cobblestoned streets and live their narrow lives. We are of the West, as you can see for yourself. They are of the East. It's too bad, but it's so."

Now since the Croats have not confined themselves to making this kind of remark to foreigners, the Serbs have been angrily and busily engaged in trying to remove all excuse for it.

I am triumphantly told on my arrival in Belgrade, that in two years eleven hundred sets of evening clothes have been made for

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the gallants who frequent smart circles in the capital. Over two thousand houses have been either newly constructed or rebuilt, for a third of the town was in ruins when I saw it first after the Armistice. The King has garnished his palace, in surprisingly good taste, with luxuries from Paris and Vienna; and, so that no one can ever again say that the Balkans lack bath-rooms, there has been installed in it the biggest bath-room ever dreamt of, — a bath-room so big that any one but a King would feel embarrassed to undress in it. Around the palace are laid out formal gardens which, even if resembling the begonia beds of Union Square more than the Tuileries, yet are something quite new here, as is the lawn-mower, which always attracts a line of interested spectators along the iron railing when it operates on the royal grass borders.

A Claridge Restaurant, a Ritz Bar, an Excelsior Hotel, flourish alongside the old Srbski Krajl and Balkan. The Grand is gone. I remember the reply of the proprietor of the Grand when I asked him to take me in there just after the War, namely that unfortunately an Austrian shell had blown away all the rooms, but that meals were being served in the restaurant, which being on the ground floor had escaped the bombardment. Once upon a time he had been head "bouncer" at Terrace Garden, famous in the annals of New York before politics and beer were divorced; and he liked to sit down with us during dinner to show off his English and recall the Rhine-wine soup and boiled beef with horseradish that had been features of the resort in those palmy days.

The mere existence of all these new hostelries and night clubs, even though the resemblance to their Paris and London prototypes is perhaps more pronounced in the matter of names than in actual service and accoutrements, testifies to the fact that there is indeed a New Balkans. The food, too, is excellent, better than one usually encounters outside France or except the isolated and renowned restaurants like Sacher's in Vienna. But though Belgrade is dressing up rapidly for her new rôle as the capital of one of the important states of Europe, there remain patches through which the old, bare skin shows. As I drive down the main street I still instinctively gather myself together to resist some terrific and well-remembered bump, — and am not disappointed; for it is still there, as is every other one of the thousand bumps that used

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to be encountered between Kalamegdan Park, at one end of the city, and the Slavia, at the other. The same peasants, too, troop into the city markets in the morning with their live pigs slung around their shoulders or live chickens and geese dangling from their arms. They look prosperous, and the café proprietor where I take my morning coffee tells me bitterly it is because one of those plump chickens will probably pay its owner's taxes for a whole twelve months.

One evening I stand idly in the Kalamegdan Park, surveying the broad expanse of flats and waters where meet two great rivers, the Danube and the Save. The clock tower rises grayly above the misty mass of the city, — the "White City", Belgrade. Only some sixty years ago the Turkish crescent flew from that tower. But the Turkish centuries did not pull Serbia down into Oriental darkness, at any rate in the view of the chipper Serbian officer who, seeing a stranger and wanting to exercise his French, comes and leans beside me on the railing overlooking the river. In response to his enquiry as to what I think of the view I explain that I have seen it often before, but that I always find it beautiful and therefore am sorry to be leaving the next day for Sofia.

"I hope you know what you are going to," he remarks pityingly. "I have been in Sofia for my sins, and also in Thrace. What a race, those Bulgars! Half Tartar! That's the trouble with them. They brought the East with them and established it in the Balkans before the Turks were ever heard of. If it weren't for that Tartar streak of theirs we might learn to work with them, for after all they are partly of the same Slavic blood that we are. But in soul they are of the East. And nobody of the West can really ever work for long with the East."

The Orient Express slides out of the Sofia station and jolts along across the Thracian plain. It is some time before the Bulgarian who shares my compartment determines just what my nationality is and whether he is safe in talking with me freely. We begin on the weather. As the minarets of Adrianople pass slowly across the sky line, several miles from the magnificent but still unfinished station, we reach more important topics. He points towards the vanishing city, with its needle-like symbols of the Moslem world. "You have been to Constantinople before?" he

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inquires. I shake my head, fearing the worst. It comes. "Ah, then you are to see the East for the first time. . . ."

My caique hustles in and out of the shipping maze of the Golden Horn and makes around toward Pera. Some one on the shore is singing, — not the plaintive half-tones of the Orient, but "Valencia". As we pass the Pera docks I read in bold letters: "Messageries Maritimes, — Service Rapide à l'Est". Over the horizon still, I see. And as I am to turn back here, I realize that I am never really to cross that magic line which divides all that is virtuous and clean and progressive from all that is slothful and smelly and decayed.

There must be a moral. This passionate longing "to belong to Europe" is still driving back the Orient. Perhaps some day every one will acknowledge that it is safely lost in Asia.

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THE PATHOLOGY OF RACE PREJUDICE

EDWARD FRANKLIN FRAZIER

"The Negro-in-America, therefore, is a form of insanity that overtakes white men." — *The Southerner*, by Walter Hines Page.

THE attitude of races to one another has given rise to much speculation, and many writers have maintained that men do not differ greatly from ants in their antipathies. Race hatred is so strong among ants that their battles can be arranged with certainty by entomologists for the movies. A more flattering view of human prejudices is here suggested; for if they are chiefly due to psychopathology there is hope that with the progress of science a somewhat more rational attitude may eventually prevail.

ALTHOUGH the statement above makes no claim to technical exactness, it is nevertheless confirmed by modern studies of insanity. If, in developing this thesis, we consider some of the newer conceptions of mental processes as they apply to abnormal behavior, we shall find in each case that the behavior motivated by race prejudice shows precisely the same characteristics as that ascribed to insanity. This does not refer, of course, to those phenomena of insanity due to abnormalities of the actual structure of the brain, nor does it refer to the changes that come in dementia. We are concerned here chiefly with the psychological approach to the problem of insanity, — for race prejudice is an acquired psychological reaction, and there is no scientific evidence that it represents the functioning of inherited behavior patterns. Even from a practical viewpoint, as we shall attempt to show, we are forced to regard certain manifestations of race prejudice as abnormal behavior.

The conception used to explain abnormal behavior which we shall consider first is dissociation of consciousness. Normally, the mental life appears to be a "homogeneous stream progressing in a definite direction toward a single end", as Dr. Hart puts it. That this apparent homogeneity is deceptive, even in normal minds, is shown by a little observation. Every one has had the experience of performing a task while engaged in an unrelated train of thought. In cases such as this the dissociation is temporary and incomplete, while in insanity the dissociation is relatively permanent and complete. Automatic writing in cases of

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hysteria, somnambulism, dual personality, and delusions are cases of the splitting off of whole systems of ideas. The conclusion of Hart that "this dissociation of the mind into logic-tight compartments is by no means confined to the population of the asylum" will lead us to those manifestations of race prejudice that show the same marked mental dissociation found in the insane. Herbert Seligman, in his book on the Negro, suggests the insane nature of Southern reactions to the blacks when he says, "The Southern white man puts certain questions beyond discussion. If they are pressed he will fight rather than argue." Southern white people write and talk about the majesty of law, the sacredness of human rights, and the advantages of democracy, — and the next moment defend mob violence, disfranchisement, and Jim Crow treatment of the Negro. White men and women who are otherwise kind and law-abiding will indulge in the most revolting forms of cruelty towards black people. Thus the whole system of ideas respecting the Negro is dissociated from the normal personality and, — what is more significant for our thesis, — this latter system of ideas seems exempt from the control of the personality.

These dissociated systems of ideas generally have a strong emotional component and are known as complexes. The Negro-complex, — the designation which we shall give the system of ideas which most Southerners have respecting the Negro, — has the same intense emotional tone that characterizes insane complexes. The prominence of the exaggerated emotional element has been noted by Josiah Royce in contrasting with the American attitude the attitude of the English in the West Indies, who are "wholly without those painful emotions, those insistent complaints and anxieties, which are so prominent in the minds of our own Southern brethren." Moreover, just as in the insane any pertinent stimulus may arouse the whole complex, so any idea connected with the Negro causes the whole Negro-complex to be projected into consciousness. Its presence there means that all thinking is determined by the complex. For example, a white woman who addresses a colored man as mister is immediately asked whether she would want a Negro to marry her sister and must listen to a catalog of his sins. How else than as the somnambulism of the insane and almost insane are we to account for

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the behavior of a member of a school board who jumps up and paces the floor, cursing and accusing Negroes, the instant the question of appropriating money for Negro schools is raised? Likewise, the Negro-complex obtrudes itself on all planes of thought. Health programs are slighted because it is argued Negroes will increase; the selective draft is opposed because the Negro will be armed; woman suffrage is fought because colored women will vote. In many other cases the behavior of white people toward life in general is less consciously and less overtly influenced by the Negro-complex. Bitter memories quite often furnish its emotional basis while the complex itself is elaborated by ideas received from the social environment.

There is a mistaken notion, current among most people, that the insane are irrational, that their reasoning processes are in themselves different from those of normal people. The insane support their delusions by the same mechanism of rationalization that normal people employ to support beliefs having a non-rational origin. The delusions of the insane, however, show a greater imperviousness to objective fact. The delusions of the white man under the influence of the Negro-complex show the same imperviousness to objective facts concerning the Negro. We have heard lately an intelligent Southern white woman insisting that nine-tenths of all Negroes have syphilis, in spite of statistical and other authoritative evidence to the contrary. Moreover, just as the lunatic seizes upon every fact to support his delusional system, the white man seizes myths and unfounded rumors to support his delusion about the Negro. When the lunatic is met with ideas incompatible with his delusion he distorts facts by rationalization to preserve the inner consistency of his delusions. Of a similar nature is the argument of the white man who declares that white blood is responsible for character and genius in mixed Negroes and at the same time that white blood harms the Negroes! Pro-slavery literature denying the humanity of the Negro, as well as contemporary Southern opinion supporting lynching and oppression, utilizes the mechanism of rationalization to support delusions.

Race prejudice involves the mental conflict, which is held to be the cause of the dissociation of ideas so prominent in insanity. The Negro-complex is often out of harmony with the personality

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as a whole and therefore results in a conflict that involves unpleasant emotional tension. In everyday life such conflicts are often solved by what, — in those following contradictory moral codes, — is generally known as hypocrisy. When, however, the two systems of incompatible ideas cannot be kept from conflict, the insane man reconciles them through the process of rationalization. Through this same process of rationalization, the Southern white man creates defenses for his immoral acts, and lynching becomes a holy defense of womanhood. That the alleged reasons for violence are simply defense mechanisms for unacceptable wishes is shown by a case in which a juror was lynched for voting to exonerate a Negro accused of a crime! The energetic measures which Southerners use to prevent legal unions of white with colored people look suspiciously like compensatory reactions for their own frustrated desires for such unions. Other forms of defense mechanisms appear in the Southerner's sentimentalizing over his love for the Negro and the tendency in the South to joke about him, — which has a close parallel in the humor of the alcoholic. At the basis of these unacceptable ideas, requiring rationalizations and other forms of defense mechanisms to bring them into harmony with the personality, we find fear, hatred, and sadism constantly cropping out.

When one surveys Southern literature dealing with the Negro, one finds him accused of all the failings of mankind. When we reflect, however, that the Negro, in spite of his ignorance and poverty, does not in most places contribute more than his share to crime and, — even in the opinion of his most violent disparagers, — possesses certain admirable qualities, we are forced to seek the cause of these excessive accusations in the minds of the accusers themselves. Here, too, we find striking similarities to the mental processes of the insane. Where the conflict between the personality as a whole and the unacceptable complex is not resolved within the mind of the subject, the extremely repugnant system of dissociated ideas is projected upon some real or imaginary individual. Except in the case of those who, as we have seen, charge the Negro with an inherent impulse to rape as an unconscious defense of their own murderous impulses, the persistence, — in the face of contrary evidence, — of the delusion that the Negro is a ravisher can only be taken as a projection.

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According to this view, the Southern white man, who has, — arbitrarily without censure, — enjoyed the right to use colored women, projects this insistent desire upon the Negro when it is no longer socially approved and his conscious personality likewise rejects it. Like the lunatic, he refuses to treat the repugnant desire as a part of himself and consequently shows an exaggerated antagonism toward the desire which he projects upon the Negro. A case has come to the attention of the writer which shows clearly the projection of the unacceptable wish. A telephone operator in a small Southern city called up a Negro doctor and told him that some one at his home had made an improper proposal to her. Although the physician protested that the message could not have come from his house the sheriff was sent to arrest him. His record in the town had been conspicuously in accord with the white man's rule about the color line. He had consistently refused to attend white men, not to mention white women, who had applied to him for treatment. Unable, in spite of his record, to escape arrest, he sought the aid of a white physician. The whole matter died down suddenly, the white physician explaining to his colored colleague that he had gone to the operator and found that she was only "nervous" that day. To those who are acquainted with the mechanism of projection, such a word as "nervous" here has a deeper significance.

The mechanism of projection is also seen in the general disposition of Southern white men to ascribe an inordinate amount of fear to Negroes. That the Negro has no monopoly of fear was admirably demonstrated in Atlanta, where, a year or so ago, white people were fleeing from a haunted road while Negroes were coolly robbing graveyards! This same mental process would explain why white men constantly lay crimes to Negroes when there is no evidence whatever to indicate the race of the criminal. Can we not find here also an explanation of the unwarranted anxiety which white men feel for their homes because of the Negro? Is this another projection of their own unacceptable complexes? In the South, the white man is certainly a greater menace to the Negro's home than the latter is to his.

We must include in our discussion two more aspects of the behavior of the insane that find close parallels in the behavior of those under the influence of the Negro-complex. We meet in the

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Springfield, Missouri

insane with a tendency on the part of the patient to interpret everything that happens in his environment in terms of his particular delusion. In the case of those suffering from the Negro-complex we see the same tendency at work. Any recognition accorded the Negro, even in the North, is regarded as an attempt to give him "social equality", the personal connotations of which are familiar to most Americans. In the South, Negroes have been lynched for being suspected of such a belief. Misconstructions such as are implied in the Southern conception of social equality are so manifestly absurd that they bear a close resemblance to the delusions of reference in the insane. Perhaps more justly to be classed as symptoms of insanity are those frequent hallucinations of white women who complain of attacks by Negroes when clearly no Negroes are involved. Hallucinations often represent unacceptable sexual desires which are projected when they can no longer be repressed. In the South a desire on the part of a white woman for a Negro that could no longer be repressed would most likely be projected, — especially when such a desire is supposed to be as horrible as incest. It is not unlikely, therefore, that imaginary attacks by Negroes are often projected wishes.

The following manifestation of race prejudice shows strikingly its pathological nature. Some years ago a mulatto went to a small Southern town to establish a school for Negroes. In order not to become *persona non grata* in the community, he approached the leading white residents for their approval of the enterprise. Upon his visit to one white woman he was invited into her parlor and treated with the usual courtesies shown visitors; but when this woman discovered later that he was colored, she chopped up the chair in which he had sat and, after pouring gasoline over the pieces, made a bonfire of them. The pathological nature of a delusion is shown by its being out of harmony with one's education and surroundings. For an Australian black fellow to show terror when he learns his wife has touched his blanket would not evince a pathological state of mind; whereas, it did indicate a pathological mental state for this woman to act as if some mysterious principle had entered the chair.

From a practical viewpoint, insanity means social incapacity. Southern white people afflicted with the Negro-complex show

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themselves incapable of performing certain social functions. They are, for instance, incapable of rendering just decisions when white and colored people are involved; and their very claim that they "know" and "understand" the Negro indicates a fixed system of ideas respecting him, — whereas a sane and just appraisal of the situation would involve the assimilation of new data. The delusions of the sane are generally supported by the herd, while those of the insane are often antisocial. Yet, — from the point of view of Negroes, who are murdered if they believe in social equality or are maimed for asking for an ice cream soda, and of white people, who are threatened with similar violence for not subscribing to the Southerner's delusions, — such behavior is distinctively antisocial. The inmates of a madhouse are not judged insane by themselves, but by those outside. The fact that abnormal behavior towards Negroes is characteristic of a whole group may be an example illustrating Nietzsche's observation that "insanity in individuals is something rare, — but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule."

NO IMAGES

SHE does not know
Her beauty;
She thinks her brown body
Has no glory.

If she could dance
Naked,
Under palm trees
And see her image in the river
She would know.

But there are no palm trees
On the street,
And dish water gives back no images.

— *Waring Cuney*

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WHAT A BIRD WILL SIT UPON

F. B. KIRKMAN

POETS and gastronomers have combined to praise birds for their devotion, not only to their offspring but to human needs. "Birds in their little nests agree, — to sit on eggs for you and me." But now comes a British ornithologist to dispel these pleasing illusions. Birds sit on eggs, not because of maternal affection, still less on our behalf. They sit because they like sitting, — on almost anything. All, that is, except the cuckoo, who prefers sitting by proxy and finds a great plenty of willing dupes.

EVERY year thousands of birds scattered over the face of Europe and Asia, belonging to nearly one hundred and fifty different species, accept and hatch the egg that the cuckoo puts in their nests. That they should submit to be thus duped is remarkable enough, and the more so because the intruding egg differs from their own not only in size but also, as often as not, in color and markings. The impostures practised by the feathered archparasite cease, however, to be impressive when they are compared with some for which the naturalist has made himself responsible. It is to these we must turn in order to realize the extent to which the innate simplicity of a bird may be exploited.

HAWKS ON HEN'S EGGS, HENS ON HAWK'S

A striking example is supplied by the following incident related of a marsh-harrier. The nest of this hawk, containing four bluish-white eggs, was found by a German ornithologist. He took the eggs and put in their place four fresh eggs of a domestic hen. The harrier which had already sat for two and one-half weeks upon its own eggs, proceeded without demur to sit upon the new set. At the end of three weeks our naturalist turned up with four more fresh hen's eggs and left them in place of the previous four, which were on the point of hatching. The harrier accepted the second set as readily as the first. At the end of another three weeks the indefatigable Teuton again appeared with his third set of hen's eggs; but he was a few hours too late. He found the chicks hatched. They were huddled miserably in the centre of the nest. On the edge of it lay untouched a little heap of dead frogs and nestlings, this being the meal that a harrier is accustomed to serve its own young. The chicks were removed to more

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congenial quarters, and the harrier, after nearly nine weeks diligent sitting, was left to contemplate an empty nest.

Another hawk, a black kite, brought up in captivity, is reported not only to have hatched hen's eggs but to have fed the chicks on bits of flesh which they took from its talons or its beak. In its case the instinct of the parent evidently dominated that of the bird of prey. The recorded behavior of the domestic hen itself is of a much less amiable character. One of these birds hatched kestrel's eggs, another goshawk's; but neither was prepared to tolerate the nestling hawks, which had to be hastily removed from reach of their beaks.

In the instances given above, the alien eggs were substituted for those of the dupe. A bird may, however, accept the former as an addition to its own. In one such case the addition led to a situation as unique as it was unexpected.

Three out of five eggs of a great gray shrike, a large species of butcher-bird, were put in a sparrow's nest, containing seven eggs. The sparrows accepted the addition, although the shrike's eggs, being grayish and spotted, differed both in size and coloration from their own. In due course they hatched all ten eggs and fed the young assiduously. After a few days the increasingly shrill notes of the lusty little shrikes reached the ears of their parents. These had their nest in the vicinity, and were already busy feeding the young hatched from the two eggs left them. They were soon busy also feeding their young in the sparrow's nest, a proceeding that at once brought them into conflict with its owners. Whether the sparrows objected to them as butcher-birds or merely as intruders it would be difficult to say; but there can be no doubt that the objection, whatever its nature, was well grounded, for within a few days three of the young sparrows had vanished. It may be taken for granted that they passed down the gullets either of the old shrikes or of their offspring in one nest or another. In spite, however, of these domestic complications, the final result was the fledging of four young sparrows and of four shrikes, two of these from each nest. The fifth little shrike died a few days after birth, possibly because, being one of ten, it did not get enough food.

Besides accepting additions to their eggs and complete substitutions, birds will also accept what may be called partial

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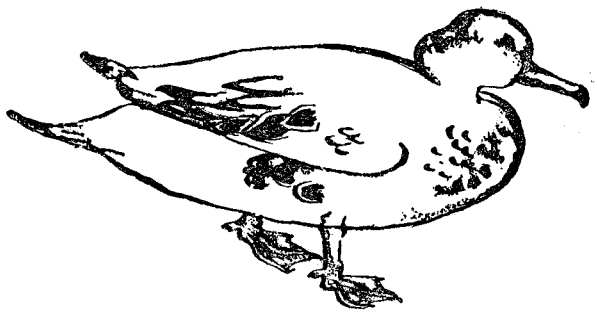
substitutions, that is the introduction into their nests of one or more alien eggs in place of one or more of their own. It is when this form of substitution is practised that most of the recorded refusals to accept occur. They appear to be particularly frequent in cases where one alien egg is substituted by naturalists for one of those in the nest. The substituted egg is ejected. Yet it is precisely this substitution of one for one that the cuckoo almost invariably effects, and its egg is generously accepted!

To explain the refusals is at present impossible. One may say, however, that they have much to do with the number of the eggs,



Duck by Silvia Baker

very little with the size, — within limits, — and still less with the coloration (pattern+color). To the coloration birds seem indifferent, though it is evident, since they sometimes eject the alien egg, that they are capable of perceiving dissimilarities. In order to test this indifference, I secured two pot eggs, the ordinary white china eggs used to put under domestic hens. One of these I painted a blazing scarlet, the other red, yellow, and blue in broad and brilliant patches. I put the latter of these startling novelties in the nest of a gannet at a famous sea-bird breeding place, the Bass Rock, off the southeast coast of Scotland.

The bird's own egg, which I removed, was of very different color, a dirty yellow. The red-yellow-blue egg was accepted with complete unconcern and sat on for over three days, at the end of which time most of the paint had been rubbed off by the bird's moist feet. I then gave it the blazing scarlet one. It sat on that for over a day, when I put back its own egg. This and two other eggs had meanwhile been incubated by another gannet

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in spite of the fact that the species, at least at the Bass Rock, hatches one only.

I carried through much more complete tests with the black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) at an inland colony of some thousands of pairs in Lincolnshire. The species builds on the ground and lays normally two to three eggs of various shades of buff or of olive, spotted and blotched with dusky brown. To two pairs I gave eggs of their own species, painted either a uniform scarlet lake or in patches of scarlet lake and cobalt blue. Each pair sat on them nine days. This figure and those which follow must not be taken to imply that the birds refused to continue sitting at the end of the period named, but simply that, owing to my departure, I removed the eggs or egg substitutes. There can be no doubt that they would have continued to sit; and it may be noted that in some cases they did sit on the substitutes after their own eggs, or "control" eggs, laid about the same date, had been hatched by other birds.

The Difficulty of Duping

To four pairs I gave large white pot eggs or else duck eggs. That the birds clearly recognized a difference between these eggs and their own is shown by the fact that some of them recoiled with a note of alarm on seeing them, and then kept walking backward and forward in hesitation about the nest. But within a few minutes they were sitting. I removed the eggs at the end of periods ranging from nine to eleven days. Two pairs refused to sit upon two glossy red wooden eggs. This was due not to the color but possibly to the glossy surface; though this is doubtful, for a third pair accepted the eggs readily and sat on them over six days. The eggs were hollow and of the sort that can be opened across the middle. One of them came apart during incubation; the birds removed the lower part to some few feet outside the nest; the top they continued to sit upon. Other colors that the gulls accepted are those of the objects next to be described.

Color tests naturally led to shape tests. I substituted for the birds' eggs various objects either square cornered or round. The square objects consisted of small wooden bricks (2⅛ x 1½ x 1 inch), about the size of the gull's own egg (2⅕ x 1½) and a gilt

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tin box (3 x 2 x 1⅜ inch) which I happened to have with me. Though the sharp edges of the bricks were cut away to make them a trifle more comfortable, they were rejected by the four pairs to which I presented them. That is to say, after sitting on them awhile, the birds left them and remained outside the nest. I removed the bricks either the same or the following day. The rejection was not caused by the material of the bricks, for eggs cut out of the same wood were accepted. Two pairs rejected the gilt tin, but the third sat on it till removed at the end of four and one-half days. This was all the more remarkable in that the tin was too large to be comfortably incubated; one end was generally protruding under the bird's tail or else one side exposed under the wing as shown in the photo. The same tin was readily accepted by the gannets of the Bass Rock. I finally made the mistake of putting it into the empty nest of a gannet that had ceased to be broody. On its return the bird seized the box forthwith and tossed it over the edge of the cliff into the sea.

Boxes, Balls, and Other Objects

Round objects were readily accepted by the gulls with the exception of a cricket ball, which proved too large (3 inches diameter). The birds made valiant attempts to incubate it, but succeeded only in tumbling over it onto the edge of the nest. One pair sat for seven and one-half days on a hollow rubber ball (2⅜ inches diameter), though its size caused trouble. The most popular was a golf ball (1⅝ inches) sat on by one pair for eight and one-half days and for varying periods by others. I nearly lost it when in one nest; for in the absence of its temporary owner another gull pounced down and tried to carry it off, but for some reason the ball rolled out of its beak. It may be observed, in passing, that these thefts were made with a view to sucking and not sitting. I saw a bird attempt to suck one of my wood eggs; it struck it a dozen hard blows but of course with small satisfaction to itself. The same egg was subsequently lifted by another gull, and I saw it no more.

Another object upon which a pair sat for ten days was a circular flat topped brass Chesebrough vaseline tin (2½ inches diameter by 1 inch deep); and this in spite of the fact that the birds found it awkward to manage.

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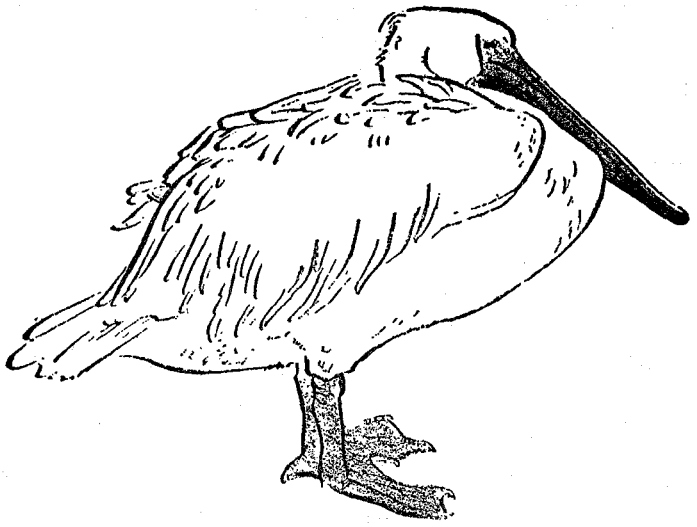

Pelican by Silvia Baker

Domestic hens and other species have been known to sit on stones, apples, onions, and other objects. These and the objects I used show that the birds were even more indifferent to material than to shape; they sat upon wood, rubber, stone, china, various vegetable compositions, and tin. Some species take substitutes for nests as well as for eggs. My blackheaded gulls accepted my hat, shown in the photo, and a tin plate. They set about lining both with stalks.

If all the evidence available be taken into account, it would seem that, subject to marked limitations which are still imperfectly understood and which occur mostly among the more highly developed species, — a bird will sit not only upon the eggs of other species, but upon objects of any size, shape, color, and number, provided these be not too uncomfortable. It has little of that intelligent concern for its own eggs with which it is so often credited.

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THE DOCTOR IN THE DOCK

CAREY P. McCORD, M.D.

> When I conceive of the impossible things that are asked of the expert, I simply marvel that he has been able to meet the requirements in any measure at all. — William Alanson White

WHEN you pronounce the words "apoplexy" and "electricity" it does not occur to you that there is any great similarity in the sound. To a foreign woman, little acquainted with our language, however, the similarity of sound was so striking that this circumstance became the sole basis for a death claim. The suit that was filed was entirely unjustified, yet the resources and ingenuity of a competent, enthusiastic, young solicitor were fully taxed to prevent an award. The workman whose death led to the suit had been employed in a machine-shop. He became dizzy and weak while at his work, and asked that he be sent home in a taxicab. While the workman was changing from his factory garb to his street clothes, the foreman talked with the taxicab driver and casually remarked, "This old man's condition looks like a case of apoplexy we had here four years ago. Tell his folks they had better get a doctor."

Before the end of the journey the workman became unconscious. He fell to the floor of the taxi. At the home the driver carried the dying man to a bewildered, foreign wife. Taking his cue from the layman's diagnosis of "apoplexy" made by the foreman, he repeated over and over "apoplexy", "apoplexy." To the frantic wife "apoplexy" meant little. To her it sounded like "electricity". To the neighbors she wailed her misinformation that Joe had been hurt by electricity. Joe died that night.

Before death he was carefully examined by the family physician, who found all the characteristics of a cerebral hemorrhage, — that is, hemorrhage into the brain. Next day an autopsy was held. At the undertaker's the coroner was greeted by the query: "You have come to examine the man who was electrocuted?" "No," answered the coroner. "We have come to determine the cause of the death of Joe ——." The autopsy clearly established a cerebral hemorrhage as the cause. The undertaker saw passing

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from his grasp the elaborate funeral which would have been provided had the workman died from a compensable accident.

At the time of the autopsy the oil and grime had not been scoured from the dead workman's hands. To the undertaker the coroner said: "If those hands show anything I should see after you get them cleaned up, call me." The undertaker called next morning. "We have found the burns of the entrance and exit of the electric current." The coroner hurried down to the chapel just before the funeral service. Representatives of the family were there with a lawyer. Truly, on the back of the right hand was found an injury. A portion of the skin around the injury was removed for microscopic preparation and study. On the sole of the foot was a blister. This also was prepared for laboratory study. The undertaker retired to an anteroom to give vent to non-funereal satisfaction. The members of the family exchanged elated glances with the lawyer. The coroner was embarrassed but silent. Later he amended his report, but guardedly.

Demand was quickly made for payment of compensation for death by accident. The demand was refused. A suit was filed. In court it was shown that in the workroom where the electrocution was said to have occurred, no electric wires or fixtures or appliances were nearer than thirty feet to the workman. The alleged wounds of current entrance and exit were shown to have existed at least one week prior to death. Stages in the process of healing are clear cut. If scar tissue has formed in a wound, there is every reason to believe that the injury necessarily must have taken place several days prior. The injury found on the back of the dead man's hand was essentially a healed scar. Moreover, the exact time of this hand injury was established in a burn sustained by the workman ten days previously while tempering some metal. The blister on the foot was known by fellow workmen to have been troublesome for about a week. Shoes had been cut to ease the pressure on the blister. Dressings had been applied.

Here, then, was a hard fought claim for accidental death having no other foundation than some similarity fancied on the part of the grief stricken foreign wife between the words "apoplexy" and "electricity".

In situations such as this, the special knowledge of the physician is frequently called for in court. At times medical testimony

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may be material, as in the case of this particular family physician. The testimony may be expert, but based on actual facts obtainable only through high professional development. In this case the pathologist who testified as to the state of healing in the excise skin wound and the coroner's pathologist who conducted the autopsy were both experts, testifying as to facts developed at their own investigations. The opinions of these experts were accepted as pertinent testimony. An essential difference between the expert and the ordinary witness is that the former may express opinions while the latter is limited to evidence.

Field of Expert Medical Testimony

To the uninitiated, medical expert testimony is largely limited to the work of the psychiatrist, — the specialist in mental disease. A score of other and distinctly different conditions may, however, call for the specialized information held by the physician. It may be desirable to know that a drop of blood found on a garment is human blood. Frequently it is important to decide whether or not a new-born babe was born dead or breathed for a short time before death. In a case of suspected murder, associated with possible drowning, the medical expert may be able to demonstrate that death did or did not take place prior to the placing of the body in water. In some instances the medical expert has aided in determining race. In unwarranted disability claims, the expert may establish the existence of malingering. In a few cases of suspected murder, in which a body has been found in a room with the gas turned on, it has been important to learn whether or not carbon monoxid entered the body before or after death.

In cases of alleged identification at considerable distances, the medical expert may be called upon to point out the degree of visual acuity, at varying distances. Thus, if a witness testified that he identified, at a distance of two hundred feet, a person whom he had seen only a few times before, it would probably be possible to establish perjury.

Where chemicals have been taken into the body through accident, or for suicidal or homicidal purposes, the services of the expert are widely used. It is likewise a common occurrence for

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a medical expert to be called upon to establish sex when only a few bones of the skeleton are available for study. From a single bone the expert may be asked for his opinion as to the general type of body, size, height, etc. From the examination of a skeleton or remnants of bones, it is frequently possible to establish a diagnosis years after death. Identification from previous operation or from dental work is sought respectively of physician and dentist. Medical testimony fixing the degree of disability following injury is called for every day. Differentiation between disability due to accident and disability due to disease is a daily problem in industrial compensation. Occupational diseases are increasing in number and call for the services of the expert when their existence is a matter of uncertainty.

This recital might be continued almost indefinitely, but enough has been said to indicate the type of problem calling for men and women qualified to speak with authority.

The Expert in Court

Any court may determine the points upon which a witness is qualified to testify. A physician may qualify to testify as a general practitioner by stating to the court such facts as the place and time of his graduation in medicine, the location of his office, or evidence that he is licensed to practise in that state. More often than not, these simple qualifications are ample to meet the medical problem in hand. The ego of the doctor, — together with the desire of the attorney to impress the court through his witnesses, — often lead him to qualify as an expert in some particular branch of medicine or science. If he has qualified only as a physician, however, the cross-examiner is not entitled to insist on greater medical knowledge than is possessed by the average physician. If the physician testifying is a real authority, something may be gained for his side by full expert qualification, but, if the qualifications claimed are not there, the opposite side may be served. Having qualified as expert in any field, the witness may be grilled by the opposition to any length and in any phase of his alleged qualifications.

It is, therefore, a compliment to the expert witness when the opposing lawyers do not examine him. A qualified witness can nearly always strengthen his position under cross-examination.

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The technical language of the expert often does not attract the interest of the jurors, and as a result, highly important statements may not receive proper valuation by a jury. If, however, cross-examination is resorted to, and the almost inevitable conflict arises between expert and cross-examiner, the jury's interest is at once aroused. Trial attorneys deserve much praise for their ingenuity in combating damaging testimony. All the wind has frequently been taken out of my sails by the unerring accuracy with which attorneys pick the weak spots in my statements.

Not long ago I testified for a city in an injunction suit attempting to restrain the opening up of a rock quarry within the city limits. I maintained that such a quarry would lead to "silicosis" among some of the workers and that, if dust concentrations in the atmosphere were high enough, the disease would in time appear among the inhabitants living nearby in the direction of prevailing winds. On cross-examination I was asked if the disease would not be prevalent in the adjoining county where many quarries were then in operation. My answer was in the affirmative. I was then handed the vital statistics record for this county for the ten years preceding. During this ten year period no case or death from this disease was reported. The lawyer did not fail to hammer this home. He did not fail to see that its full significance reached the jury. It was futile to enter into a discussion as to this apparent discrepancy. The explanation is, however, simple enough. Silicosis so simulates tuberculosis that almost invariably it is reported as tuberculosis, but the harm was done. The case was lost.

The Fee of the Expert

The expert is apt to collect his fee in advance, the ordinary witness is apt not to receive his fee at all. This, perhaps, is the greatest single difference between these two classes of witnesses. Courts commonly recognize the unfairness to the holder of highly specialized knowledge of extorting from him without adequate compensation information gained through years of extensive study. The expert's fee is therefore ordinarily of his own fixing and is arranged prior to his services. Granting the justification of unusual fees for the possessor of unusual knowledge, a cynical public is still apt to have its reservations as to bias when a news-

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paper carries the head-line "Defense $500 per day Expert to Take Stand". The public appears to have the notion that a highly paid expert witness is bought, whole soul and body, by the cause he represents and inescapably is lined up in behalf of this cause. In a trial lasting only one day, it was once brought out that the medical expert had been paid a fee of $250. It was also observed that he did not testify at the trial. The uninitiated in the court room gave him glances which implied that not all hold-ups are accomplished by poking a gun against the victim's head. Now, to assuage the ire of the cynic, allow us to record just what he had done to earn that $250 fee. One week prior to trial he had received the following telegram:

> Trial of suit against this Company filed by former employee Lunk, set for next Friday. In medical matters represent this Company. Communicate with our local office. (Signed) Horseshoe Motor Car Company

The expert visited the local office and obtained the address of the service station where the alleged injury was sustained; also the name and address of the attorneys handling the case. From the latter he obtained copies of petitions, medical records, etc. From these he learned that the claimant, while engaged in work on a car in which the motor was not running, suddenly began to bleed freely from his nose and mouth. Patient collapsed and was carried home. He was, however, seen by a physician at the plant before he was sent home. In the ensuing months patient had been unable to work and had continued under the care of this same physician, who made a diagnosis of "hemorrhage from the lungs due to fumes in garage". This was before the days of benzol gas, which meant that carbon monoxid was about the only toxic gas possible under the condition described. Characteristics of the disease produced by carbon monoxid are very striking, but none of these characteristics were reported by the physician, — and gross hemorrhage of the lungs is not a characteristic of the disease.

At the automobile service station the expert sought to reconstruct the conditions existing at the time of the claimant's bleeding. Workmen present at the time of the occurrence had been much impressed by it and were frankly sympathetic with the claimant. These men arranged the reconstruction. The motor on

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which claimant was working was not running. Three other cars in the same small room were running. Carbon monoxid is formed in deadly quantities when motors are first started. A running gasoline motor always generates some carbon monoxid, but in this plant protection had been provided against this very hazard. Every car was connected with an exhaust system that carried the fumes to the exterior of the building, and all workmen agreed that connections were in place at the time of claimant's misfortune. The chemist who accompanied the expert took samples of the air under varying conditions and later tested it for carbon monoxid. He reported the presence of carbon monoxid, but in concentration far below the harmful point. All the workmen were questioned as to the appearance of the afflicted man at the time of his collapse. Not one of them noticed the unmistakable altered color of lips, ears, and fingers, so characteristic of severe carbon monoxid poisoning.

Since the expert probably would have to face cross-examination, he sought to refresh his mind on all the published work on diseases of this character. Accordingly, two trained workers were set about assembling all possible data to be derived from half a dozen languages. In the meantime he visited the claimant's physician. He was old, cordial, appeared to be honest, apparently was a general practitioner, helpful in his community, but perhaps not given to careful differential diagnoses. The physician in turn arranged for a visit to see the patient. The sick man was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. There were many cavities in his lungs. Certainly his condition was of long duration, but sufficient proof was lacking, if limited to examinations subsequent to his factory collapse. The expert then recalled a statement on record that two years prior he had been a patient at the Charity Hospital. Through proper legal steps he gained access to the hospital records. There it was found that two years before this the patient had already been a well established case of tuberculosis. His X-ray at that time exhibited many cavities in his lungs, and he was a sufferer from hemorrhage of the lungs. Sanitarium care was offered this man, and work of any kind pointed out as unwarranted.

With this information the expert knew that the case represented an unjustified claim. He had utilized about one week's

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time in collection of this information. At the time of the trial there may have been persons who felt that his charge was excessive, but the company who had retained him was not among their number.

Shopping for Doctors

Any one who does much court work is apt to be of the opinion that unbiased testimony is not always wanted from the physician. At least not a full and complete recital of available facts. On more than one occasion in legal conferences prior to trial, I have pointed out phases of the situation favorable to the opposition, which in all fairness should be thrashed out in court but invariably the answer has been, "Answer the questions we ask you. If the opposition asks about these other matters, answer the cross-examiner's specific questions."

Expert witnesses having every inclination to be thoroughly honest and to make a complete recital of facts at their disposal feel hampered by the restriction thrown around them. So great is the difficulty, that many physicians as well as other qualified persons refuse all overtures made by attorneys needing expert services. As one physician put it, — "I object so much to the methods attending the use of my services in court, that I regularly price the lawyer out of my office. I put a higher charge on my services than the merits of the case warrant. Then out he goes." Thus shopping for the physician does not always mean finding the best qualified expert, or locating bias, but may also mean finding a man who is willing to put up with these restrictions, or who has not acquired a distaste for the system.

The Partizan Medical Witness

In the matching of wits between the doctor in the witness chair and an antagonistic lawyer, the lawyer is apt to have the advantage. In the court room he is functioning in his own domain. Think of a lawyer making a pleading in the doctor's operating room, with the surgeon and three or four assistants garbed in their white gowns and masks, the anesthetist with his elaborate machinery, the patient in evident distress, the popping off of steam from the nearby sterilizers, the many trays of instruments, the continually alert group of attending nurses, — there the

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doctor might have the advantage. The doctor usually enters the court room with trepidations. He has in mind the many stories of pitfalls in cross-examination. Although the judge may be a personal friend, nevertheless he now appears awe-inspiring.

The doctor's contacts with the lawyers for the cause in which he is enlisted have already established a friendly attitude. He has probably been flattered by being told how important he is in the proper presentation of the case at hand. He probably has been told that the attorneys on the other side are "gentlemen, good lawyers, but crafty and out to win the case." Both the preliminary conferences between physician and participants in the case on the side for which he has been called and the stage setting in the court room favor partizanship at every turn. The lawyer speaks of "my witness", "our side," "my expert." All of the preliminaries have accentuated the strong points of the expert's side of the case. Willy-nilly the expert finds himself engulfed in advocacy of what is now "his side" and in antagonism to the real merits of the opposition's cause. Cross-examination is fairly regularly done with such animus as to increase the partizanship of the expert. Not always is this one-sided attitude of the expert advantageous to his cause. The fault is not so much attributable to the witness personally as to the system under which he is projected into the situation. When one considers the endless wrangle over small points, the endeavor to trap the witness into contradiction or an admission, quarrels over definitions, the citations of authority, the objection to qualifications, the continuous direct and indirect efforts to discredit the witness and to vitiate his testimony, the wonder is not that expert testimony is so bad, but that it is so good.

The faith of the public in the value of expert testimony is shaken, when well-known and highly accredited physicians line up on opposite sides and apparently make precisely opposite contentions. The public quotes with glee the aphorism that liars are divided into three classes, — liars, damned liars, and expert witnesses. I have found very little that bears out this disbelief in the expert's veracity when genuine experts are involved. The opportunities for variance in the testimony of experts on opposing sides are commonly to be found not in fundamentals but in the fringes of the situation. An actual occurrence will make

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clear the opportunities allowing for warranted differences of opinion.

Mrs. K. developed a tumor on her right breast. She was operated and died on the operating table. A suit was filed in connection with her insurance. The operating surgeon had made a diagnosis of cancer of the breast (Carcinoma). A laboratory examination of the tumor removed corroborated the surgeon's diagnosis. This laboratory diagnosis was made by a competent pathologist. No qualified expert would be in disagreement as to the existence of this cancer. However, two points of the divergence did arise. First, was the cancer produced by a slight blow received by Mrs. K. about six weeks prior to her operation, or did the blow merely call Mrs. K's attention to a condition that already existed, or did the blow severely aggravate a condition already existing, but quiescent? The protagonists may produce from their own experience a considerable number of cases supporting their opinions. In the second place, the judgment of the surgeon in operating on a desperate case was questioned. One side maintained that had the surgeon secured X-ray examination of the patient's chest, the extension of the cancer into the chest would have been found, and the hopelessness of the situation would have prevented any operation. Thus Mrs. K. would have been spared to her family for a few weeks more. The other group of experts maintained that Mrs. K. was entitled to any vestige of a chance of recovery, and that the surgeon exercised good judgment in the operation.

The Court Witness

In such a situation as this the only bias that existed probably grew out of the loyalty of the experts to their respective sides. Under less strained circumstances each group would have freely admitted the justice of the opposite side's contentions. If the trial could have been served by qualified physicians acting as court witnesses, serving each side fully and equally, all of the obtainable facts in the case would have been speedily established, and the questions that caused so much controversy in the trial would have been admitted to be insolvable.

For the proper utilization of specialized information in the administration of justice, three methods have been suggested in

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recent or remote years. The first of these is trial by a jury, composed of persons qualified in the problem at hand. This method is manifestly impossible in this country. The technical problem calling for specialized information is apt to represent a minor aspect of the case, and a single case might involve handwriting, chemistry, and real estate. The second method is the one now in vogue, namely, the partizan expert. Admissions of the shortcomings of this system have made up the bulk of this article. The abuses of the present system are drawing criticism from the general public and the professional group alike. The third method is that of the expert serving the court, available to either side, prejudiced in favor of no cause, paid and paid well by the court as a legitimate expense. Under such condition the expert witness may fully comply with his oath to tell "the truth and all the truth". Without being hampered he may recite to the court all of the pertinent facts in the technical situation. Following this unhampered recital, the witness may be questioned by the court itself and cross-examined by either side.

It is not within the province of this article to attempt to suggest the precise means for securing the court witness, and the limitation to be thrown around his activities. It is conceivable that different types of cases and the constitution of various states may call for variation in procedure. Recognition of the difficulties that may be experienced before this court witness system comes into larger use in this country in no wise vitiates its merits. The superiority of this method of utilizing special information is obvious. Thus may the onus at times attached to the expert be removed, and thus may the procurement of justice be aided by unhampered authoritative statements.

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IRELAND

4 WOODCUTS

BY

RICHARD BENNETT

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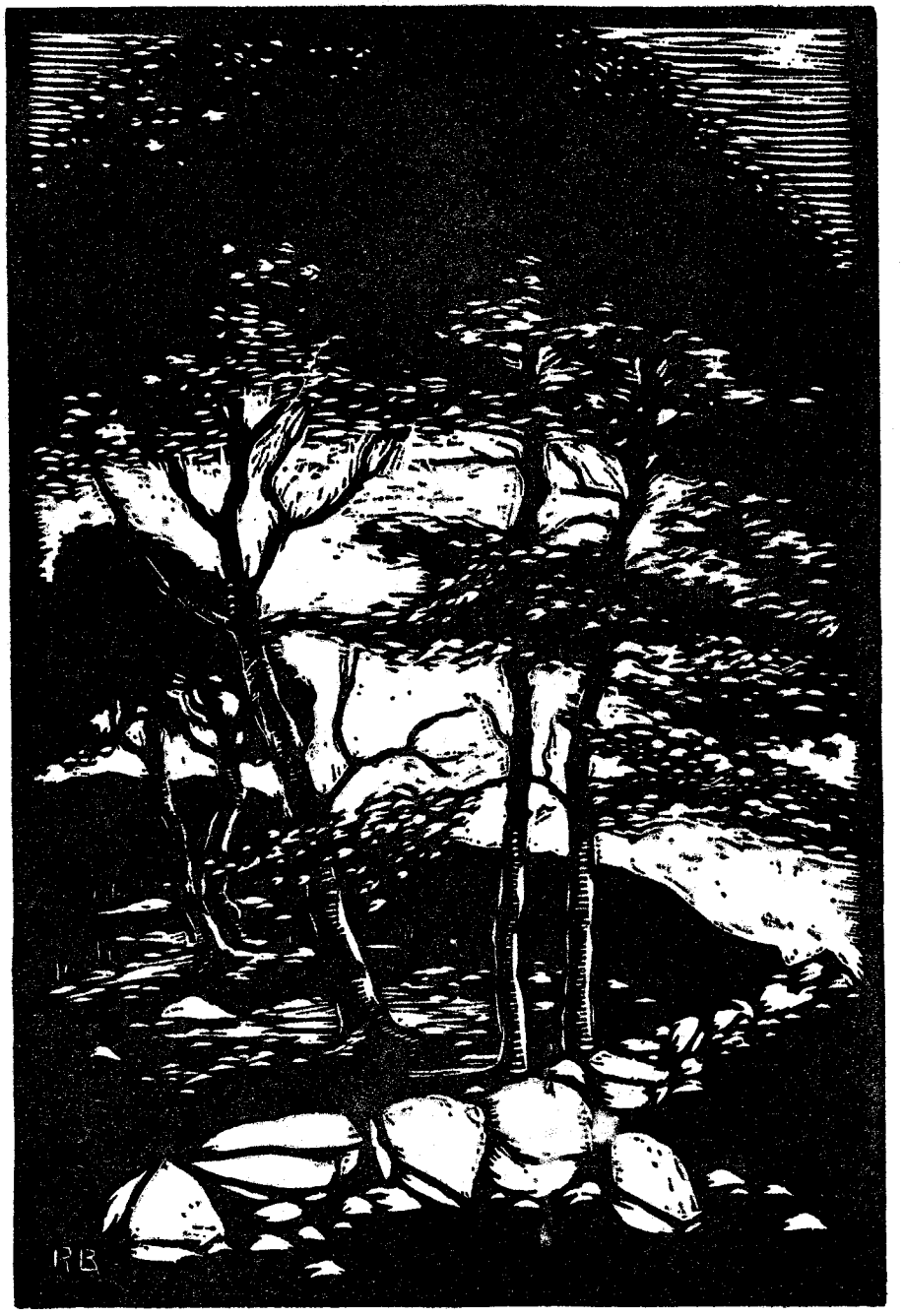

ON THE SHORES OF LOUGH GILL "THE GLADE"

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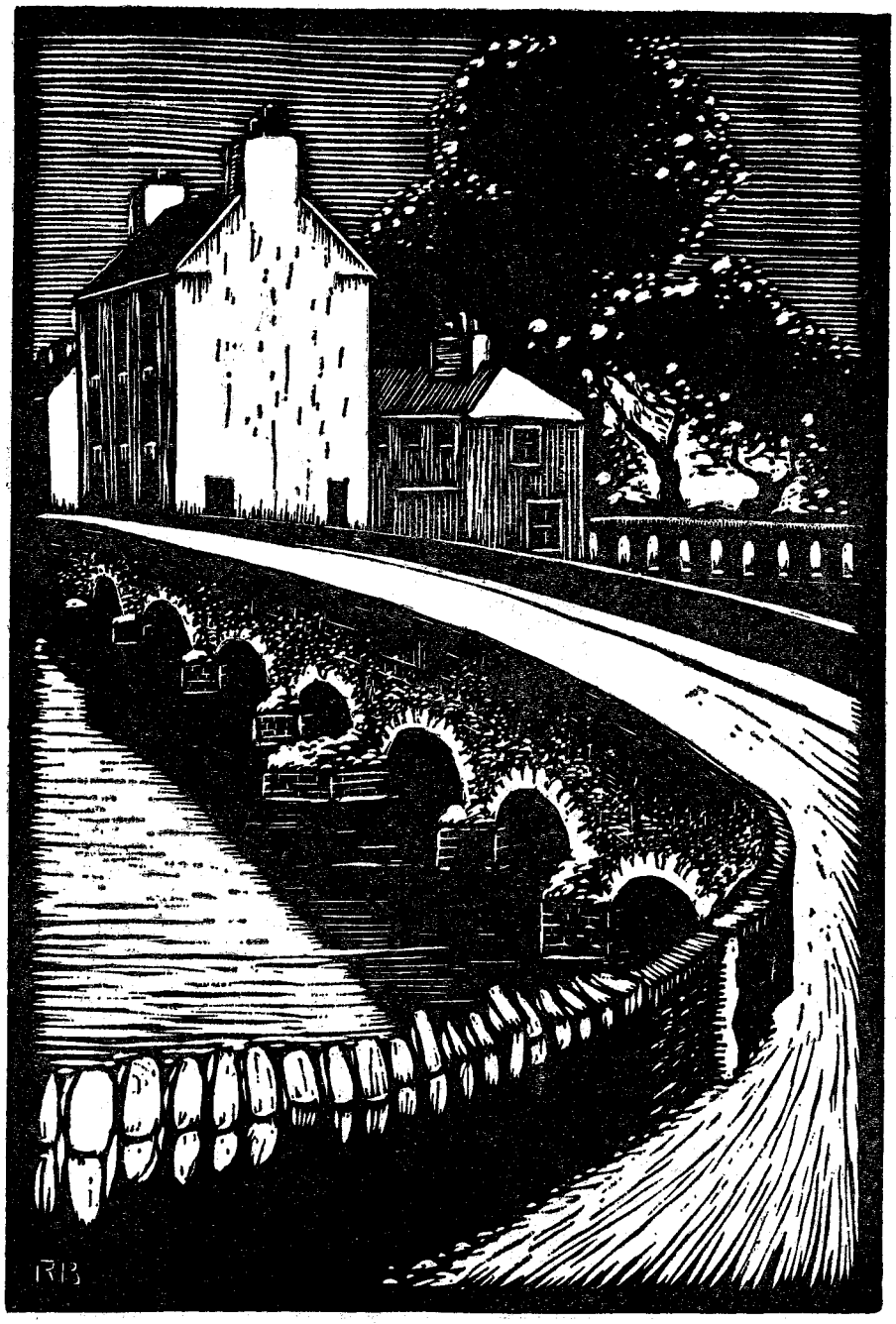

"THE BRIDGE" COUNTY SLIGO

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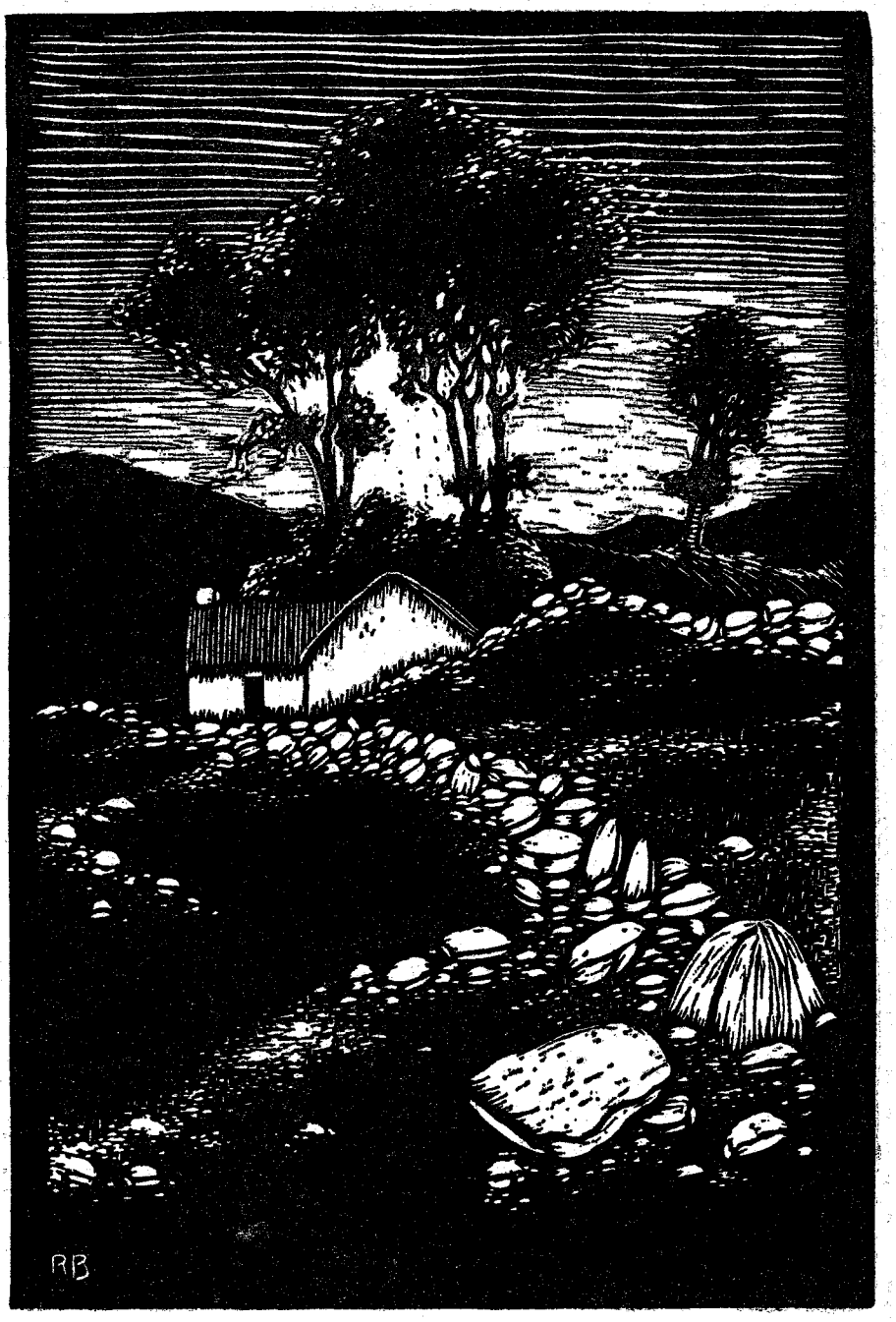

COUNTY SLIGO "THE COTTAGE"

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CAN MEXICO MAINTAIN ITS ISOLATION?

WILLIAM LEDYARD RODGERS

IS Mexico the victim of American imperialism? No, says Rear-Admiral Rodgers, she is the victim of her own weak Government. Nations hold their natural resources in trust, not only for their own people, but for trade with all mankind. Mexico controls certain raw materials that have become necessary to the economic peace of the world, and the world looks to her to keep her markets and trade routes open, unhampered by civil disorders. If the Mexican Government can not do so, other Governments will have to.

THIS article has no line of conduct to advocate; but is an attempt to assume a detached point of view, — based on historical precedents established by other countries as well as by this, — and so forecast the outcome of the Mexican situation this way or that as events develop. Since 1840 this country has had a war with Mexico, and twice within the last thirteen years we have invaded and occupied her territory without her consent. Moreover, in 1865 we massed fifty thousand troops along the Rio Grande and threatened, through the force of the Monroe Doctrine, to cross it in protest against the French military occupation of Mexico. Again, in 1877, President Hayes's stern dictum to the Mexican Government that weakness on its part would entail occupancy by the United States secured internal peace for over thirty years. Then the present disorder broke out. In the light of the past, it is therefore not unreasonable, nor impertinent, but only prudent to examine the present conditions in Mexico and their effect upon our relations with her in order that we may anticipate what the future may possibly hold for us both.

Before considering such gross and material matters of difference between the two countries as the oil controversy and the new Constitution, I shall speak of matters of the spirit and of temperament. Why is the background of our relations with Mexico and with other Latin-American nations more or less one of mutual distrust and vague dislike?

First, there is the barrier of language. Mankind inherits from prehistoric ancestry an instinctive fear of the stranger, which, with the growth of civilization and security, has been modified to a contempt of all that is foreign as ignorance. And of all ignorance,

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inability to speak the local tongue at once places the foreigner beyond the pale, — a true barbarian and outlaw. One of our colored soldiers, working in a labor battalion in France, saw a Senegalese soldier approaching him in French uniform. He recognized the blood-tie and burst into song. "Hi, niggah! Wat you doin' in dem cloes?" He was answered in Senegalese with gay French courtesy. Wailing with a gesture of contempt, our man turned to his task: "Go on, niggah! you-all is nuttin' but a dam Frawg." And so, lacking a common speech, both the Mexican and the American begin their relations with the false assumption that the other is a "damn Frog".

Then there is the difference of culture. When our respective ancestors first left Europe for America, four hundred and three hundred years ago, they perhaps differed less in cultural background than we do now. Both the Spaniards and the English inherited the classical traditions of Greece and Rome and of later feudal society, and the Christian religion together with the renaissance of art and learning. For both, all these elements of culture had resulted in aristocratic forms of government in which society was organized into upper, middle, and lower classes, and this stratification was admitted by all. Thus, with not wholly dissimilar outlook, both sets of colonists departed for the new world, where their paths of social and cultural development rapidly diverged. In Mexico the Spaniards found a dense population which they conquered and left on the soil to work it for them. Naturally, they preserved or adapted the forms of social relations they inherited from ancient Rome, with patron and client, with master and slave. With an alien aristocracy and a native subject race, it followed that industrial efficiency was neglected, while the wealth of the Aztecs and the fecundity of the tropics led them to cultivate social ceremony and refined leisure.

In northern America, our English and Dutch forebears met other conditions. Here was a "stern and rock-bound coast," an unresponsive soil, and a scanty native population, which was driven off. Here was no seat for an aristocracy, but for stark democracy only; where every man made for himself his position in the community, and a premium was placed upon business and industrial efficiency as the price of existence. In the resulting code of manners, old-world urbanity disappeared and was replaced by a

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kindly and helpful, — but brusque, — rusticity, characteristic, but displeasing to others.

These diverse ideas of social organization and industry have caused the Anglo-American and the Spanish-American to place unlike values on the administration of certain sections of the legal codes. The aristocrat below the Rio Grande looks to the law to guarantee security to himself and his personal property against the discontent of the masses. The democrat to the North has developed the law of business security and has comparatively neglected to maintain personal security.

To these differences we must also add those of religion. Thus, when the American reaches out to make his first contacts for better or for worse with the Mexican, their manners are mutually repellent. The language barrier is only a symbol of their complete inability to understand each other. When Americans express scorn for a nation which lets revolution interfere with big business, the Mexican retorts with scorn that we do not protect the man in the street from violation of his personal liberty. And the quarrel proceeds point by point. It is not surprising, therefore, that the record of the political relations between the two countries should be one of almost perpetual disagreement and mutual suspicion.

The common boundary line enforces upon each nation a connection and an interest in the other as unavoidable as that between the Siamese twins. Trade and commerce are the chief bases of international politics and friendships, and any disorder in Mexico is prejudicial to good-will.

Within the last century, international commerce has gained an importance hitherto unknown to the world. Before the days of power-driven machinery and ocean steamships, communications were difficult and the cost of transportation ate up the profits of specialized industries. Therefore, in the main, every country was industrially sufficient to itself, or nearly so, both in agriculture and manufactures; and in consequence, standards of living were comparatively unaffected by those of other countries. This immemorial situation has been altered by the cheap transportation systems of our day. Four great nations have won world supremacy on the basis of mass production by machinery, — the United States, Germany, England, and France, — while other countries, without their wealth and coal, remain agricultural and export raw

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materials. In consequence, the Big Four dominate the world by their economic might, and the cheap freight rates they provide are managing both to raise and spread the standards of living throughout the earth.

In a world as unified economically, public disorder anywhere is hateful, for it throws international industry out of gear. And since Mexico has been in turmoil since Diaz fell in 1910, the manufacturing nations of Europe and America demand that their supply of raw materials from Mexico, — oil, hemp, and lumber, besides coffee and tobacco, — shall no longer be cut off through the failure of successive weak Governments to maintain public order. Before all else, the paramount duty of every Government is to maintain public order, so that its people may earn their living in security at least, if not in contentment. When a Government accomplishes this primary task to the satisfaction of the masses, it matters little to the outside world if tyranny prevails and some individuals are oppressed unduly. It is when misgovernment disturbs labor that it becomes intolerable both at home and abroad.

It is often urged in justification of the turbulence in Mexico that the masses are oppressed by the hereditary landowners and the political generals, and no doubt it is so. We are told the downtrodden are trying to get a people's Government and are, therefore, entitled to our national sympathy. Without withholding our personal sympathy, we must recognize that all Governments are "hard boiled" in such matters, including our own, and they always will be. Their first duty is to their own nationals, who individually wish to have their contracts executed and their debts paid and generally wish to carry on their business in security. The new economic conditions require that weak Governments the world over must either make themselves strong internally, or go. The opinion of the world will permit the downtrodden classes anywhere a chance to right their wrongs by armed insurrection; but after reasonable opportunity, if they fail to make good, the world loses sympathy and expects them to take up their fetters and get to work again. Mexico has had fifteen years of disorder in the name of liberty, but has not yet developed a government strong enough to guarantee that security which international business demands.

In municipal law there is a principle known as the "right of

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eminent domain", which permits a Government to expropriate private property for the use and benefit of the public. In international law, as expounded by the text-writers, this principle is not admitted; but in the actual practice of Governments in their international relations, it is a doctrine often acted upon. This closely knit economic world must supply the Big Four and the lesser nations of their kind with raw products, or their machine industries slow down and all communities suffer, even the most pastoral and simple with the others. Mexico has products that the world looks to her to provide. She can not go on making the world wait. If she establishes security, which will permit her people to work in the fields and mines and exchange their products for those of other nations, all will be well with her internationally. If she can not, or will not, do so, she will surely suffer infringements of her sovereignty by foreign powers bent on doing for her what she can not do for herself.

Thus, in world affairs, as in national affairs, we see the potency of the democratic principle that the majority has rights over the minority. World interest claims precedence when the impotence of a laggard nation interferes with the good of the greatest number. Indeed, great nations have grown up in the past, not so much through conscious desire for ruthless conquest as because those in power with a strong government at their disposal, found themselves compelled, for the peace of their borders and the good of their people, to extend the blessings of law and order over ever widening areas. That such extensions have caused much personal suffering is a secondary matter. Nature and mankind have always been cold to the suffering of individuals for the advantages of the crowd. And the personal sympathies of their own nationals for the distress of people in other countries has never had much weight in determining governmental policy except when continued public disorder has furnished foreign Governments with a valid excuse for intervention. Then they never fail to play up their humanity as the dominant motive, and offer that as their warrant for interposing. Public disorder in Mexico is a source of our friction with other powers. Thus, international disputes issue from the local disorder, and will disappear with it.

It is the duty of every Government to protect the lives of its citizens engaged in lawful occupations abroad and to prevent un-

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lawful expropriation of their property. Therefore, the stand Mexico has taken against the vested rights of foreign citizens will not permanently be tolerated by this or any other great country. When these and similar extreme abuses of authority are remedied, it will matter little whether royalties on the mining concessions are high, or whether there is graft in getting them. Business will accommodate itself to the existing situation, in which it will chiefly prize security; and foreign offices will be deprived of ground for remonstrance.

There remain to be spoken of, the "Church" and the "Red" questions which have been closely associated in people's minds and which, in the past few months, have been exciting as much or even more notice than "oil". Propaganda is even more effective as a stirrer up of political discord than economics; and in the present case, the "Reds" in Mexico, if the word of the daily press may be taken at face value, are attacking not only the ancient connection between Church and State, but the beliefs and religious practices of individuals, some of whom are foreigners. And once more the weak Government in Mexico is the chief cause of uneasiness in this country. When the Combes ministry in France parted Church and State twenty years ago, it was strong enough to carry out the operation without disorder, and therefore without effective protest from anywhere abroad. So in Mexico, were the government strong enough to carry out its wishes in this respect with virile precision, foreign protest would soon subside.

We may now consider the alternatives which offer themselves for the future. As a result of the foregoing discussion, we may regard as secondary the disputes which have arisen over the religious question, giving primary notice to the economic situation and the impotence of the Mexican Government. As has been indicated, all the world needs open markets in Mexico. This will not only be for the good of foreigners and foreign markets, but it will also raise the material standards of life among the downtrodden people of Mexico itself. Among the nations most directly concerned in Mexico, Germany is precluded from taking action by the Treaty of Versailles, while France and England are not without precedents for action. Their past history shows that they have developed their colonial empires by a continual extension of orderly rule over turbulent neighbors. But sixty years ago the

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French attempt to collect debts by occupying Mexico was brought to naught by the United States acting under the Monroe Doctrine, and this fiasco helped in the undoing of the Second French Empire. Similarly, when England and Germany undertook to enforce their claims against Venezuela twenty-five years ago by a "pacific blockade", the United States made a vigorous protest which ended the foreign pressure upon Venezuela, although this had the legitimate purpose of upholding their national rights in a disorderly country. In like manner the Monroe Doctrine has repeatedly prevented aggrieved European Governments from seeking their own redress in the new world.

Therefore, such Governments say to us, — after the fashion of diplomacy, by suggestion and innuendo, — that if the Monroe Doctrine blocks their action, the accomplishment of their purpose falls to us, or the Doctrine falls of itself. We proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine a hundred years ago, for our convenience and safety when we were weak, — so they think. Now when we are strong, they expect us to act under it for others as well as for ourselves. They believe that if we claim privilege, we must accept duties. There is nothing particularly new in the idea of American intervention in other countries. We began maintaining public order in Panama soon after gold was discovered in California, and have continued to do so from time to time whenever public security along the line of the railway and the canal has been imperiled. We went to war with Spain because the insurrection in Cuba lingered without promise of conclusion, and the protraction of an economic nuisance at our doors was intolerable. Ostensibly we went to war in the interest of humanity. After the liberation of Cuba and our withdrawal in 1902, we reoccupied the island in 1906 to restore lost order. The perpetual disorder in Hayti caused our occupation of the country, where the United States forces restored prosperity to an oppressed and poverty-stricken peasantry, and still maintains it. In San Domingo, the eastern half of the same island, our ten-years' rule has done as much for the mass of the people. And in Nicaragua, the occupation of the capital by American marines, and the Special Service Squadron kept at hand at the Isthmus, has granted the prayer in the church ritual for "peace in our time, O Lord."

For all these services to suffering humanity, the American

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Government has been scolded both at home and abroad because these actions were also helpful to business. For helping establish law and order outside its own territory, when they could not otherwise be secured, the conduct of the United States has been roundly denounced. In spite of such clamor, the relations of this country with its weaker neighbors have been beneficent. Since we first declared the Monroe Doctrine, we could not have acted other than we have without renouncing, along with the Doctrine, both our national position and our world prestige. And now, if Mexico cannot bring about internal peace, she must recollect that ever since the year when Cicero was Consul, governments confronted with disturbers of the public peace, either within or without their borders, have repeated his monition: "How long, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience?"

Since Madero overthrew President Diaz, continued disorder, — obnoxious alike to the unfortunate peasantry of Mexico and to the economic welfare of this country and of the world at large, — has prevailed beyond our southern border. Nevertheless, this country has not been in haste to interfere, although other nations hope we will, at the same time reproaching us if we take any action which seems to have that end in view. Since the beginning of these Mexican disorders, the Democratic and the Republican administrations here, — each after its own fashion, — have given Mexico every aid to suppress her own disturbances. But if vexatious disorder continues to provoke the world, the pressure of other nations may be added to swell the outcry of our injured business. There are precedents for future action in the warning to Mexico by the Hayes administration, and in the temporary occupation of Cuba in 1906–09 during the Roosevelt administration. At present, this country is not thinking of such a serious step, nor could it be induced to take it without greater provocation than it has yet had. Our Government still hopes for the best. At the same time, Mexico must not forget that the population of the world is pressing faster than ever on the means of support. A government is a corporation, acting not merely for the good of its shareholders, but for the common good of similar corporations. In that more crowded world which is almost upon us, a corporation which can not act, which prefers anarchy to strength, risks receivership. May Mexico soon realize her danger!

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WHY WE LIVE BEYOND OUR MEANS

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

WHY do people live beyond their means? Why do so many of them prefer hanging on to the "ragged edge" of a precipice, fearing each moment the catastrophe of bankruptcy, to dropping quietly on to the place they can afford to live?

We were discussing the latest bankruptcy.

"I know why I live on the ragged edge," laughed a friend, "though I suppose I should be ashamed to confess it. It's because I don't like the 'lookings'," she said whimsically, "of what I see beneath the precipice. Perhaps if I had never seen the delectable country on this tableland I might feel differently about it. But I have. I've not only seen my own home," she went on, "but I can see my mother's with its parquet floors and oriental rugs, the new novels of Tolstoy and Hardy, the pony cart and Annie, our maid of all work, and beyond that I can see my grandmother's old house with its velvet carpets and walnut furniture, the new novels of Sir Walter Scott, the silver coffee urn and carry-all, and Martha, her 'domestic'. And there, too, is my great-grandmother Daniels's square stone house with the 'first piano west of the Alleghanies', the mahogany davenport and four-poster bed; and my Kentucky great-grandmother's spacious farmhouse with its slaves; and my great-great-grandmother's in Philadelphia with its portraits and silver. And in every one of these homes there was a "lady",—gracious, well-groomed, occupied in making life agreeable.

"And then I look below the ragged edge of my precipice and what I see is a bare frame house, needing paint, with reedy grass about the yard and a well-kept kitchen garden at the back, and in it Axminster rugs on pine floors, only the necessary furniture and it of the plainest, and a rather faded woman hurrying about to get dinner ready before the family comes.

"I look once more at my tableland and I can see my mother's place among her friends. And her children's in the town. They're what you would call 'leading citizens'," — she smiled a bit sardonically. "And so was my grandmother and her mother and

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her mother. All of them with leisure to read and to think and be among the well-groomed.

"And then again I look down below this precipice on which I maintain my precarious place and the women I see working in the houses are care-worn and faded and tired.

"But what interests me most are the children. I see some of those below look longingly up toward my precipice. Others are starting to climb up and my heart sinks as I see how abrupt is the steep and rocky path."

As I listened I was reminded of a girl who did drop off the ragged edge. Her husband wanted to "get ahead in the world", so they decided to live as economically as they could in the mining camp where he worked instead of the town near-by where their people lived. They lived in a little box cottage. Sally did her own work, even the laundry. She came into town every so often to see her friends. Once in a while they went down to visit her and say "How cute, how original." I thought she rather liked this and scorned the rest of us who could never hope to "get ahead". But one day she surprised me. "Tell me," she said passionately, "tell me frankly, have I kept up in the essentials?"

"The essentials?" I asked.

"Yes, the things that really count, that make us what we are. I've tried so hard to hold on to them." And then she spoke frankly. "It looks so easy to economize to get ahead, but it isn't. It is very difficult to know what is important enough to hold on to and what isn't. You see, when you live as you have been accustomed to, your standard is set for you. You don't know why you do things certain ways and you don't ask why. But I must decide for myself on each separate thing I do, whether it is essential or whether I had better give it up, and you'd be surprised to know how difficult this deciding is. Take, for instance, little things like clearing the table for dessert. I decide it is not essential, so put the dessert on the table. Then Jim says, 'Why go into the other room,' and so we eat at the little kitchen table, and then I say, 'Why use a cloth that makes laundry?' And finally Jim comes to the table without his collar. There you are. Just where should I draw the line? Take this matter of cleanliness, — I used to think any one could be clean but now I know it is the most expensive thing in the world. When you've got to

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wash and iron everything yourself you wonder just how essential clean napkins and pressed dresses are. You've no idea until you've tried it what it means to walk off one level down on to an entirely different one."

"But why do you do it?" I asked. "Couldn't you economize without changing your whole system?"

"We have talked all that over and we see no other way. If there was some half-way place, but there does not seem to be. You see, living as you do there's such an outlay for 'doing your part', keeping up with the rest, — contributions to this and that, flowers, wedding presents, parties, club dues, white gloves, manicuring. Ground-rent for your level, you might call it. If I tried to stay on that level, I'd be called on for all these things. But living down here as we do, the fact that we do not entertain and I've no time for play, golf, bridge, — lets me out of them. And I don't mean to complain, — we've done it deliberately, Jim and I. But this does not mean it is easy. You see, after all, we do have your tastes and desires and they require money. We are not like the people down here. They have their own standards.

"For instance, I've a neighbor of whom I'm very fond. Her husband is a ground-boss in a mine and his salary is the same as Jim's. They have been ambitious and thrifty and now they have a new house, one of these ready-made ones with all the modern conveniences. She showed me through. In the parlor she had one of these three-piece velour sets and some pictures hung next to the ceiling. And of course, a Victrola. She has a golden oak set in the dining-room, but they eat in the kitchen on a white oil-cloth covered table. She's put a board over the tub in the bath-room because it is too much trouble to keep it clean. She likes to cook, and wash, and iron. She says so, — and she's reached the height of her ambition in this new home. Her neighbors and friends envy her. But I don't want to get like her, — I want to keep my taste, my love for beautiful things, my need for bath-rooms, — yes, and my desire to play. They are my heritage. I don't want to come to 'liking' cooking and scrubbing.

"But she is the product of this environment. I'm the product of what mine was. And what worries me is this: Will I be able to pass on these tastes and desires which are my inheritance, without the environment that gave them to me? This is the

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question that persuades many parents to hang on to the 'ragged edge'."

What is her inheritance? Loosely speaking, it consists of her tastes and manners and her position in the social system. By social position I mean something more than being on the invitation list of the local smart set, which it may or may not include. I mean feeling in one's self and producing in others the impression that one is acceptable to any social gathering anywhere, eligible to any social intercourse, and equal to any social emergency. That one's tastes and manners are largely due to environment, no one familiar with the findings of psychology will deny; but the statement that social position is dependent on environment may require explanation.

We like to think, we Americans, that there are no social classes in this country, and in the European meaning of the word there are not. The humblest in the country may rise to the highest place. The man in the mine may see his son sitting in the cabinet, or even acting as governor to an exclusive Long Island club, his daughters and sons may mingle with Lords and Ladies, — aye and even marry them. But this does not mean that the man in the mine, and the President of the company that owns the mine hobnob over their cigars after dinner, nor that their wives exchange social courtesies. They do not. The mine owner is on one level, — the mine worker on another.

There are two streets in every town that will indicate the difference between these levels. One is a tree-lined avenue where our "esteemed and prominent citizens" live, and the other is a neat bungalow-lined street where the "respectable fellow townsmen" have their homes. The people on the avenue and the people on the street do not mingle. They move in different "social circles". They "rate" differently in the town. Newspaper reporters, merchants, bankers, aye, even the clerks in the stores recognize these levels. The social system of the country, of the city, of the town is founded upon it. Yet these levels are not "classes". There is one great difference. One's position in a class is more or less fixed. But one's place on a level is not. One may move from level to level. The owner of a bungalow may sell it and move to the avenue, and his children may forget that they ever lived elsewhere. All that is required is that he shall have

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enough money to buy the mansion. Naturally then, any street dweller ambitious to change his level or that of his children, saves his money, invests it, and reinvests it for that purpose. To be able to buy a better car, to send his children to college, to entertain, — all these will help him to transfer them to another level.

That in many cases, if not indeed in the majority, it is parental instinct that makes them save so that their children may rise to this higher level will be, I think, generally accepted as true. What is not so readily understood is that it is the same parental instinct that causes those already on the level to resolve to stick there even though they cannot afford it.

When there are "classes" hedged about by arbitrary caste lines, titles, traditions, the position and place of the children is somewhat assured. Children are born *to* their class. But when ability to buy determines one's level, one's place on that level is bound to be insecure, for money is fluid as lands and patents of nobility are not. Children are born *on* a level but not "to" it. We've all seen children lose their places on this upper level, — we've seen a poorer member of an "established" family live on a lower level, his son drop to a lower one, and his son find himself as far removed from his second cousins in taste, culture, and social standing as if they had never started from the same stock. It is the fear of this that makes many a father hang on to the very edge of the higher level. He knows that lack of fences between levels makes it just as easy to descend as to ascend from one to another.

Please understand that I'm not advocating class. Far from it. I'm merely stating the reaction of the average parents to conditions as they find them. Seeing how difficult it is, — when down, — to climb back, they make every effort to keep their children's place for them on the higher level.

One may well ask why these parents do not cut down their expenses so that they may leave their children enough money to "support" a place on that level. For one thing, they are probably aware that they could not "save" enough, and in the meantime the children would have lost all the advantage of the environment of that level. Or they may fear that their children will not have the qualities to climb. "Why," they probably argue, "take

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a chance on saving enough money to put them back when by holding on to this ragged edge we can leave them there?"

For instance, one of the questions such parents have to decide is this: "Shall we push ourselves to send our children to college when we can so ill afford it?"

This is the way I heard a brilliant lawyer answer it: "I've been considering whether to leave my son ten thousand dollars or give him a college education. That is about what it will cost me, all things considered, — railroad fare, clothes, postponed wage-earning, tuition, and all. I'll leave no estate to speak of, but if I don't send him I could put that aside for him out of my income. But I've decided on the college education. This is the way I look at it. He is a good boy, bright enough, though nothing brilliant, not a money maker. He'll never win against great odds but he'll always be able to hold his own. And the connections he'll make at college, the placement, the self-confidence and poise it will give him will be worth more to him than anything he could make out of the ten thousand dollars."

Not long ago a woman said to me, "Do you know why I've bought this house and am giving this large party? I'll tell you. I discovered recently that Dave (her boy) had a queer idea. You know he was only twelve when we moved here. We couldn't find a house we wanted and I didn't want to stay in a hotel so we lived in that run-down house on Grant Street. I felt so sure of myself that I took it for granted that I could live anywhere I pleased without affecting my standing. But I noticed that Dave did not invite his boy friends home. I asked him about it and I found that he was ashamed to. He had often been left out of a party given by Tom Straight and he thought it was because the Straights looked down on us. Of course, it was silly. But it might ruin his self-confidence to have that notion. So I decided to buy a house and put myself on the map here so he'd know his position was 'among the best'." Foolish? Yes. I am not defending her. But her attitude indicates this "level" consciousness.

Long ere this some reader has wanted to remind me that these people who live on the ragged edge spend far more money and live far better than their mothers and grandmothers did. Yes, they do. But is this not due to a change in customs rather than a change in standards?

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It is true that the automobile is far more expensive than the surrey, but was not the surrey the most useful and best means of getting about in our grandparents' days? We do have expensive furnaces, but did they not have the most costly and best base-burners in theirs? We have two or more bath-rooms, but did they not have the best sanitation in theirs? We pay more for our servants, but we keep no more, — not so many, — as did our mothers. They had what was in demand by "the best people" of their day. This was the standard of their level, as it is the standard of the same level to-day. What is changed, it seems to me, is not the standard, but the things that constitute it.

We often hear the opinion expressed that people are striving to live better, to have more and spend more than their parents did before them. But this is not true of every one. Many of those who are "hanging on" to-day, living beyond their means, are doing it in an effort to live up to the standards that were handed down to them.

There are so many spectacular cases of rich men who started with nothing. The journey from hut to mansion is so frequently made, that people are apt to forget that there have always been mansions, and some one lived in them.

They should remember those large, substantial and, in many cases, beautiful houses that one sees on the old highway between Baltimore and St Louis. It must have cost much money as well as effort to haul those bricks and windows across those muddy prairies, much money and thought to convey the finely wrought doors and staircases. And those antiques so eagerly sought to-day, — they were not cheap even in the days when they were made.

Some people would seem to have the idea that every one's ancestors were plain people who traveled, like the wagon mover to-day, with only a featherbed and a pot or two for estate; and that it is, therefore, a great step in advance for their sons and daughters to own a "colonial house" and period furniture.

It is true that there were some paupers among the pioneers, some soldiers of fortune, some failures seeking an opportunity to begin again, some immigrants with only brawn and brain. And fine citizens, too, they have made. But on the other hand many of the pioneers, coming in covered wagons because it was

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the only way to travel, did not come empty-handed. Many of them bought land and, even though they paid only three or four dollars an acre, they bought a thousand acres at a time and had money left to build "the big brick house".

The same friend I have quoted before said in the same discussion: "I suppose I'm what may be called of pioneer strain. My father moved to Missouri from Kentucky after the Civil War, and his father to Kentucky from Ohio after the Mexican War, and his father to Ohio from Pennsylvania in Jackson's Administration, and his father to Pennsylvania from New York in the early eighteen hundreds, and his father moved to New York from Connecticut after the Revolution, and his father to Connecticut from Massachusetts in sixteen hundred and something. Yet each one seemed to live in his new home as he did in the old. Some things these pioneers brought with them and some they bought. I know how well they dressed, for I've some of their clothes to-day. I've seen the houses they lived in, standing to-day. I use some of their recipes, and expensive they are, too. They gave their children the best education of the day and bought books and kept servants.

"It's because of this, I can't help thinking, that they passed on to us our tastes and our place in society. Can I do less than try to pass on to my children the same tastes and position, especially when I, for one, believe that classes are crystallizing as never before, even though it does mean living beyond my income and the consequent struggle and strain?"

Of course, if people cannot afford to live on that level they ought not hang on; if they have not the money, they ought not spend it. There can be no argument about that.

But I am not attempting to defend living beyond one's means. My effort is to explain it, explanation and defense being not in the least synonymous.

And there can be no doubt that the reason given by my friend accounts for many cases. So long as there is a social scale, so long as parental nature is what it is, some parents will prefer living beyond their means to moving their children down to a lower place in that scale.

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FRANKLIN AND VOLTAIRE

WILLIS STEELL

Forum Americana Series — VIII

WHEN the house at Number 8 Quai Voltaire, formerly known as the palace of the Duchesse de Mazarin, was recently offered for sale, tourists and the younger generation of Parisians, perhaps, were newly reminded that all this stretch of houses, extending along the left bank of the Seine, overlooking the Louvre opposite, were once "palaces" lived in by people notable for their rank in society or for qualities more historical. Their grandeur, never exterior, is now sadly dimmed; the street up to the Institute belongs to commerce, — of a de luxe kind, it is true, — with a cheap cabaret wedged in here and there and the book-stall keepers of the quai, at watch like spiders, on the other side. Number 27, at the corner of the rue de Beaune, only a dozen steps from Louis XIV's bridge and from Madame de Staël's beloved rue du Bac, is the house where Voltaire died on May 30, 1778. It was in this house that Benjamin Franklin made the personal acquaintance of the philosopher, poet, playwright, historian at the time when "all Europe was filled with the noise of his name". From Paris especially, Franklin, envoy from "darkest" America, came in for a share of interest and adulation; but the stem of these was curiosity. Voltaire was their own, a true son of Paris who had returned to his city of birth after twenty-seven years of exile, and the welcome the people of all ranks gave him was unsurpassable.

When Voltaire set out from Ferney on this last earthly *tournée*, two floors had already been reserved for his household in Number 27. Save for the cabaret of the "zinc" variety on the corner, the house has probably changed very little. It is extremely plain with five great windows of old-fashioned panes on the floors above the *rez-de-chaussée* looking over the Seine, and as many windows (smaller) on the rue de Beaune. So lighted, some writers have said, that Voltaire found the rooms dark enough to compel him to keep candles lighted throughout the day. This must be a mistake. The truth more likely is that he kept the inside shutters, —

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plain lengths of mahogany, — shut tight against the windows as they are fitted to-day; for the philosopher was known to prefer artificial light.

The entrance on the rue de Beaune has the beauty of simplicity, and as it has been carefully preserved, it remains the solitary witness to the former dignity of the house. Four pillars, slightly carved, sustain an attic where two griffins, rampant, face each other. On each of the double doors are carved the Roman fasces. Through these doors, at dusk, rolled the eighteenth century coach of Voltaire into a court twice the size of the one we see to-day; for the blank wall of a modern small hotel has intruded there. The interior has endured greater changes. Doors have been boarded up, new doors let in, and narrow dark corridors fashioned to conduct to small, modern rooms which, being let, can add something to the income. Where the great *salon* was, — which Voltaire considered to be a necessity of his sojourn, — can only be conjectured, but no doubt the entire floor space of the first *étage* was divided between *salon* and *salle à manger*. Here, at any rate, Voltaire received Benjamin Franklin.

It was a meeting of mutual admiration. Voltaire's insatiate curiosity for all human knowledge, — and especially for every branch of it that savored of philosophy, — had caused him, even before his carriage had traversed San Antoine, to inquire where Franklin was to be found. Of all the crowd of admirers flocking to his *salon* to praise and flatter, probably none was so eagerly awaited as the simple American. Franklin had no narrow prejudice to overcome before meeting the great writer whose free thought, scepticism, and "aversion to the clergy" had spread a blight in the Anglo-Saxon world over the name of Voltaire, scarcely affected even to-day by Carlyle's half-hearted attempt to rub it off. On the contrary, he hugely admired this patriarch, who after acquiring wealth by his cleverness in business, still wrought, as if his life depended on it, at story, play, and history. There was much in common between them, Franklin had been told; and while the American sage shook his head at this flattery, he wished to test its truth for himself, to meet Voltaire's "peering eyes", to draw out his famous irony, to applaud his *bons mots*. Could his wit at eighty-four be as bright as when at eighteen it won a legacy from Ninon?

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Voltaire could have no privacy. As on the street people of every class pressed to touch his hand, so deputation followed deputation into his temporary home, and thither came the most illustrious men and women of the highest rank at all hours, not to be denied. This intellectual dictator was such only in letters. He could not, if he would, see Franklin alone. But the groups parted and fell back as the short, stout, kindly-faced stranger followed the announcement of his name into the presence of a man so fleshless as scarce to cast a shadow. Voltaire took two steps forward and stretched forth his hand.

So little has been left by the persons who listened eagerly to the conversation of the two philosophers that one who would treasure the lightest word each said to the other is half angered by their indifference. It is known, however, that as Franklin was taking leave, after making an appointment to bring his little grandson to the rue de Beaune next day, Voltaire gaily said that although he had forgotten the English he had learned many years before in England, he should venture to speak three English words as his message to America. These words were "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." This is the first time, it has been said, that these three words appeared in juxtaposition. Next day Franklin kept his word and brought his *petit-fils* to Voltaire to bless. And again the sage resorted to English, for laying his hand on the boy's head, he said, "God and Liberty."

The evening of this day was to be the climax of the Voltairean ovation, the representation of his *Irene*, the crowning of his bust on the stage of the Comédie Française, and the return at a late hour to the house in the rue de Beaune, made tumultuous by cheering multitudes. "You wish to smother me with roses," murmured the man of eighty-four, weak from the excitement which shook his feeble frame. Then the reaction, the fatal attack, the pertinacity of the curé of Saint Sulpice. "Never an atheist, I long ago returned to deism," answered Voltaire, turning his back as the great Lorenzo did on Savonarola, and whispering, "Let me die in peace." Franklin expressed indignation when he was told that the corpse of Voltaire had been denied Christian burial. His own death occurred a year before the National Assembly decreed state honors to the great French writer and brought back his body in triumph to the Panthéon.

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PITCAIRN ISLAND

A Study in the Evolution of Rascality

LOUIS LE FEVRE

RUMINATING on the outrageous ideas of the younger generation, long before the time of Tut-ankh-amen, an Egyptian sage propounded the aphorism that you can't change human nature. His contemporaries welcomed the doctrine with enthusiasm, and ever since, this has been the first line of defense for the advocates of a fossilized civilization. The arguments with which it is supported have varied considerably. In the Middle Ages, the rash innovator was reminded that the existing status represented the will of God, and that any attempt to change it was sacrilege. In our scientific era, however, the ancient dogma is buttressed by the laws of biology and eugenics.

We are told that our intelligence and character are irrevocably determined by the germ plasm which we receive from our ancestors. An Edwards is foredoomed to be a clergyman or a college professor, while a Jukes automatically becomes a criminal and a half-wit. Are there slums in our cities? Proposals to abolish them are useless, for slum people inevitably create slum conditions. Is there crime? The only cure is the extermination of the criminals and all their children. Education and the improvement of the environment are helpless to wipe out such evils.

Perhaps all this is true, but there are inconvenient facts which are hard to fit into the theory. Human history displays startling changes in the behavior of men within a single generation, for which the laws of heredity fail to account. To use a minor illustration, there is the story of Pitcairn Island.

In the year 1787, the British war-ship *Bounty*, a vessel of some two hundred tons, with a crew of forty-six men commanded by Lieutenant William Bligh, was ordered to the South Seas to find varieties of the breadfruit tree suitable for planting in the West Indies. After a ten months' voyage the *Bounty* reached Tahiti. There were mutterings of discontent among the crew because of the severity of Bligh, who was a harsh disciplinarian even for those days when the seamen on all men-of-war were well ac-

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quainted with the cat-o'-nine-tails. At best the long voyage to the Pacific increased the burden of hardships which were the common lot of sailors, — poor food, hard work, and the lack of feminine society. These hardships heightened by contrast the charms of Tahiti, which need no such exaggeration. Here life was soft and free, the women were fair and kind. To the hard-pressed crew of the *Bounty* it seemed Paradise on earth.

After a stay of six months, Bligh had acquired a sufficient stock of the Tahitian breadfruit trees. He set sail for Tonga, another South Sea island group. The crew grumbled and sulked; Bligh sternly endeavored to restore discipline. At length, two weeks after they left Tahiti, the discontent flared up in open mutiny led by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate. Bligh and those who remained loyal to him were set adrift in a small boat; the mutineers with the *Bounty* returned to Tahiti. The voyage of Bligh in the ship's boat to the island of Timor in the Dutch Indies near Java was one of the most remarkable feats of seamanship ever recorded. He lost only one man of his crew, who was killed by hostile natives, though he sailed over thirty-six hundred miles of the almost unexplored Pacific with a scanty supply of water and food.

Meanwhile Christian and his comrades argued over Bligh's chances of escape. Christian foresaw that if their captain reached England it was only a question of time before vengeance would overtake the mutineers. He persuaded eight of his companions to set forth again in the *Bounty* with nineteen natives in search of an uninhabited island where they might end their days in peace. The others preferred to stay in Tahiti, believing that Bligh's story would never be told at home. As Christian had expected, however, a British ship, the *Pandora*, came to hunt down the crew of the *Bounty*. Those who remained were taken as prisoners for trial in England. The *Pandora* was wrecked on her return voyage, and several of the captives were drowned. The others were duly tried, three ringleaders were hanged, and the rest were pardoned or released after terms in prison.

Christian and his followers settled on Pitcairn Island as an ideal situation for their purpose. This is a small island, about a mile and a half long, almost entirely surrounded by steep cliffs. There is no secure anchorage and only one cove where landing is

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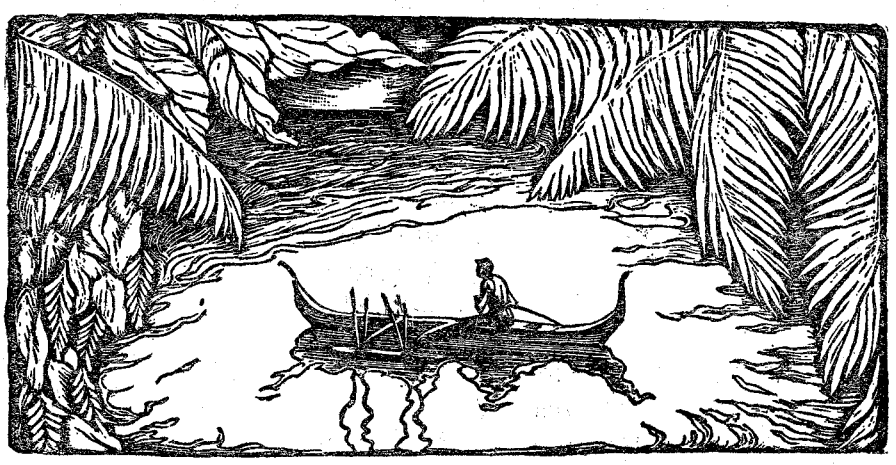
possible in small boats. Even here it is difficult except in the calmest weather. The *Bounty* had been well equipped for her long voyage. The mutineers landed everything they could get ashore, then burned the vessel to destroy all traces of their presence. When a ship was sighted, they hid in a cave until the danger of discovery was past.



In the South Seas
Original Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

The nine mutineers who landed on Pitcairn in December, 1789, were: Christian, the leader; Brown, an assistant botanist; Edward Young, midshipman; John Mills, quartermaster; William McCoy, Isaac Martin, John Williams, Matthew Quintal, and John Adams, seamen. All these men had Tahitian wives. There were six native men, three of whom had wives, and one child. For a time things went fairly well. Each of the white men built a house, and they cultivated gardens with the help of the natives. Then Williams's wife died. The English joined together to take the wife of one of the Tahitians to console the widower. This caused ill feeling among the natives, who had another grievance because they had been given no land. They plotted against the white men. Two of the women heard another singing one of those new songs which the people of Polynesia compose on every possible occasion: "Why should the Tahitian men sharpen their axes? To cut off the Englishmen's heads." These women warned their white husbands, and the plot failed. The man whose wife

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Williams had taken and another native were killed, the four remaining Tahitians submitted.

Again the islanders lived in peace for some time. The four natives were servants to McCoy, Mills, Brown, and Quintal. Their masters often beat them, and sometimes as an added punishment, covered the wounds with salt. To escape this treatment, two of them fled into the bush, the uncleared jungle which still covered a large part of the island. They made friends with Young, who had always been on better terms with the natives than the other white men. Adams believed that Young plotted with them to destroy all his comrades except Adams himself, whom he wished left alive as a companion. At any rate the plot was conceived, whether Young knew of it or not, and this time the conspirators were more successful. While the Englishmen were scattered, working in their gardens, the natives attacked them, one at a time, and killed five, Williams, Christian, Mills, Martin, and Brown. McCoy and Quintal escaped into the bush. Adams was severely wounded, but when he fled for his life the natives called him back and promised to spare him, saying that Young had asked them not to kill him. Young was not attacked.

After this massacre Young, Adams, and the four natives lived in the settlement, Quintal and McCoy in the bush. Such a remarkable situation could not last long. One of the Tahitians killed another in a quarrel over Young's wife, Susannah. The murderer ran away and joined McCoy and Quintal, who received him amicably at first, but later killed him with a gun which he gave them as a pledge of his friendship and good faith. Young, who seems to have had an ingenious mind in such matters, then worked out a plan to kill the two remaining natives, the account of which may be quoted from the story told by Arthur Quintal, son of the first Matthew. The reader is referred to this narrative, as given in Walter Brodie's *Pitcairn Island* for a detailed and spirited history of all these plots and counterplots.

"Young persuaded Brown's widow", says Quintal, "to go to bed with Tetihiti, the most powerful of the two Tahitians, and cautioned her on no account to put her arm under the Tahitian's head when she went to sleep, as his wife intended to cut his head off with an axe as soon as he went to sleep. When Young's wife had killed this Tahitian, she was to make a signal

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Springfield, Missouri

to her husband to fire upon the other Tahitian, by shooting him with his musket; but during the time that Young was loading his musket, the young Tahitian told Young to double load it, the young Tahitian thinking that Young was going out to shoot McCoy and Quintal. Young answered, 'Yes, I will.' Young's wife than struck the stout Tahitian, in his bed, but did not hit him fair. The stout Tahitian, upon getting up in his bed, was struck a second time with the axe, which killed him dead; at which time she told her husband to fire, which signal he obeyed, and blew the young Tahitian's head nearly off his shoulders."

Again there was a lull, which this time lasted several years. But McCoy learned how to distill the ti-root in a copper boiler from the *Bounty*, and they took to drinking, which led to more quarrels. Quintal had an especially violent temper. On one occasion, when his wife had gone fishing and failed to catch enough fish to satisfy him, he punished her by biting off her ear. His son Arthur, by the way, does not mention this heroic method of conjugal discipline. It is not surprizing that the women twice conspired to kill all the men, but their plans were discovered and failed. McCoy drank to excess, and finally committed suicide. Then Quintal's wife fell over a cliff, looking for birds' nests. He demanded another wife, and when refused threatened their lives. They made him drunk and killed him with an axe.

Thus in 1799, ten years after their arrival on the island, Young and Adams were the only adult male survivors. Of the thirteen other men, twelve had been murdered and one was a suicide. A year later Young died of asthma. John Adams was left the single man in a community of Tahitian women and some twenty half-caste children.

Adams now began to think seriously of his position in this world and future chances in the next. He had a Bible and Prayer Book from the *Bounty*, and he read them with increasing fervor. The Angel Gabriel appeared to him in a dream to warn him of the eternal flames of hell. This vision completed his conversion and repentance. He determined to atone for his crimes by making Pitcairn a model community. He first devoted his efforts to the women and found them amenable to his preaching. With their help he brought up the second generation according to his new principles. He never erred on the side of laxity. From his reading

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of the Prayer Book he gained the idea that Wednesdays and Fridays were kept by the Anglican Church as complete fast days. And they were thus observed on Pitcairn until 1823, after which Fridays were kept as fast days until Adams's death. It is related that some of the people fainted from lack of food, but no one thought of violating the rule.

As early as 1808, when the islanders were discovered by an American vessel, their manner of living had been utterly transformed; and the fame of their piety and righteousness spread throughout the world. The captains of British war-ships and American whalers rivaled each other in wonder and admiration.

The most vivid descriptions of the sea-captains, however, seem pale beside the enthusiasm of the missionary writers. Consider the Reverend Thomas Boyles Murray's anecdote of the educational efforts of Adams:

"His youthful pupils took such delight in his instructions, that, on one occasion, on his offering to two of the lads, Arthur Quintal [our old friend] and Robert Young, some compensation for their labor in preparing ground for planting yams, they proposed that instead of his giving the present held out to them, consisting of a small quantity of gunpowder, he should teach them some extra lessons out of the Bible; a request with which he joyfully complied."

Adams died in 1829 at the age of sixty-five. The future of the islanders deprived of his patriarchal authority might have appeared doubtful. But in the preceding year a stranger, George Nobbs, had arrived, whose influence over them was destined to be almost equal to that of Adams. His previous career is somewhat hazy; he seems to have been a good deal of a wanderer. He came to Pitcairn in a small boat with a companion, who died soon after their arrival. Nobbs was a man of some education, and he gradually attained a position of unquestioned leadership, acting as pastor, school teacher and physician for many years. In all these capacities he displayed moderation and common sense. Under his régime Good Friday was the only fast-day observed, and we hear no more of such strenuous Sundays as that described by Beechey.

The power of Nobbs did not reach its height for some time. The people had been increasing rapidly in numbers, and in 1831

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the whole population of eighty-seven were transferred to Tahiti, where it was thought they would find easier living conditions. The experiment was a dismal failure. To quote Murray: "Their health suffered in the new climate, and the licentious habits of the place proved distasteful to a well-ordered Christian community." They returned as soon as possible to Pitcairn. In Tahiti, however, some of them had acquired a taste for liquor, and on their return they repaired McCoy's old still and made full use of it. It is even said that Nobbs indulged himself more than was altogether seemly. Another stranger now appeared, Joshua Hill, a curious character who claimed to be a governor sent out by the British authorities. The islanders at first accepted him, and at his command smashed the still. He soon quarreled with Nobbs, whom he exiled from the island for some months, along with two other European residents. Hill was arbitrary and oppressive, and the people begged Nobbs to return. In 1837, Hill was exposed as an impostor and removed by a British war-ship. Henceforth Nobbs had no rivals, but he maintained his enemy's ban on intoxicants. Pitcairn has remained dry ever since.

The twenty years following Hill's departure marked the most prosperous period in the history of Pitcairn. This was the great era of whaling in the Pacific. The islanders found a valuable market for their surplus products in the whaling ships, more than forty of which visited them in a single year. The young men some times enlisted for whaling voyages and the influence of these New England contacts is still apparent in their descendants.

In 1850 the island was visited by Walter Brodie, who has left an excellent account of the people at their best. Brodie was on the way to the California gold fields. His vessel stopped at Pitcairn for provisions and he landed merely to spend the night. A storm came up which blew the ship to sea, and he was left for nineteen days on the island, much against his will, as he was impatient to reach California. Although the circumstances could hardly have prejudiced him in favor of the islanders, he gives a glowing description of their kindness and hospitality, given with no hope of reward, for he brought no money ashore with him. Several fellow-passengers caught in the same way were equally well treated. Brodie calls them "the most simple, innocent, and affectionate people it was ever my lot to be thrown amongst;"

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and declares that Pitcairn "is the realization of Arcadia, or what we had been accustomed to suppose had existence only in poetic imagination, — the golden age." This testimony seems to indicate that the good qualities of the people were not confined to the strict moral code which most impressed the missionaries.

By 1856 the population had grown to one hundred and ninety-four, and as Pitcairn was clearly too small to support a larger number, the British government offered them Norfolk Island as a new home. This island, situated east of Australia and northwest of New Zealand is about six miles long by three broad. It is extremely fertile and produces tropical fruits and other products in great abundance. It had been used as a penal settlement; the barracks, storehouses, and other buildings used by the convicts and their guards were turned over with the island to the people of Pitcairn. At first they were reluctant to accept the offer, as their previous experience in moving to Tahiti had been unfortunate. But it was undeniable that Pitcairn was crowded; the officers of the ship sent to remove them told magnificent stories of the attractions of Norfolk; Nobbs used his great influence; and the whole population were transported to Norfolk.

Even here the memories of some of them fondly returned to their old home. Between 1859 and 1864, much to the disgust of Nobbs, forty-three found their way back to Pitcairn. The larger number of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers have, however, remained on Norfolk Island. Since this separation the histories of the two islands have followed divergent paths, and there are considerable differences in the present condition of the related colonies.

The people of Norfolk are also interesting to more serious students than those attracted by their reputation as Arcadian dwellers in a legendary play-ground. They supply an example of the mixture of races under ideal conditions for study. The facts as to the mixture are clearly ascertainable, and almost nowhere else have the half-castes grown up so completely free from any social stigma. Fortunately the islanders have recently been studied by a qualified anthropologist, Dr. H. L. Shapiro, of the American Museum of Natural History, who made individual physical examinations of the entire population. Dr. Shapiro's results have not yet been published, but they will shed light not

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only on the problem of race crosses, but also on the effects of close inbreeding, which has been long continued on both Norfolk and Pitcairn. It may be said that he found no evidence of physical deterioration among the Norfolk Islanders. On the contrary, they seem to be a physical type in some respects slightly superior to either parent stock. Nor do the population figures show any lack of fertility and vitality. The nine *Bounty* mutineers, in spite of recent emigration, now have six hundred descendants on Norfolk and one hundred and seventy on Pitcairn.

Dr. Shapiro found whaling still being carried on by the Norfolk people in the old New Bedford style pictured in *Moby Dick*. They have three whale-boats, each with its harpooner, boat-steerer, and four oarsmen. Whale oil is their chief source of cash income. Another curious survival from the old days is that pie is still made in the New England fashion.

As for the Pitcairners, they are much more completely isolated than the old Pitcairn settlement before 1856, for the great days of the Pacific whaling fleet are gone, and few ships now visit the island. It is perhaps to this isolation that we should ascribe the apparent backwardness of the Pitcairn Islanders. They were converted to the Seventh-Day Adventist religion after their return, and their chief foreign connections are with the missions of that sect. They still maintain their ancient piety, and are rigorously faithful in their observance of the Sabbath, and even in tithing a tenth part of their scanty income for the use of the Adventist Board of Missions. But according to the observations of R. T. Simons, a former British Consul at Tahiti, who visited them in 1904, this piety is accompanied by moral laxity.

Probably few of us would choose to live in the Utopia established by Adams. Neither the people of Norfolk nor those of Pitcairn still hold fast to his conception of the good life. But the whole story is difficult to reconcile with the theory of an immutable human nature. Nor can the roaring days of the mutineers, the glorified Sunday-school of Adams, the Victorian Eden of Nobbs, the later vicissitudes and the present differences between the two islands be easily explained as the work of the all-powerful germ plasm. On the contrary, Pitcairn gives a striking illustration of the power of man to mold a community by education into the image of his ideal.

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ART AS A MAGIC MIRROR

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE little convex mirror which reflects the familiar room and yet transforms it so subtly with a heightened effect here and a subdued effect there, is the true symbol of art. Art should not hold a flat looking-glass to life; nor, to escape reality, should it twist and deform its object as does a concave mirror. But rather, like a magic convex mirror, it should surround the commonplace with wonder, selecting the important from the unimportant, infusing reality with fancy, clothing truth with beauty.

THERE hangs in the drawing-room, on the wall opposite the fireplace, one of those delightful little convex mirrors. It is a genuinely old one, surmounted by the eagle in dull gold, and has that perfect slight curve in its surface which no present day makers seem able to imitate. A new convex mirror gives you an obviously distorted reflection, something merely grotesque, but this old glass does not seem to distort the room it reflects but only to compress it slightly, give it an admirable suggestion of distance, and make everything in it as bright as a new coin. A reflection of a room, like a photograph of a room, always looks better than the actual place itself, but there is real magic in this convex mirror. The room it shows me, so small and bright, is obviously the drawing-room I know so well, for there is not a chair, a rug, an ornament, excluding those things that are underneath the glass and therefore not within its focus, that it does not present with loving clarity; but nevertheless it is not that room as I ordinarily see it, staring with dull eyes, but my drawing-room as it might be if it were transferred to another and brighter world than this, if it were suddenly seen in a vision, or perhaps as a happy child might see it. I have only to peer into that round, shining surface to see my room and all that is in it, myself included, to find my way into an enchantment. It offers me glimpses of a faerie place.

What I see, however, is simply my own place touched with faerie. And that is all I want to see. Many people, who wish to escape from this world altogether, would think nothing of such a mirror but would clap their hands at the thought of a glass that showed them nothing of what was before it but some other place, perhaps a Chinese river or a tower in Spain. I am not of their company. I desire nothing better than to see my own place,

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my own familiar hearth and belongings, reflected so clearly and brightly and lovingly and yet haunted by a sense of the unearthly. Already that mirror has been worth to me far more than its weight in gold. Many a time I have stood before the fireplace, sunk in that mood in which we first find Hamlet, and then suddenly I have looked across at the wall opposite and have seen that little reflection, that bright, lovely, little room with my tiny self at the end of it; and all that was weary, stale, and flat has disappeared, and I have rejoiced to think that I was living in such a world. Not another world than this, mark you, not some Arabia of the thousand-and-one nights, not some Avalon beyond the reach of wind and rain and starry with unfading apple-blossom, but this old familiar place, where every nook has been explored, caught once more with the dew upon it, appearing once again as it did perhaps on some lost May morning. It is this unusual blend of the familiar and the fantastic, this presentation of the commonplace touched with wonder, that is at once so magical and endearing. If a man's imagination is not diseased, warped, or stunted, what more does it want than this? Unless we are madmen, wishing to escape altogether from reality, to be emperor of a crazy world of our own, or mere beasts, wanting nothing so long as our appetites, growing ever more gross, are slaked, we desire neither to be hurried away from real things nor merely to move among them in a dull disenchantment, but crave for the world as perhaps it once appeared to us, demanding that the curse so vividly described in Wordsworth's Ode shall be removed. This earth is the place for us, but those shades of the prison-house, making all things dull and stale, must be lifted and dispelled by the renewing of wonder.

Sometimes the little mirror shows me the others in the house and the friends who come to visit us. I look across and suddenly catch a glimpse of them in that other room, so small and bright, which shines on the wall. The glass distorts them but only so subtly as to give me, as it were, the essence of them. If they are tall, now they are taller; if they are fat, now they are fatter; and so forth. A crimson dress, a white shawl, a graceful attitude, rounded arms, and a midnight of hair, whatever is offered to the mirror is returned artfully heightened and deepened so that it seems more itself than ever; never was a dress so glowingly crim-

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son or a shawl so white. And the people themselves, for the most part so familiar in every detail of dress, every look and gesture, are most vividly and hauntingly their very selves when they are seen, perhaps only for a second or so, in that strange, mirrored world whose window is the curved glass on the wall. They come to the sight as sometimes, in long absence, they flash into the memory, with every significant detail subtly emphasized. Though they are there, in the room beside me, I seem to know these friends of mine better than ever, sometimes my mind seems to taste the very essence of their personalities, just because I catch a glimpse of them in that glass. They too, like myself and the room, are happily living in that seemingly enchanted world. We are all there together, and that is as it should be; for just as I want my own familiar place and not some palace at the back of the moon, so too I want my own friends and not demigods and genii of supernatural wisdom and beauty. Again, they too, like the room, are themselves, indeed more themselves than ever, but are also touched with strangeness, lit with wonder. As I look at that small, circular reflection, I find it impossible to believe that we are ever bored and tired and spiritless, that we are not all having the most amazing adventures together. Once more I am a boy at his first grand party. But this does not mean that I feel we are all brimmed with effortless enjoyment and unending gaiety, that all melancholy, all sense of mystery, have been banished; but merely that we are apparently existing in a world so rich and strange and lovely that life is a colossal boon even in its melancholy and mystery. In the last resort, we do not ask that experience shall be pleasurable but that it shall be complex and colorful, as rich as an old tale.

When daylight ebbs out of the room, it vanishes even more rapidly from the face of the mirror. Just as its reflection during the day is brighter and clearer than the room itself, so too at night there are more shadows and mysterious distances in its depths than the room can show. It has a deeper night to counterbalance its brighter day. But first there is dusk. Then, before the lamps are lit and when the place is filled with firelight, the mirror glows faintly like a dull jewel, but in the very centre of it are tiny leaping flames, like a beacon seen across miles of clear night. The room itself is secure and cozy, but you can peer through the

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mirror's window into an atmosphere of still more blissful security and coziness. Later it is loveliest when we leave the lamps unlit and gather round the hearth, to talk or play a hand at cards, with nothing more than candle-light. Many a time, when my partner has called her three no trumps and I have sent my glittering kings and knaves into the green lists, I have looked across at the opposite wall and let eyes and mind brood over the dim reflection there. Night commands the glass, but our candles form a tiny, yellow constellation in that night; and sometimes, if you stare hard, you can see beneath this constellation, in the very heart of the mystery, shadowy forms and little faces more vague than forms and faces in a dream. Thus the mirror tells you that you are not only sitting over a game of cards with a friend or two in candle-light, but that you are crouching on a star in old night and moving in a mystery.

This little convex mirror seems to me the perfect symbol of art. I would have art do no more nor less with life than the mirror does with my drawing-room and the people in it. Art is not a cold reflection of the surface of things, giving fact for fact, nor is it a wild distortion, twisting things insanely out of all recognition in order to escape from reality. The magic of this mirror lies in the fact that it seems to touch reality with fantasy, keep to the commonplace and yet surround it with wonder, by its power of selecting, compressing, and subtly distorting whatever is presented to its surface. You may contrast with it the ordinary mirror, which simply presents you with the facts, the ordinary surface of things, and so cannot master your imagination and restore to you the wonder of youth; and those wildly curved glasses that used to be found in old exhibitions and palaces of pleasure, those crazy mirrors that distorted the onlookers into monsters. Art at its best is like that slightly convex mirror and is as rare as such mirrors are rapidly becoming; but art in general is forever swinging over from the representation of the common looking-glass to that of the crazy mirrors. In other words, it is forever falling into the error of either coldly reporting the surface of things or escaping altogether into sheer fantasy, of either giving us a photographic record or a wild distortion. We have had, — I am speaking of all the arts together, — a long period of common looking-glasses, and now we are about to be plunged into a gallery that contains nothing

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but crazy mirrors. Seventy-five out of a hundred of our brightest young artists, that is, the young who have obviously more talent and energy than their fellows, whether they are poets, novelists, composers, painters, or sculptors, are crazy mirror manufacturers. I refer, of course, to the serious artists and not to the mere mountebanks and charlatans who are taking advantage of our present state of esthetic chaos and critical timidity to push their fortunes. These last are crazy mirror men, so far as their poor creations can be called mirrors at all, but only for the reason that it is far easier to put together some bulging and dented monstrosity of glass than to achieve the even surface of the ordinary looking-glass, let alone the exact slight curve of the ideal convex mirror.

When we come to the serious young artists, however, we must find other reasons for their love of crazy mirrors. In the graphic arts, for example, the men of the newer schools are not necessarily trying to cover, by bluff, a lack of ordinary technique, and it is the shallowest criticism to attack them all as if they were. Because a man shows us a mass of zigzags and blotches of color, unrecognizable as anything beyond that, and calls it "Portrait of a Lady in Blue" or "View of the Hudson", we must not assume that he cannot draw and paint in the conventional manner. Many of these young artists are quite brilliant draughtsmen and painters, and if they chose to work in the ordinary way would be quite successful. No, the trouble with them is simply that they are crazy mirror enthusiasts. They have been led away from the lovely convex mirror, or, if you will, from the true old way of art, by certain habits of mind. Their eccentricities are the result of a mistaken though honest overemphasis of one side of the esthetic problem, which they should have considered more broadly and at greater length, or left alone entirely, for after all a man may paint like an angel and yet be no esthetician. But they are narrow theorists, idea-mongers in paint, rather than artists. They are more excited about an idea in the theory of art than they are about life itself, which never really masters their imagination and sends them running to their palettes. The mistake of overemphasizing one side of the problem can be seen every day at the new shows. Thus, for example, a young artist will make the discovery that the visual arts are concerned with rhythm. He finds a rhythmical appeal in all his favorite pictures. Forthwith he de-

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clares that rhythm of line alone matters and, sweeping away all actual representation, he begins to paint pictures that do not represent anything in particular but have the pure rhythmical appeal. What he does not see is that the first-class artist is not a man who is juggling with one orange, rhythm, or anything else, but one who is juggling with six oranges, of which rhythm of line is only one. A great artist who undertook to produce a picture of a number of teapots would give us a painting that would have rhythm of line, harmony of color, balance of masses, and whatever else the latest school demands from a picture (and demands to the exclusion of everything else), but would also be full of recognizable teapots, would be brimmed, if you will, with pottishness. It is not for me to say what goes on in a painter's head, but I cannot help suspecting that that great artist is the man who is thrilled by the very sight of teapots, by their variety, the way they catch the light, and more than that by their significance, and not the man who simply goes about nursing one narrow theory of esthetics.

There was a controversy last year in London that was very amusing and enlightening, if only because it was really a quarrel between the looking-glass people and the crazy mirror enthusiasts. A stone panel in bas-relief was to be erected in the bird sanctuary in Kensington Gardens that was designed as a memorial of W. H. Hudson, and Epstein was chosen by the committee as the sculptor for the work. The subject was Rima, the heroine of Hudson's strange romance of the tropical forest, *Green Mansions*. No sooner was the panel on view than a furious argument began. The looking-glass men said that the panel was an ugly affair, its figure a hideous degenerate, with great claws for hands, instead of the beautiful Rima, and the whole thing worlds away from the spirit of Hudson.

The crazy mirror party retorted by pointing out that the critics had no notion of art and were slaves of photographic representation and story-telling, that the panel was a triumphant success because the artist had solved his problem, that of filling a difficult space, magnificently, producing a work of art of great power and significance. One side said, in effect: "This is not Rima. Look at her hands! Look at her face!" The other side replied: "Look how the space is filled! Observe the lines! What a

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powerful design!" I have only to think of my convex mirror to see how both parties were in their right and yet both in the wrong. In so far as Epstein contrived his design to give us pleasure by making the most of his space and created a figure that was significant, he showed himself to be a considerable artist, certainly not the clumsy and idle botcher he was accused of being. But in so far as he did not succeed in doing what he ought to have set out to do, namely, in producing a figure in bas-relief that suggested to us the fluttering grace and delicate mystery of Hudson's heroine, the spirit of the whole romance, — and certainly he did not do that, for his figure, strangely heavy and sinister, suggested something very different, — then he proved himself to be a much smaller artist than his friends would admit. A great artist, with the convex mirror mind, would have done all that Epstein did, in the way of technical achievement, but would also have given us Hudson's Rima. If Augustus John, working at his best, had drawn her, both parties would have been satisfied.

The art with which I am most concerned, however, is literature, and I have only to think of what seem to me the loveliest and most significant things in literature to see that the little convex mirror is a perfect symbol. It is the poet or novelist among looking-glasses. I have described already how it reflects, very clearly and brightly, the room it hangs in, and yet contrives to give me glimpses of a faerie place. Those last two words, as their curiously magical quality would suggest even to some one who did not know their origin, I have borrowed from a great poet. Wordsworth hears the cuckoo, which seems to him

> No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery;

and cries at the end of the poem:

> O blessèd Bird! The earth we pace
> Again appears to be
> An unsubstantial, faery place;
> That is fit home for Thee!

And there is in this poem, as there is in all his more inspired poems, that very magic he celebrates in the cuckoo's call and that I have praised in my mirror. He has the power of touching reality with fantasy, of dealing honestly with the earth, not escaping headlong from it, and yet making it haunting and un-

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earthly, giving a common sight the quality of a vision. That is why he is a great poet. Little poets are either content to set down the facts, patiently describing the surface of things (as Wordsworth himself was when he was not inspired), or eager to escape reality altogether, to rush away from the sounds and sights they know into palaces of sapphires and emeralds and glades where the Phoenix burns and the swans go singing. But great poets delicately curve and polish their minds so that we may look into them and see our own hearth and windows, the grass and trees and clouds beyond, as I have seen these things in the curved and polished surface of my mirror, the same familiar and lovable things but now a little strange and curiously exciting, catching at the heart.

There is even more significance in the symbolism of the mirror when we come to what is perhaps the characteristic literary form of our day, the art of fiction. In the last resort a man can only speak for himself in these matters, and so I will say that for my own part out of the hundreds and hundreds of contemporary novels and short stories I have read, the only ones that have really fastened upon my imagination, haunted my mind so that I have been compelled to turn to them more than once, are those that have dealt with life as my mirror reflects the drawing-room. All the rest have been either common looking-glasses or crazy mirrors, and it is worth remarking that here, as in the other arts, there are signs of a general movement on the part of younger writers from the looking-glasses to the crazy mirrors. They are tired of realism, so they are all heading for the purely fantastic. No longer will they merely report, but they insist upon inventing. Thus the fairy-tale begins again, and we are lured into worlds where ladies can be turned into foxes and nephews made of glass. As a reaction, this is by no means unhealthy, and the result, like the crazy mirrors, by no means unamusing. But I cannot help thinking that sheer fantasy is little more than an escape, both from the business of facing the facts and of real imaginative creation as opposed to invention, and that the difference between fables in this vein and stories in which reality is subtly touched with fantasy is the difference between a bright toy and a musical instrument. This is not the criticism of a literal-minded man, but one who has found delight in the maddest fairy-tales; yet

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my own experience as reader bids me declare that arbitrary strokes of the fantastic are weakening to the hold of a story upon the imagination and have a trick of undermining its significance. I have noticed that the greatest success of such stories is with those readers who are possessed of a certain rather weary culture, a literary palate that needs to be constantly tickled, and who are not very anxious, in their reading or out of it, to take a long, steady look at life. The world just now is full of quick, cleverish people who can partly comprehend everything they see and hear but never really understand the full significance of anything, people to whom the world appears as a sucked orange when in reality they have hardly penetrated the rind. Our passing fashions in the novel are largely dictated by such people, and a study of their prevailing moods explains a good deal. At the moment, in their heart of hearts, they are terrified of reality, and are only too glad to bury themselves in a mock eighteenth century or anything else that offers ornamental cover.

I have only to think of the fairly recent stories that have had for me a fascination that survived more than one reading, such things (to name a few that leap to the mind) as *A Lost Lady*, *A Passage to India*, *Riceyman Steps* (though only in part), *The Three Black Pennys*, and some short stories by Katherine Mansfield, Walter de la Mare, and Sherwood Anderson (particularly that one about the boy at the races), to see shining behind them that little convex mirror. There is more than a glimpse of it too in Christopher Morley's delightful *Thunder on the Left*, which would, however, have been far stronger if it had been worked out strictly on the convex mirror, the realistic-fantastic plan instead of partly on the crazy mirror method. Among Mr. Cabell's ironic commentaries on this life, my favorite is *The Cream of the Jest*, if only because it is a fantastic fable presented in terms of symbolical realism and therefore comes nearer than any of the others to what delights me most in fiction. If you should want almost perfect examples of the convex mirror in the art of narrative, you have such things as "Heart of Darkness" and "The Shadow-Line," in which you have no blind escape from reality, for that Africa and that Indian Ocean, those traders and young master mariners, are there, everything that happens is quite credible and might be happening to somebody at this very moment; but the world they

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describe has strange lights playing upon it and every incident, no matter how commonplace it may superficially appear, is enormously significant like writing on the wall of life.

The novel should present its people as my mirror reflects the visitors in the drawing-room. They should be neither drab sketches, police court summaries and dossiers of human beings, nor yet creatures of incredible beauty, brain, or will. They should be people as I know them, but, as it were, more themselves than ever, as my friends often seem when I catch a glimpse of them in the mirror. A flat reflection will not do, and there are several fine, conscientious novelists who, having a good sense of character and reacting against the mere grotesque, have spoilt their work by not realizing this truth. The novelist, like my mirror, must subtly distort, otherwise he or she will not achieve the effect of intense reality and significance, if only because everything has to be done in a few hundred pages of print, in two or three hours' reading. Just as the painter has to cram three dimensions into two, so the novelist has to present us in a little space with people who must be as real to us as the friends we have known for years. A flat reflection will not bring about this miracle, and neither will sheer grotesquerie. Everything depends on that lovely slight curve on the reflecting surface, by means of which there is an exquisite compression, a selection of essential details, so that daylight is brighter and clearer and the night darker and more mysterious, figures and faces more distinct and characteristic, than they commonly appear to dull eyes not cleared and sharpened by emotion. How this mirror's curve is to be achieved in the words of a narrative, or, for that matter, of a poem, or in paint or ink or clay, is a problem for every individual artist, and the rest of us can only wait and hope, ready at least with our applause. Meanwhile, however, having to wait, an occasional glance at the little mirror on the wall will tell us what it is we are hoping for, give us a glimpse of a world through which genuine art can take us on gigantic journeys.

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WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Forum Definitions — Thirteenth Series

THE English, being a seafaring race, have many verbal devices designed to retain the affections of the home circle during the long months of absence in foreign ports. Not only has the tale of Penelope been constantly reprinted, and even adapted to northern needs, but even the proverbs themselves have been enlisted in the campaign. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" is sufficient evidence of this system. But now mark the outcome. For the French, with no such motives and influenced by quite other climatic and dietetic conditions, seem to have misunderstood the phrase. "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder" is, however, a truth which true Parisians would be the last to deny, though its opportunities have been considerably diminished by some Gallic Volstead.

When we got to Heaven we found that there was a curiously parallel divergence among our readers. With those who stressed its absence, its distance, its remoteness, its intangibility, we were able to contrast the more concretely minded who regard Heaven as a place. By both groups, the latter view was usually regarded as redolent of orthodoxy. "I refuse to be skiagraphed in the orthodox picture of Heaven, sitting on a wet cloud, sprouting wings, and eating ambrosia," wrote Mary Glynn-Collins (Colorado Springs).

To the heretic the orthodox view is too static, — even as interpreted by Harold Keables (Denver, Colorado): "It is the absolute state of being in which personality controls environment, or mind controls matter. The qualifying term *absolute* renders Heaven impossible of achievement." Thus conceived, however, the static and the ecstatic are not so far apart, as is shown in the neat solution submitted by Helen L. Crandell (Berkeley, California) to whom we award an eighth prize: "Heaven is a future tense of the potential mode. It is the remote realization of desire like the meeting of parallel lines in infinity. An ecstasy untarnished by experience, Heaven becomes the imaged compensation for the vacuum of this life."

Many were the attempts to fix the responsibility for belief in

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Heaven on earthly priests and kings. Thus Royal Bunch (Portland, Oregon) asserts that "the priesthood, to hold their jobs were obliged to conceive an invisible God and locate Him behind bushes and rocks, on high mountains, and finally in Heaven". Howard Elsmere Fuller (Loxley, Alabama) qualified this by reminding us that if God is omnipresent and ubiquitous, Heaven can only be "the abode of certain portions of Deity"; a thought which apparently did not occur to the late Lord Palmerston when, according to Mr. Guedalla, he delighted the heathen by treating Heaven as a foreign power.

"A circus-lot at the end of Main Street," is the concrete abstraction envisaged by John W. Read (Saranac Lake, New York), though Mr. W. D. Patterson (Seattle, Washington) would prefer a "beautiful mirage which lures deluded travelers into the barren desert of Credulity". By the majority of those who adopted the mirage metaphor, Heaven was admitted to be at least "a very high spot in human imagination," where Adelyne More (New York, New York) laconically located it.

"We may want to go there, but none of us wants to be there," confesses Dorothy W. Nelson (San Francisco, California). "It is significant that only the dead go to Heaven." Anticipation is so delicious that we procrastinate about our departure, says John M. Crook (Chicago, Illinois). Mr. George W. Lyon even procrastinates about giving a definition. "How can we define the infinite in terms of the finite?" he asks. "Would you have a bishop of seventy or a child of five define Heaven for you?" No sir, — though we were a little disappointed that in fact no bishop entered the lists.

Be it understood, however, that at least half the candidates approached the subject in a reverent and Christian spirit, and their versions, based upon a careful study of Holy Writ are duly reflected in the following selection, to which we award prizes:

> 1 Heaven, — a spiritual land of peace, plenty, and equality, situate, lying, and being in the uppermost region above the clouds, conjured up by religion to assist in the maintenance of law, order, and good-will among God's children while in the bodily state on earth, through the exaction of a strict compliance with the precepts of the Ten Commandments as the price of admission which the soul must pay, after departure from the physical being at death. (*Albert A. Lazarus, Brooklyn, New York*).

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2 Heaven is the reign of God. It is a spiritual order whose chief characteristic is righteousness, whose threshold is faith, and whose law is love. It is a state of being and should never be thought of as a place or identified with the social order. For it is an inward and spiritual event, — a quality of life. Heaven may be "in you", "among you," or "above you". Heaven is life at its maximum in measure and quality. (*Samuel R. McKinstry, Marion, New York*).

3 Heaven has never yet been described in terms very attractive to the average man or woman. In the recorded sayings of Jesus there is no description of Heaven. It is a place to which every one is anxious to go, but no one seems to be in any hurry to get there. The astronomers have practically annihilated the Heaven of the Ancients and Fundamentalists. Heaven to the modern man is a condition, not a place. We do not have to die to get there, for Heaven and happiness are synonymous terms. (*Harvey Husted, White Plains, New York*).

4 Heaven, — the most sublime, the most pitiful, the most pathetic delusion of all the ages. The ancestral human belief-complex, born of ignorance and fear of the Unknown, incapable of direct expression in a world of errors and wickedness, led men to project his conception of Righteousness and Justice and Bliss into a fantastic region which Dante depicted and Aquinas rationalized. This Utopia man calleth Heaven. (*Jorge N. Cardenas, Jersey City, New Jersey*).

5 Heaven is that which lies about us in our infancy. Heaven is that about which we were lied to in our infancy. Heaven is that which, if we allow ourselves to be lied to about, shows that we are still in, or have returned to, our infancy. (*Harry E. Rouillard, Tufts College, Massachusetts*).

6 When, in the course of events, a man finds himself to be content to be a part and particle of the Universe, with no regrets for yesterday, with a lively enjoyment of to-day, and without fear or misgivings for to-morrow, then has he entered Heaven. It matters not what the password; whether it be a chosen or inherited religion, a carefully built and thought out philosophy, or merely an innate capacity for sustained interest in a very complex and wonderful world. (*J. C. Quigley, Minneapolis, Minnesota*).

7 Heaven is the ideal, the limit of human ambitions and aspirations, the ever-flying perfect. It is the realm around us and within, in which dwell Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Beauty Absolute, Universal Harmony, Unconditioned Freedom, and Perfect Justice. Since Heaven is a limit, we may approach to it as close as we please, yea, come within grasping distance of it, here and now; yet, since it is a limit, it remains always just out of reach, a goal to be striven for. (*Henrietta Baker Kennedy, Walla Walla, Washington*).

Next word to be defined, — BUNK. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than June 25.*

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FRENCH PRIZE POEM

THE Editor of THE FORUM offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best translation into English of the following poem by M. Paul Claudel, the new French Ambassador to the United States. The poem was personally selected by M. Claudel. For further particulars consult the Toasts. All manuscripts must be addressed to the Editor of THE FORUM and submitted before September first.

L'ENFANT JÉSUS DE PRAGUE

IL neige. Le grand monde est mort sans doute. C'est décembre.
Mais qu'il fait bon, mon Dieu, dans la petite chambre!
La cheminée emplie de charbons rougeoyants
Colore le plafond d'un reflet somnolent,
Et l'on n'entend que l'eau qui bout à petit bruit.
Là-haut sur l'étagère, au-dessus des deux lits,
Sous son globe de verre, couronne en tête,
L'une des mains tenant le monde, l'autre prête
À couvrir ces petits qui se confient à elle,
Tout aimable dans sa grande robe solennelle
Et magnifique sous cet énorme chapeau jaune,
L'Enfant Jésus de Prague règne et trône.
Il est tout seul devant le foyer qui l'éclaire
Comme l'hostie cachée au fond du sanctuaire,
L'Enfant-Dieu jusqu'au jour garde ses petits frères.
Inentendue comme le souffle qui s'exhale,
L'existence éternelle emplit la chambre, égale
À toutes ces pauvres choses innocentes et naïves!
Quand il est avec nous, nul mal ne nous arrive.
On peut dormir, Jésus, notre frère, est ici.
Il est à nous, et toutes ces bonnes choses aussi:
La poupée merveilleuse, et le cheval de bois,
Et le mouton, sont là, dans ce coin tous les trois.
Et nous dormons, mais toutes ces bonnes choses sont à nous!
Les rideaux sont tirés . . . Là-bas, on ne sait où,
Dans la neige et la nuit sonne une espèce d'heure.
L'enfant dans son lit chaud comprend avec bonheur
Qu'il dort et que quelqu'un qui l'aime bien est là,
S'agite un peu, murmure vaguement, sort le bras,
Essaye de se réveiller et ne peut pas.

Paul Claudel

Courtesy of the Librairie Gallimard, Paris.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

PROTESTANTISM — DEAD OR ASLEEP?

CANON HANNAY, in the April Forum, presents a vivid picture of the breakdown of English Protestantism, at least in the Anglican Church. He assumes the rôle of reporter, moreover; not of propagandist. He observes recent Church history and writes down the facts and the explanation of the facts as he sees them. He's "not argufyin'"; he's "just a-tellin'" us.

That's all to the good. Mr. Chesterton, "argufyin'," had almost persuaded us to thank God we were Protestants. Now Canon Hannay, if his picture is a true one, if this be Protestantism, or even one important phase of it, fairly persuades us to thank God for its demise. The only trouble is, the corpse isn't Protestantism. It is a large part of external Protestantism, to be sure; and many Protestants themselves mistake it for the real thing, — just as a good many Americans mistake a complexity of laws plus a total disregard of laws for Democracy.

Not that I question Canon Hannay's statement of fact, nor yet his inferences from the facts he selects. My contention is merely that he omits the really important facts. He appears to assume that the choice must be between old priest and new evangelist, just as a good many people of Milton's day supposed it must be between "old priest" and "New Presbyter"; but it is difficult to see just where Dean Inge, or any genuine Protestants, fit into that picture.

The breakdown pictured by Canon Hannay has come, he says, in three steps: first, a theological debacle; then, a ritualistic; finally, a devotional. Well, you don't have to go to England to find plenty of evidence for his statement. Witness the frantic propaganda among the churches; there is evidently so little virtue in make-believe Protestantism that its adherents must "sell" it with advertising campaigns. Or observe the wholly un-Protestant attempts of various sects to establish temporal power, either as sects or through political organizations devilishly or-

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ganized in the name of God. The violent intolerance prevalent is another confession of failure; desperate sects, losing ground, are making laws and fighting to preserve their prejudices precisely as Rome did before them in the fifteenth century. Then there are the worldlings, often Protestants in their own esteem. Indeed, little reveals the breakdown of fustian Protestantism more than the following advertisement of a well known railroad:

> This is the Lenten Season at Atlantic City and Asbury Park. . . . The recreations and entertainments are delightfully diverting. . . . Fashion in her latest modes holds court with her most brilliant and loyal devotees.

So this is Lent! These railroad people are not advertising for fun; they know whom they are addressing, — new-rich Jews, pagans, and that great body we loosely and erroneously term Protestants.

The failure of so called Protestantism is obvious enough. Analyzed, it no doubt amounts, among the more serious, to theological, ritualistic, and devotional breakdown, all in the proper order, just as Canon Hannay points out. That would account for a large defection. But this defection, large as it may be in numbers, doesn't touch the heart and the only true hope of Protestantism. If it clears the ground by taking the defectives to Rome or Atlantic City, — so much the better for Protestantism.

Protestantism, if it has meant anything worth living and dying for during four centuries, has meant a state of mind which refuses temporal authority in spiritual matters. It is true that historical Protestantism has concerned itself greatly with ritual, doctrine, and secular power, with what L. P. Jacks calls "carnal logic", and with what Jesus called "the things of Caesar". Protestant sects have denied their life-principle over and over again by doing the very things they essentially protest against. They have done their best to destroy one another with one hand while they were strangling themselves with the other. But surely their perversions have not kept them going. Rather, Protestants have kept going in spite of their carnal logic (and latterly in spite of what among the Anglicans may be called a sort of vegetarian logic); they have endured because the best of them were not really interested in doctrine or ritual or temporal power, but in what John Milton called "liberty of conscience". They have appeared to protest against transubstantiation, but at bottom

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they have been protesting against autocracy. To them *any* "forcers of conscience" (Papist, Anglican, Calvinist, Wesleyan) are fundamentally tyrannical.

Luther, for instance, was a genuine Protestant when he stood up on the Scala Sancta and protested in favor of a free conscience. He was merely an ingenious heretic when he quibbled about the sacrament. Wyclif, similarly, played both rôles. At a time when doctrine seemed to matter tremendously it was difficult to keep clear of theological controversy. It was just as difficult, a short time after, for the followers of Knox to avoid organizing for temporal power. Among the founders of Protestant sects, George Fox was perhaps the first Englishman to refuse both fashions, — that of organizing a water-tight doctrine and that of organizing for temporal power. Even the Wesleyans, with the examples of Romanist and Puritan before them, have gone more or less the same road, till now, in the twentieth century, they are doing crudely what the Catholics have for centuries done well. "The Methodist Church," Bishop Hughes said the other day in Philadelphia, "God saw fit to create in appropriate time in order that it might be ready when this Country was born. . . . We have the spiritual responsibility for the United States of America." Surely no one discerns any vestiges of real Protestantism in *that!*

Genuine spiritual heirs of Luther the Protestant, as distinguished from Luther the Theologian, have frequently been identified with no church. Milton, not Hooker, for example; Coleridge, not Wilberforce; Emerson and Carlyle, not Pusey. These men have not been contentious over creeds and rituals; they have not turned to secular authority for religion; they have not put faith in a stampeded and short-lived ecstasy miscalled devotion. They have not been religious in any of the ways Canon Hannay appears to think necessary, yet they have been the great Protestants, its driving force, the faithful guardians of the lamp of religious liberty. For they have kept always before them the essential principle, — freedom of conscience. To them, as Carlyle puts it, make-believe sect-religion is futile and "may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor." Or as Emerson: "We are now men, — not minors and invalids in a protected corner, — advancing on Chaos and the Dark."

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The same alignment, moreover, still continues. On the side of Luther the Protestant, men like L. P. Jacks, Dean Inge, Rufus Jones, Dr. Fosdick; on the side of Luther the theologian, — well, in Milton's phrase, those "timorous and flocking birds" who "in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms".

It is easy, to see, of course, that this sort of Protestantism, perhaps the only Protestantism worth having, may not number many conventional Christians. Self-reliance easily turns to arrogance, and arrogance makes new tyrannies. Its principle, moreover, is by nature centrifugal; it is in its healthiest state when it is breeding heretics. It is quite as likely to produce a Voltaire as an Archbishop Laud. Further, it must always lack the popular appeal of wordly organizations, for its only possible bond is one of spiritual sympathy. In considering the demise of Protestantism, however, this central heart of it cannot be blithely ignored. It is, in fact, the only thing about Protestantism that is really Protestant. To leave it out is to omit the leaven, to rest content with a sour and sodden loaf.

The defection of a large number of Anglicans to Romanism, in other words, is not significant because it satisfies some doctrinal, ritualistic, or emotional-devotional urge. A Pedestrian mind finds it difficult to see why two sacraments are better than seven or why the ritualist should not have "Reservation" and "Benediction" to any extent he wishes. As George Fox said to William Penn, "Wear thy sword as long as thou *canst*." The really significant question is whether liberalism in religion is dying. Are these Anglicans merely adopting Roman forms of worship or are they accepting the Papacy? That's one phase of the important question. The other is: How many, in proportion to those turning Romewards, are turning in the opposite direction? — not always, by any means, into this or that sect, but perhaps into the growing body of earnest people who, like the Chinaman, want to see Christianity tried.

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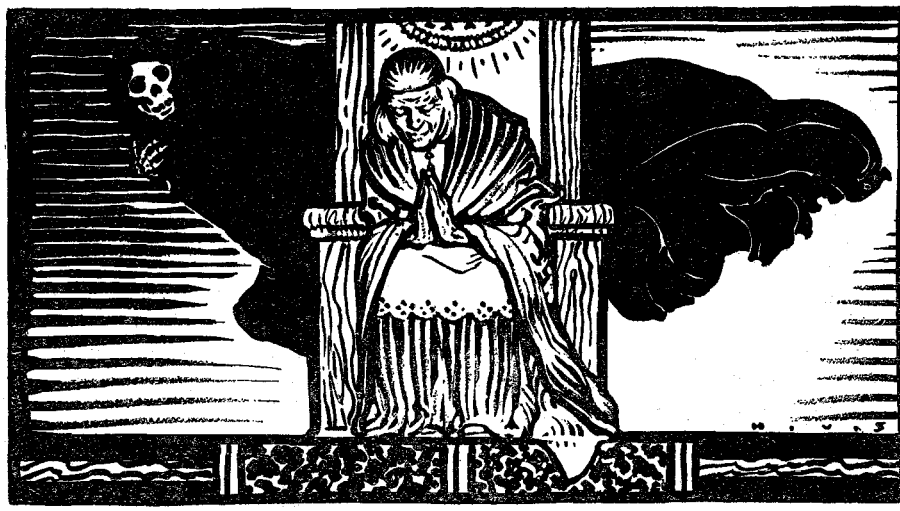

Death Comes for the Archbishop

A Novel in Six Instalments — VI

WILLA CATHER

FATHER Jean Marie Latour, a young French priest, had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Bishop of Agathonica, and with Father Joseph Vaillant, a boyhood friend, had been sent as a missionary into the Southwest, not long after the Mexican War. After his year's journey to Santa Fé, the young Bishop had first to overcome the refusal of the local clergy to recognize his authority. The first four instalments have recounted the strange adventures which came to the two priests in that sparsely settled land. There the Bishop became the friend of Kit Carson, escaped a murderer, traveled countless desert miles, visited abandoned missions, dwelt impartially in the haciendas of the rich and in the adobe houses of the Pueblos or the hogans of the Navajos. The instalment immediately preceding has narrated how Bishop Latour was at length forced to give up the companionship of his boyhood friend, Father Vaillant, who went northward as a missionary to the newly discovered goldfields, and of the Bishop's presentiment, as his companion left him, that their labors would no longer lie in the same field. — *Editorial Note.*

Death Comes for the Archbishop

WHEN that devout nun, Mother Superior Philomène, died at a great age in her native Riom, among her papers were found several letters from Archbishop Latour, one dated December, 1888, only a few months before his death. "*Since your brother was called to his reward,*" he wrote, "*I feel nearer to him than before. For many years Duty separated us, but death has brought us together. The time is not far distant when I shall join him. Meanwhile, I am enjoying to the full that period of reflection which is the happiest conclusion to a life of action.*"

This period of reflection the Archbishop spent on his little country estate, some four miles north of Santa Fé. Long before his retirement from the cares of the diocese, Father Latour bought those few acres in the red sand hills near the Tesuque pueblo and set out an orchard which would be bearing when the time came for him to rest. He chose this place in the red hills spotted with juniper against the advice of his friends, because he believed it admirably suited for growing fruit.

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Once when he was riding out to visit the Tesuque mission, he had followed a stream and come upon this spot, where he found a little Mexican house and a garden shaded by an apricot tree of such great size as he had never seen before. It had two trunks, each of them thicker than a man's body, and though evidently very old, it was full of fruit. The apricots were large, beautifully colored, and of superb flavor. Since it grew against the hillside, the Archbishop concluded that the exposure there must be excellent for fruit. He surmised that the heat of the sun, reflected from the rocky hill-slope up into the tree, gave the fruit an even temperature, warmth from two sides, such as brings the wall peaches to perfection in France.

The old Mexican who lived there said the tree must be two hundred years old; it had been just like this when his grandfather was a boy, and had always borne luscious apricots like these. The old man would be glad to sell the place and move into Santa Fé, the Bishop found, and he bought it a few weeks later. In the spring he set out his orchard and a few rows of acacia trees. Some years afterward he built a little adobe house, with a chapel, high up on the hillside overlooking the orchard. Thither he used to go for rest, and at seasons of special devotion. After his retirement, he went there to live, though he always kept his study unchanged in the house of the new Archbishop.

After his retirement, Father Latour's principal work was the training of the new missionary priests who arrived from France. His successor, the second Archbishop, was also an Auvergnat, from Father Latour's own college, and the clergy of northern New Mexico remained predominantly French. When a company of new priests arrived (they never came singly) Archbishop S — sent them out to stay with Father Latour for a few months, to receive instruction in Spanish, in the topography of the diocese, in the character and traditions of the different pueblos.

Father Latour's recreation was his garden. He grew such fruit as was hardly to be found even in the old orchards of California, cherries and apricots, apples and quinces, and the peerless pears of France, — even the most delicate varieties. He urged the new priests to plant fruit trees wherever they went and to encourage the Mexicans to add fruit to their starchy diet. Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit-trees and vegetables and flowers. He often quoted to his students that passage from their fellow Auvergnat, Pascal, that Man was lost and saved in a garden.

He domesticated and developed the native wild flowers. He had one hillside solidly clad with that low-growing purple verbena which mats over the hills of New Mexico. It was like a great violet velvet mantle thrown down in the sun; all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries, the violet which is full of rose color and is yet not lavender; the blue which becomes almost pink and then retreats again into sea-dark purple, — the true Episcopal color in countless variations.

In the year 1885 there came to New Mexico a young Seminarian named Bernard, who became like a son to Father Latour. The story of the old Archbishop's life, often told in the cloisters and classrooms at Montferrand, had taken hold of this boy's imagination and he had long waited an opportunity to come. Bernard was handsome in person and of unusual mentality, had in himself the fineness to reverence all that was fine in his venerable superior. He anticipated Father Latour's every wish, shared his reflections, cherished his reminiscences. "Surely," the Bishop used to say to the priests, "God Himself has sent me this young man to help me through the last years."

During the autumn of the year '88 the Bishop was in good health. He had five French priests in his house, and he still rode abroad with them to visit the nearer missions. At Christmas time, he sang the midnight mass in the Cathedral at Santa Fé. In January he drove with Bernard to Santa Cruz to see the priest, who was ill. While they were on their way home the weather suddenly changed, and they were overtaken by a violent rain-storm. They were in an open buggy and were drenched to the skin before they could reach any Mexican house for shelter.

After arriving home, Father Latour went at once to bed. During the night he slept badly and felt feverish. He called

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none of his household, but arose at the usual hour and went into the chapel for his devotions. While he was at prayer, he was seized with a chill. He made his way to the kitchen, and his old cook, Fructosa, alarmed at once, put him to bed and gave him brandy. This chill left him feverish, and he developed a distressing cough.

After keeping quietly to his bed for a few days, the Bishop called young Bernard to him one morning and said:

"Bernard, will you ride into Santa Fé to-day and see the Archbishop for me? Ask him if it will be quite convenient if I return to occupy my study in his house for a short time. *Je voudrais mourir à Santa Fé.*"

"I will go at once, Father. But you should not be discouraged; one does not die of a cold."

The old man smiled. "I shall not die of a cold, my son. I shall die of having lived."

From that moment on, he spoke only French to those about him, and this sudden relaxing of his rule alarmed the priests more than anything else about his condition. When a priest had received bad news from home, or was ill, Father Latour would converse with him in his own language; but at other times he required that all conversation in his house should be in Spanish or English.

Bernard returned that afternoon to say that the Archbishop would be delighted if Father Latour would remain the rest of the winter with him. Magdelena had already begun to air his study and put it in order, and she would be in special attendance upon him during his visit. The Archbishop would send his new carriage to fetch him, as Father Latour had only an open buggy.

"Not to-day, *mon fils*," said the Bishop. "We will choose a day when I am feeling stronger; a fair day, when we can go in my own buggy and you can drive me. I wish to go late in the afternoon, toward sunset."

Bernard understood. He knew that once, at that hour of the day a young Bishop had ridden along the Albuquerque road and seen Santa Fé for the first time. And often when they were driving into town together, the Bishop had paused with Bernard at that hilltop from which Father Vaillant had looked back on Santa Fé, when he went away to Colorado to begin the work that had taken the rest of his life and made him, too, a Bishop in the end. The old town was better to look at in those days, Father Latour used to tell Bernard with a sigh.

In the old days it had an individuality, a style of its own, — a tawny adobe town with a few green trees, set in a half-circle of carnelian-colored hills; that and no more. But the year 1880 had begun a period of incongruous American building. Now, half the plaza square was still adobe, and half was flimsy wooden buildings with double porches, scrollwork and jackstraw posts and banisters painted white. Father Latour said the wooden houses which had so distressed him in Ohio, had followed him. All this was quite wrong for the Cathedral he had been so many years in building, the Cathedral which had taken Father Vaillant's place in his life after that remarkable man went away.

Father Latour made his last entry into Sante Fé at the end of a brilliant February afternoon; Bernard stopped the horses at the foot of the long street to await the sunset.

Wrapped in his Indian blankets, the old Archbishop sat for a long while looking at the open, golden face of his Cathedral. How exactly young Molny, his French architect, had done what he wanted! Nothing sensational, simply honest building and good stone-cutting, — good Midi Romanesque of the plainest. And even now, in winter, when the acacia trees in front were bare, how it was of the South, that church, how it sounded the note of the South!

No one but Molny and the Bishop had ever seemed to enjoy the beautiful site of that building, — perhaps no one ever would. But these two had spent many an hour admiring it. The steep carnelian hills drew up so close behind the church that the individual pine trees thinly wooding their slopes were clearly visible. From the end of the street where the Bishop's buggy stood, the tawny church seemed to start directly out of those rose-colored hills, — with a purpose so strong that it was like action. Seen from that distance, the Cathedral lay against the pine-splashed slopes as against a curtain. As Bernard drove slowly nearer, the backbone of the hills sank gradually, and the towers rose clear into the blue air, while the body of the church still lay against the mountain.

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The young architect used to tell the Bishop that only in Italy, or in the opera, did churches leap out of mountains and black pines like that. More than once Molny had called the Bishop from his study to look at the unfinished building when a storm was coming up. Then the sky above the mountain grew black, and the carnelian rocks became an intense lavender, all their pine trees were strokes of dark purple; the hills drew nearer, the whole background approached like a dark threat.

"Setting," Molny used to tell Father Latour, "is accident. Either a building is a part of a place, or it is not. Once that kinship is there, time will only make it stronger."

The Bishop was recalling this saying of Molny's when a voice out of the present sounded in his ear. It was Bernard.

"A fine sunset, Father. See how red the mountains are growing. *Sangre de Cristo.*"

Yes, *Sangre de Cristo;* but no matter how scarlet the sunset, those red hills never became vermilion, but a more and more intense rose-carnelian; not the color of living blood, the Bishop had often reflected, but the color of the dried blood of Saints and Martyrs preserved in old churches in Rome, which liquefies upon occasion.

The next morning Father Latour wakened with a grateful sense of nearness to his Cathedral, — which would also be his tomb. He felt safe under its shadow, like a boat come back to harbor, lying under its own sea-wall. He was in his old study; the Sisters had sent a little iron bed from the school for him, and their finest linen and blankets. He felt a great content at being here where he had come as a young man and where he had done his work. The room was little changed; the same rugs and skins on the earth floor, the same desk with his candlesticks, the same thick, wavy white walls that muted sound, that shut out the world and gave repose to the spirit.

As the darkness faded into the gray of a Winter morning, he listened for the church bells, — and for another sound that always amused him here: the whistle of a locomotive. Yes, he had come with the buffalo, and he had lived to see railway trains running into Santa Fé. He had accomplished an historic period.

All his relatives at home and his friends in New Mexico, had expected that the old Archbishop would spend his closing years in France, probably in Clermont, where he could occupy a chair in his old college. That seemed the natural thing to do, and he had given it grave consideration. He had half expected to make some such arrangement the last time he was in Auvergne, just before his retirement from his duties as Archbishop. But in the Old World he found himself homesick for the New.

It was a feeling he could not explain; a feeling that old age did not weigh so heavily upon a man in New Mexico as in the Puy de Dom. He loved the peaks of his native mountains, the comeliness of the villages, the cleanness of the countryside, the beautiful lines and the cloisters of his own college. Clermont was beautiful, but he found himself sad there; his heart lay like a stone in his breast. There was too much past, perhaps. . . . When the Summer wind stirred the lilacs in the garden and shook down the blooms of the horsechestnuts, he sometimes closed his eyes and thought of the high song the wind was singing among the straight, striped pine trees up in the Navajo forests.

During the day his nostalgia wore off, and by dinner time it was quite gone. He enjoyed his dinner and his wine, and the company of cultivated men, and usually retired in good spirits. It was in the early morning that he felt the ache in his breast; it had something to do with waking in the early morning. It seemed to him that the gray dawn lasted so long here, the country was a long while in coming to life. The gardens and the fields were damp, heavy mists hung in the valley and obscured the mountains; hours went by before the sun could disperse those vapors and warm and purify the villages.

In New Mexico he always awoke a young man; not until he rose and began to shave did he realize that he was growing older. His first consciousness was a sense of light, dry wind blowing in through the windows, with the fragrance of hot sun and sagebrush and sweet clover, a wind that made one's body feel light and one's heart cry "To-day, to-day!" like a child's.

Beautiful surroundings, the society of learned men, the charm of noble women,

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the graces of art, could not make up to him for the loss of those light-hearted mornings of the desert, for that wind that made one a boy again. He had noticed that this peculiar quality in the air of new countries vanished after they were tamed by man and made to bear harvests. Parts of Texas and Kansas that he had first known as open range had since been made into rich farming districts, and the air had quite lost that lightness, that dry aromatic odor. The moisture of plowed land, the heaviness of labour and growth and grain-bearing, utterly destroyed it. One could breathe that only on the bright edges of the world, on the great grass plain or the sagebrush desert.

That air would disappear from the whole earth in time, perhaps; but long after his day. He did not know just when it had become so necessary to him, but he had come back to die in exile for the sake of it. Something soft and wild and free, something that whispered to the ear on the pillow, lightened the heart, softly, softly picked the lock, slid the bolts, and released the prisoned spirit of man into the wind, into the blue and gold, into the morning, into the morning!

Father Latour arranged an order for his last days; if routine was necessary to him in health, it was even more so in sickness. Early in the morning Bernard came with hot water, shaved him, and helped him to bathe. They had brought nothing in from the country with them but clothing and linen and the silver toilet articles that the Olivares had given the Bishop so long ago; these thirty years he had washed his hands in that hammered basin. Morning prayers over, Magdelena came with his breakfast, and he sat in his easy chair while she made his bed and arranged his room. Then he was ready to see visitors. The Archbishop came in for a few moments, when he was at home; the Mother Superior, the American doctor. Bernard read aloud to him the rest of the morning; St Augustine, or the letters of Madame de Sévigny, or his favorite, Pascal.

Sometimes, in the morning hours, he dictated to his young disciple certain facts about the old missions in the diocese, — facts which he had come upon by chance and feared would be forgotten. He wished he could do this systematically; but he had not the strength. Those truths and fancies relating to a by-gone time would probably be lost; the old legends and customs and superstitions were already dying out. He wished now that long ago he had had the leisure to write them down, that he could have arrested their flight by throwing about them the light and elastic mesh of the French tongue.

He had, indeed, for years, directed the thoughts of the young priests whom he instructed to the fortitude and devotion of those first missionaries, the Spanish friars, declaring that his own life, when he first came to New Mexico, was one of ease and comfort compared with theirs. If he used to be abroad for weeks together on short rations, sleeping in the open, unable to keep his body clean, at least he had the sense of being in a friendly world, where by every man's fireside a welcome awaited him.

But the Spanish Fathers who came up to Zuñi, then went north to the Navajos, west to the Hopis, east to all the pueblos scattered between Albuquerque and Taos, they came into a hostile country, carrying little provisionment but their breviary and crucifix. When their mules were stolen by Indians, as often happened, they proceeded on foot, without a change of raiment, eating herbs and roots. A European could scarcely imagine such hardships. The old countries were worn to the shape of human life, made into an investiture, a sort of second body, for man. There the wild herbs and the wild fruits and the forest fungi were edible. The streams were sweet water, the trees offered shade and shelter.

But in the alkali deserts the water holes were poisonous, and the vegetation offered nothing to a starving man. Everything was dry, prickly, sharp; Spanish bayonet, juniper, greasewood, cactus, the lizard, the rattlesnake, — and man made cruel by a cruel life. Those early missionaries threw themselves naked upon the hard heart of a country that was calculated to try the endurance of giants. They thirsted in its deserts, starved among its rocks, climbed up and down its terrible cañons on stone-bruised feet, broke long fasts by unclean and repugnant food.

Surely these endured hunger, thirst, nakedness, of a kind beyond any conception St Paul and his brethren could

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have had. Whatever the early Christians suffered, it all happened in that safe little Mediterranean world, amid the old manners, the old landmarks. If they endured martyrdom, they died among their brethren, their relics were piously preserved, their names lived in the mouths of holy men.

Riding with his Auvergnats to the old missions that had been scenes of martyrdom, the Bishop used to remind them that no man could know what triumphs of faith had happened there, where one white man met torture and death alone among so many infidels, or what visions and revelations God may have granted to soften that brutal end.

When, as a young man, Father Latour first went down into Old Mexico, to claim his See at the hands of the Bishop of Durango, he had met on his journey priests from the missions of Sonora and lower California, who related many stories of the blessed experiences of the early Franciscan missionaries. Their way through the wilderness had blossomed with little miracles, it seemed.

At one time, when the renowned Father Junipero and his two companions were in danger of their lives from trying to cross a river at a treacherous point, a mysterious stranger appeared out of the rocks on the opposite shore, and calling to them in Spanish told them to follow him to a point farther up the stream, where they forded in safety. When they begged to know his name, he evaded them and disappeared. At another time, they were crossing a great plain, and were famished for water and almost spent; a young horseman overtook them and gave them three ripe pomegranates, then galloped away. This fruit not only quenched their thirst, but revived and strengthened them as much as the most nourishing food could have done, and they completed their journey like fresh men.

One night in his travels through Durango, Father Latour was entertained at a great country estate where the resident chaplain was a priest from one of the western missions; and he told a story of this same Father Junipero which had come down in his own monastery from the old times.

Father Junipero, he said, attended by a single companion, had once arrived at his monastery on foot, without provisions. The Brothers had welcomed them in astonishment, believing it impossible that men could have crossed so great a stretch of desert in this naked fashion. The Superior questioned them as to whence they had come, and said the mission should not have allowed them to set off without a guide and without food. He marveled how they could have got through alive. But Father Junipero replied that they had fared very well, and had been most agreeably entertained by a poor Mexican family on the way. At this a muleteer, who was bringing in wood for the Brothers, began to laugh, and said there was no house for twelve leagues, nor any one at all living in the sandy waste through which they had come; and the Brothers confirmed him in this.

Then Father Junipero and his companion related fully their adventure. They had set out with bread and water for one day. But on the second day they had been traveling since dawn across a cactus desert and had begun to lose heart when, near sunset, they espied in the distance three great cottonwood trees, very tall in the declining light. Toward these they hastened. As they approached the trees, which were large and green and shedding cotton freely, they observed an ass tied to a dead trunk which stuck up out of the sand. Looking about for the owner of the ass, they came upon a little Mexican house with an oven by the door and strings of red peppers hanging on the wall. When they called, a venerable Mexican, clad in sheepskins, came out and greeted them kindly, asking them to stay the night.

Going in with him, they observed that all was neat and comely, and the wife, a young woman of beautiful countenance, was stirring porridge by the fire. Her child, scarcely more than an infant and with no garment but his little shirt, was on the floor beside her, playing with a pet lamb. They found these people gentle, pious, and well-spoken. The husband said they were shepherds. The priests sat at their table and shared their supper and afterward read the evening prayers.

They had wished to question the host about the country, and about his mode of life and where he found pasture for his flock, but they were overcome by a great

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and sweet weariness, and taking each a sheepskin provided him, they lay down upon the floor and sank into deep sleep. When they awoke in the morning they found all as before, and food set upon the table, but the family were absent, even to the pet lamb, — having gone, the Fathers supposed, to care for their flock.

When the Brothers at the monastery heard this account they were amazed, declaring that there were indeed three cotton-wood trees growing together in the desert, a well-known landmark; but that if a settler had come, he must have come very lately. So Father Junipero and Father Andrea, his companion, with some of the Brothers and the scoffing muleteer, went back into the wilderness to prove the matter. The three tall trees they found, shedding their cotton, and the dead trunk to which the ass had been tied. But the ass was not there, nor any house, nor the oven by the door. Then the two Fathers sank down upon their knees in that blessed spot and kissed the earth, for they perceived what Family it was that had entertained them there.

Father Junipero confessed to the Brothers how from the moment he entered the house he had been strangely drawn to the child, and desired to take him in his arms, but that he kept near his mother. When the priest was reading the evening prayers the child sat upon the floor against his mother's knee, with the lamb in his lap, and the Father found it hard to keep his eyes upon his breviary. After prayers, when he bade his hosts goodnight, he did indeed stoop over the little boy in blessing; and the child had lifted his hand, and with his tiny finger made the cross upon Father Junipero's forehead.

This story of Father Junipero's Holy Family made a strong impression upon the Bishop, when it was told him by the fireside of that great hacienda where he was a guest for the night. He had such an affection for that story, indeed, that he had allowed himself to repeat it on but two occasions; once to the nuns of Mother Philomène's convent in Riom, and once at a dinner given by Cardinal Mazucchi, in Rome.

There is always something charming in the idea of greatness returning to simplicity, — the queen making hay among the country girls, — but how much more endearing was the belief that They, after so many centuries of history and glory, should return to play Their first parts, in the persons of a humble Mexican family, the lowliest of the lowly, the poorest of the poor, — in a wilderness at the end of the world, where the angels could scarcely find Them!

After his *déjeuner* the old Archbishop made a great pretence of sleeping. He requested not to be disturbed until dinner time, and those long hours of solitude were precious to him. His bed was at the dark end of the room, where the shadows were restful to his eyes; on fair days the other end was full of sunlight, on gray days the light of the fire flickered along the walls. Lying so still that the bedclothes over his body scarcely moved, with his hands resting delicately on the sheet beside him or upon his breast, the Bishop was living over his life.

When he was otherwise motionless, the thumb of his left hand would sometimes gently touch a ring on his forefinger, an amethyst with an inscription cut upon it, *Auspice Maria*, — Father Vaillant's signet ring; and then he was almost certainly thinking of Joseph, of their life together here, in this room, in Ohio beside the Great Lakes, or as young men in Paris, or as students at Montferrand. There were many passages in their missionary life that he loved to recall; and how often and how fondly he recalled the beginning of it!

They were both young men in their twenties, curates to older priests, when there came to Clermont a Bishop from Ohio, a native of Auvergne, looking for volunteers for his missions in the West. Father Jean and Father Joseph heard him lecture at the Seminary, and talked with him in private. Before he left for the North, they had pledged themselves to meet him in Paris at a given date, to spend some weeks of preparation at the College for Foreign Missions in the rue du Bac, and then to sail with him from Cherbourg.

Both the young priests knew that their families would strongly oppose their purpose, so they resolved to reveal it to no one, to make no adieux, but to steal away disguised in civilian's clothes. They comforted each other by recalling that St

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Francis Xavier, when he set forth as missionary to India, had stolen away like this; had "passed the dwelling of his parents without saluting them", as they had learned at school, — terrible words to a French boy!

Father Vaillant's position was especially painful; his father was a stern, silent man, long a widower, who loved his children with a jealous passion and had no life but in their lives. Joseph was the eldest child. The period between his resolve and its execution was a period of anguish for him. As the date set for their departure drew near, he grew thinner and paler than ever.

By agreement the two friends were to meet at dawn on the fateful day, in a certain field outside Riom and there await the diligence for Paris. Jean Latour, having made his decision and pledged himself, knew no wavering. On the appointed morning he stole out of his sister's house and made his way through the sleeping town to that mountain field, tip-tilted by reason of its steepness, just beginning to show a cold green in the heavy light of a cloudy daybreak. There he found his comrade in a miserable plight. Joseph had been abroad in the fields all night, wandering up and down, finding his purpose and losing it. His face was swollen with weeping. He shook with a chill, his voice was beyond his control.

"What shall I do, Jean? Help me!" he cried. "I cannot break my father's heart, and I cannot break the vow I have made to Heaven. I had rather die than do either. Ah, if I could but die of this misery, here, now!"

How clearly the old Archbishop could recall the scene; those two young men in the fields in the gray morning, disguised as if they were criminals, escaping by stealth from their homes. He had not known how to comfort his friend; it seemed to him that Joseph was suffering more than flesh could bear, that he was actually being torn in two by conflicting desires. While they were pacing up and down, arm in arm, they heard a hollow sound; the diligence rumbling down the mountain gorge. Joseph stood still and buried his face in his hands. The postillion's horn sounded.

"*Allons!*" said Jean lightly, "*L'invitation du voyage!* You will accompany me to Paris. Once we are there, if your father is not reconciled, we will get Bishop F— to absolve you from your promise and you can return to Riom. It is very simple."

He ran to the roadside and waved to the driver; the coach stopped. In a moment they were off, and before long Joseph had fallen asleep in his seat from sheer exhaustion. But he always said that if Jean Latour had not supported him in that hour of torment, he would have been a parish priest in the Puy de Dom for the rest of his life.

Of the two young priests who set forth from Riom that morning in early spring, Jean Latour had seemed the one so much more likely to succeed in a missionary's life. He, indeed, had a sound mind in a sound body. During the weeks they spent at the College of Foreign Missions in the rue du Bac, the authorities had been very doubtful of Joseph's fitness for the hardships of the mission field. Yet in the long test of years it was that frail body that had endured more and accomplished more.

Father Latour often said that his diocese changed little except in boundaries. The Mexicans were always Mexicans, the Indians were always Indians. Santa Fé was a quiet backwater, with no natural wealth, no importance commercially. But Father Vaillant had been plunged into the midst of a great industrial expansion, where guile and trickery and honorable ambition all struggled together; a territory that developed by leaps and bounds, and then experienced ruinous reverses. Every year, even after he was crippled, he traveled thousands of miles by stage and in his carriage, among the mountain towns that were now rich, now poor and deserted; Boulder, Gold Hill, Caribou, Cache-à-la-Poudre, Spanish Bar, South Park, up the Arkansas to Cache Creek and California Gulch.

And Father Vaillant had not been content to be a mere missionary priest. He became a promoter. He saw a great future for the Church in Colorado. While he was still so poor that he could not have a rectory of ordinary comfort to live in, he began buying great tracts of land for very little money, — but that little had to be borrowed from banks at a ruinous rate of interest. He borrowed money to build schools and convents, and the interest on his debts ate him up. He made long begging trips through Ohio and Pennsylvania and Canada to raise

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money to pay this interest that grew like a rolling snowball. He formed a land company, went abroad and floated bonds in France to raise money, and dishonest brokers brought reproach upon his name.

When he was nearly seventy, with one leg four inches shorter than the other, Father Vaillant, then first Bishop of Colorado, was summoned to Rome to explain his complicated finance before the Papal court, — and he had very hard work to satisfy the Cardinals.

When a dispatch was flashed into Santa Fé announcing Bishop Vaillant's death, Father Latour at once took the new railroad for Denver. But he could scarcely believe the telegram. He recalled the old nickname, Trompe-la-Mort, and remembered how many times before he had hurried across mountains and deserts, not daring to hope he would find his friend alive.

Curiously, Father Latour could never feel that he had actually been present at Father Joseph's funeral, — or rather, he could not believe that Father Joseph was there. The shriveled little old man in the coffin, scarcely larger than a monkey, — that had nothing to do with Father Vaillant. He could see Joseph as clearly as he could see Bernard, but always as he was when they first came to New Mexico. It was not sentiment; that was the picture of Father Joseph his memory produced for him, and it did not produce any other.

The funeral itself, he liked to remember, — as a recognition. It was held under canvas, in the open air; there was not a building in Denver, — in the whole Far West, for that matter, — big enough for his *Blanchet's* funeral. For two days before, the populations of villages and mining camps had been streaming down the mountains; they slept in wagons and tents and barns; they made a throng like a National Convention in the convent square. And a strange thing happened at that funeral.

Father Revardy, the French priest who had gone from Santa Fé to Colorado with Father Vaillant more than twenty years before, and had been with him ever since as his curate and vicar, had been sent to France on business for his Bishop. While there, he was told by his physician that he had a fatal malady, and he at once took ship and hurried homeward, to make his report to Bishop Vaillant and to die in the harness. When he got as far as Chicago, he had an acute seizure and was taken to a Catholic hospital, where he lay very ill. One morning a nurse happened to leave a newspaper near his bed; glancing at it, Father Revardy saw an announcement of the death of the Bishop of Colorado. When the Sister returned, she found her patient dressed. He convinced her that he must be driven to the railway station at once. On reaching Denver, he entered a carriage and asked to be taken to the Bishop's funeral.

He arrived there when the services were nearly half over, and no one present ever forgot the sight of this dying man, supported by the cab driver and two priests, making his way through the crowd and dropping upon his knees beside the bier. A chair was brought for him, and for the rest of the ceremony he sat with his forehead resting against the edge of the coffin. When Bishop Vaillant was carried away to his tomb, his vicar was taken to the hospital, where he died a few days later. It was one more instance of the extraordinary personal devotion that Father Joseph had so often aroused and retained so long, in red men, and yellow men, and white.

During those last weeks of the Bishop's life he thought very little about death; it was the Past he was leaving. The future would take care of itself. But he had an intellectual curiosity about dying; about the changes that took place in a man's beliefs and scale of values. More and more life seemed to him an experience of the Ego, in no sense the Ego itself. This conviction, he believed, was something apart from his religious life; it was an enlightenment that came to him as a man, a human creature. And he noticed that he judged conduct differently now, his own and that of others. The mistakes of his life seemed unimportant; accidents that had occurred *en route*, like the shipwreck in Galv ston harbour, or the runaway in which he was hurt when he was first on his way to New Mexico in search of his bishopric.

He observed also that there was no longer any perspective in his memories. He remembered his winters with his

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cousins on the Mediterranean when he was a little boy, his student days in the Holy City, as clearly as he remembered the arrival of M. Molny and the building of his Cathedral. He was soon to have done with calendared time, and it had already ceased to count for him. He sat in the middle of his own consciousness; none of his former states of mind was lost or outgrown. They were all within reach of his hand, and all comprehensible.

Sometimes when Magdalena or Bernard came in and asked him a question, it took him several seconds to bring himself back to the present. He could see they thought his mind was failing; but it was only extraordinarily active in some other part of the great picture of his life, — some part of which they knew nothing.

When the occasion warranted, he could return to the present. But there was not much present left; Father Joseph dead, the Olivares both dead, Kit Carson dead, only the minor characters of his life remained in present time. One morning, several weeks after the Bishop came back to Santa Fé, one of the strong people of the old deep days of life did appear, not in memory but in the flesh, in the shallow light of the present, — Eusabio the Navajo. Out on the Colorado Chiquito he had heard the word, passed on from one trading post to another, that the old Archbishop was failing, and the Indian came to Santa Fé. He, too, was an old man now. Once again their fine hands clasped. The Bishop brushed a drop of moisture from his eye.

"I have wished for this meeting, my friend. I had thought of asking you to come, but it is a long way."

The old Navajo smiled. "Not long now, any more. I come on the cars, Padre. I get on the cars at Gallup, and the same day I am here. You remember when we come together once to Santa Fé from my country? How long it take us? Two weeks, pretty near. Men travel faster now, but I do not know if they go to better things."

"We must not try to know the future, Eusabio. It is better not. And Manuelito?"

"Manuelito is well; he still leads his people."

Eusabio did not stay long, but he said he would come again to-morrow, as he had business in Santa Fé that would keep him for some days. He had no business there; but when he looked at Father Latour he said to himself, "It will not be long."

After he was gone, the Bishop turned to Bernard: "My son, I have lived to see two great wrongs righted; I have seen the end of black slavery, and I have seen the Navajos restored to their own country."

For many years Father Latour used to wonder if there would ever be an end to the Indian wars while there was one Navajo or Apache left alive. Too many traders and manufacturers made a rich profit out of that warfare; a political machine and immense capital were employed to keep it going.

VII

The Bishop's middle years in New Mexico had been clouded by the persecution of the Navajos and their expulsion from their own country. Through his friendship with Eusabio he had become interested in the Navajos soon after he first came to his new diocese, and he admired them; they stirred his imagination. Though this nomad people were much slower to adopt white man's ways than the home-staying Indians who dwelt in pueblos, and were much more indifferent to missionaries and the white man's religion, Father Latour felt a superior strength in them. There was purpose and conviction behind their inscrutable reserve; something active and quick, something with an edge.

The expulsion of the Navajos from their country, which had been theirs no man knew how long, had seemed to him an injustice that cried to Heaven. Never could he forget that terrible winter when they were being hunted down and driven by thousands from their own reservation to the Bosque Redondo, three hundred miles away on the Pecos River. Hundreds of them, men, women, and children, perished from hunger and cold on the way; their sheep and horses died from exhaustion crossing the mountains. None ever went willingly; they were driven by starvation and the bayonet; captured in isolated bands and brutally deported.

It was his own misguided friend, Kit Carson, who finally subdued the last unconquered remnant of that people; who followed them into the depths of the Cañon de Chelly, whither they had fled

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from their grazing plains and pine forests to make their last stand. They were shepherds, with no property but their live stock, encumbered by their women and children, poorly armed and with scanty ammunition. But this cañon had always before proved impenetrable to white troops. The Navajos believed it could not be taken. They believed that their old gods dwelt in the fastnesses of that cañon; like their Shiprock, it was an inviolate place, the very heart and centre of their life.

Carson followed them down into the hidden world between those towering walls of red sandstone, spoiled their stores, destroyed their deep-sheltered cornfields, cut down the terraced peach orchards so dear to them. When they saw all that was sacred to them laid waste, the Navajos lost heart. They did not surrender; they simply ceased to fight and were taken. Carson was a soldier under orders, and he did a soldier's brutal work. But the bravest of the Navajo chiefs he did not capture.

Even after the crushing defeat of his people in the Cañon de Chelly, Manuelito was still at large. It was then that Eusabio came to Santa Fé to ask Bishop Latour to meet Manuelito at Zuñi. As a priest, the Bishop knew that it was indiscreet in him to consent to a meeting with this outlawed chief. But he was a man, too, and a lover of justice. The request came to him in such a way that he could not refuse it. He went with Eusabio.

Though the Government was offering a heavy reward for his person, living or dead, Manuelito rode off his own reservation down into Zuñi in broad daylight, attended by some dozen followers, all on wretched, half-starved horses. He had been in hiding out in Eusabio's country on the Colorado Chiquito.

It was Manuelito's hope that the Bishop would go to Washington and plead his people's cause before they were utterly destroyed. They asked nothing of the Government, he told Father Latour, but their religion and their own territory where they had lived from immemorial times. Their country, he explained, was a part of their religion; the two were inseparable. The Cañon de Chelly the Padre knew; in that cañon his people had lived when they were a small, weak tribe; it had nourished and protected them; it was their mother. Moreover, their gods dwelt there, — in those inaccessible white houses set in caverns up in the face of the cliffs, which were older than the white man's world, and which no living man had ever entered. Their gods were there, just as the Padre's God was in his church.

And north of the Cañon de Chelly was the Shiprock, a slender crag rising to a dizzy height, all alone out on a flat desert. To the white man's eye, seen at a distance of fifty miles or so, that crag presents the figure of a one-masted fishing boat under full sail, and he named it so. But the Indian has another name; he believes that rock was once a ship of the air.

Ages ago, the Navajo chief told the Bishop, that crag had moved through the air, bearing upon its summit the parents of the Navajo race from the place in the far north where all peoples were made, — and wherever it sank to earth was to be their land. It sank in a desert country, where it was hard for men to live. But they had found the Cañon de Chelly, where there was shelter and unfailing water. That cañon and the Shiprock were like kind parents to his people, places more sacred to them than churches, more sacred than any place is to the white man. How, then, could they go three hundred miles away and live in a strange land?

Moreover, the Bosque Redondo was down on the Pecos, far east of the Rio Grande. Manuelito drew a map in the sand, and explained to the Bishop how, from the very beginning, it had been enjoined that his people must never cross the Rio Grande on the east, or the Rio San Juan on the north, or the Rio Colorado on the west; if they did, the tribe would perish. If a great priest, like Father Latour, were to go to Washington and explain these things, perhaps the Government would listen.

Father Latour tried to tell the Indian that in a Protestant country the one thing a Roman priest could not do was to interfere in matters of Government. Manuelito listened respectfully; but the Bishop saw that he did not believe him. When he had finished, the Navajo rose and said:

"You are the friend of Cristobal, who hunts my people and drives them over the mountains to the Bosque Redondo. Tell your friend that he will never take me alive. He can come and kill me when he

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pleases. Two years ago I could not count my flocks; now I have thirty sheep and a few starving horses. My children are eating roots, and I do not care for my life. But my mother and my gods are in the West, and I will never cross the Rio Grande."

He never did cross it. He lived in hiding until the return of his exiled people. For a strange thing happened.

The Bosque Redondo proved an utterly unsuitable country for the Navajos. It could have been farmed by irrigation, but they were nomad shepherds, not farmers. There was no pasture for their flocks. There was no firewood; they dug mesquite roots and dried them for fuel. It was an alkaline country, and hundreds of Indians died from bad water. At last the Government at Washington admitted its mistake, — which governments seldom do. After five years of exile, the remnant of the Navajo people were permitted to go back to their sacred places.

In 1875 the Bishop took his French architect on a pack trip into Arizona to show him something of the country before he returned to France, and he had the pleasure of seeing the Navajo horsemen riding free over their great plains again. The two Frenchmen went as far as the Cañon de Chelly to see the prehistoric cliff ruins. Once more crops were growing down at the bottom of the world between the towering sandstone walls. Sheep were grazing under the magnificent cottonwoods and drinking at the streams of sweet water. It was like an Indian Garden of Eden.

Now, when he was an old man and ill, scenes from those by-gone times, dark and bright, flashed back to the Bishop: the terrible faces of the Navajos waiting at the place on the Rio Grande where they were being ferried across into exile; the long streams of survivors going back to their own country, driving their scanty flocks, carrying their old men and their children. Memories, too, of that time he had spent with Eusabio on the Little Colorado, in the early spring, when the lambing season was not yet over, — dark horsemen riding across the sands with orphan lambs in their arms, — a young Navajo woman, giving a lamb her breast until a ewe was found for it.

"Bernard," the old Bishop would murmur, "God has been very good to let me live to see a happy issue to these old wrongs. I do not believe, as I once did, that the Indian will perish. I believe that God will preserve him."

VIII

The American doctor was consulting with Archbishop S— and the Mother Superior. "It is his heart that is the trouble now. I have been giving him small doses to stimulate it, but they no longer have any effect. I scarcely dare increase them; it might be fatal at once. But that is why you see such a change in him."

The change was that the old man did not want food and that he slept, or seemed to sleep, nearly all the time. On the last day of his life his condition was pretty generally known. The Cathedral was full of people all day long, praying for him; nuns and old women, young men and girls, coming and going. The sick man had received the Viaticum early in the morning. Some of the Tesuque Indians, who had been his country neighbors, came into Santa Fé and sat in the Archbishop's courtyard waiting for news of him. With them was Eusabio the Navajo. Fructosa and Tranquilino, his old servants, were with the supplicants in the Cathedral.

The Mother Superior and Magdalena and Bernard attended the sick man. There was little to do but to watch and pray, so peaceful and painless was his repose. Sometimes it was sleep, they knew from his relaxed features. Then his face would assume personality, consciousness, even though his eyes did not open.

Toward the close of day, in the short twilight after the candles were lighted, the old Bishop seemed to become restless, moved a little, and began to murmur; it was in the French tongue, but Bernard, though he caught some words, could make nothing of them. He knelt beside the bed: "What is it, Father? I am here."

He continued to murmur, to move his hands a little, and Magdalena thought he was trying to ask for something, or to tell them something. But in reality the Bishop was not there at all; he was standing in a tip-tilted green field among the mountains, and he was trying to give consolation to a young man who was being torn in two before his eyes by the desire to

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go and the necessity to stay. He was trying to forge a new Will in that devout and exhausted priest; and the time was short, for the diligence for Paris was already rumbling down the mountain gorge.

When the Cathedral bell tolled just after dark, the Mexican population of Santa Fé fell upon their knees, and all American Catholics as well. Many others who did not kneel prayed in their hearts. Eusabio and the Tesuque boys went quietly away to tell their people; and the next morning the old Archbishop lay before the high altar in the church he had built.

THE END

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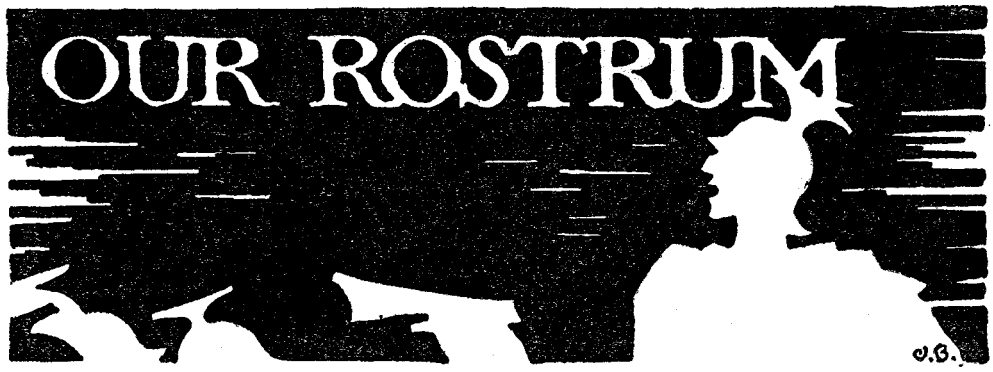

The Third Term

An Open Letter to President Coolidge

Dear Mr. President:

On the third of August, 1923, you became President of the United States for the first time. On the fourth of March, 1925, you became President of the United States for the second time. By the fourth of March, 1929, you will have held the Presidential office for nearly six years. Should you succeed yourself on that day and serve another term, you will have held the office of President of the United States for nearly ten consecutive years, longer than any previous executive in the history of our Federal Union.

The electorate, by virtue of whose ballots you hold your present high office, is curious to know whether you would accept the Presidential nomination of the Republican Party if tendered you by the latter's nominating convention in 1928. No man knows better than yourself the strength and importance of public opinion in a government like ours, where democratic methods are tempered to republican forms. The opinion of the electorate will determine the results of the 1928 election. It would seem, therefore, in view of your peculiar relation to that electorate, that it is entitled to know in advance your attitude towards the propriety of your possible renomination.

Public opinion has viewed your course in office with sympathy and consideration. It has credited you with the general prosperity, flowing from sound administration and a wise economy in government, for which you are in part responsible. It has judged that you are solicitous to reassert the political principles upon which this government has been founded. It has considered you as just and honest, scrupulous in interpreting your duty, cautious in experimenting with new forces and new methods in our national government. You have enjoyed wide popularity, wide trust, and some affection. Your position, in the public mind, has been unusually enviable and secure.

In an effort to evaluate the issues of the forthcoming Presidential election, one of the principal aspirants for the honors of the Democratic nomination has publicly acknowledged and rebutted an imputation that his political conduct might be subordinated to his religious convictions. Governor Alfred E. Smith, of the State of New York, has done the electorate the grace, through an exchange of open letters, to clarify a suspicion that in Presidential office he would be pliable to the representations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. May not the electorate expect an equal grace from you, in the form of a statement which may clarify your personal appraisal of your eligibility for the Republican nomination in 1928?

II

The obstacle to such eligibility is single: it rests on the assumption that your re-election would constitute a third term as President. No constitutional prohibition,

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no statute, forbids your reelection; yet the record of a hundred and forty years of American government stands unbroken, — no President, no matter how called to the Presidency, has held office for more than eight years.

The record of your own party, hardly less than that of the Democratic Party, has abided by this practice, spontaneously adopted by George Washington and formulated as a principle by Thomas Jefferson. Under the influence of the latter Presidents Madison, Monroe, and Jackson voluntarily retired from the Presidency at the end of their eighth year of office, and it was not until 1880 that an American statesman aspired to a longer Presidential tenure.

In that year, General Grant, who personally was in grave financial difficulties and who politically was buoyed by the evidence of his vast popularity and by the support of Conkling, Cameron, and Logan, the leaders of the Republican organization, sought the Republican nomination for the third time. The political sense of the period was hostile to his enterprise, a Democratic House of Representatives having five years earlier adopted a resolution that the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents "has become by universal concurrence a part of our republican system of government and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." This resolution was passed, with the support of Republican congressmen, and is in some sort an evidence of Republican tradition. Grant failed to receive the nomination he desired, although he could command strong support. James Garfield, who had voted for the resolution of 1875, was chosen in his stead, and was elected.

On June 10, 1901, President McKinley declared himself regarding a third term in the following words: "I will say now, once for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me."

Theodore Roosevelt, who became President for the first time under circumstances tragically similar to those which first brought you to the Executive Mansion, on the night of his first election to the office he had held through succession, announced his position in unequivocal language: "On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

In 1912, however, Roosevelt, failing of Republican support, accepted the nomination of the Progressive Party and opposed President Taft and Governor Wilson. In the campaign which followed, John S. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, referred to the Progressive Party as the "third term party." In this election, you cast your vote for President Taft, who himself subsequently urged a single Presidential term of seven years.

Do you consider that this record by former leaders of your party has any application to your eligibility to the nomination it will confer next year? Do you believe that the attitude of the Republican Party has been adequately expressed in the Convention which defeated Grant and nominated Garfield, and that which ignored Roosevelt and nominated Taft? Do you believe that McKinley's declaration in 1901 and Roosevelt's self-denying statement in 1904 represent Republican doctrine or are applicable to you?

Without reference to the frequent efforts by Democratic leaders to limit the Presidency to one term, as expressed in resolutions, projects for Constitutional amendments and party programs, do you believe that the tradition of American politics is hostile to a substantive third term in the Presidency?

III

The custom governing the Presidency has at least the force of an unbroken observance in practice, while the only attempts to evade it in theory have been defeated. No Democratic President has sought more than eight years of office; two Republican Presidents have sought to exceed this period and have failed. The tradition of two terms has seemed so inherent in our political life that all

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observers have declared it to be all but organic. Writing in 1888, James Bryce asserted that "the Constitution prescribes no limit to the reeligibility of the President. He may go on being chosen for one four year period after another for the term of his natural life. But tradition has supplied the place of law."

As a student of American history, no less than as a member of the Massachusetts Bar, you fully appreciate the part which custom plays both in our jurisprudence and in our political life. In a democratic Republic such as ours, custom must inevitably share the burden of government and be the substitute for statute. Is not the "wise custom" governing the effective term of Presidential office an integral part of the common law as it affects our Constitution?

For custom has not restricted itself to the civil and criminal development of the common law, but informs the whole fabric of our social and political institutions. Through custom, the Federal Constitution has been brought under the common law. Through custom, the Supreme Court asserts the right to declare any Federal enactment unconstitutional. Through custom, the power of choosing the President has been effectually transferred from the Electoral College and has, since 1800, resided in the electorate. Your very office is thus held through the operation of the common law and a relation has been created between you and the electorate which did not originally inhere under the Constitution. Ours is the doctrine of the supremacy of the law. You must, therefore, appreciate "that the sovereign and all the agencies thereof are bound to act upon principles, not according to arbitrary will; are obliged to conform to reasons instead of being free to follow caprice."

Do you believe that your reelection would be in harmony with the spirit of the common law which has given you your present power? Would you feel free to follow ambition alone in your attitude towards the election of 1928?

IV

Hitherto you have maintained a scrupulous silence on this important principle. Already the suspicion has grown that you are willing to accept another nomination, if it has the force and aspect of a popular demand. Scarcely an important member of your party, — other than aspirants for the Presidential nomination, — has recently left your presence without subsequently indicating that you can be both nominated and elected and that there is a widespread public desire that this should be accomplished. Such were the methods of Grant in 1880 and of Roosevelt in 1912. In a letter written in 1911, the latter declared: "I am not a candidate. I never will be a candidate . . . it is yet possible that there might be a public demand which could present the matter to me in the light of a duty which I could not shirk. In other words, while I emphatically do not want office, and have not the slightest idea that any demand for me will come, yet if there were a real public demand that in the public interest I should do a given job, it *might* be that I would not feel like flinching from the task." Shortly thereafter, Colonel Roosevelt yielded to a sudden request for his leadership by seven Progressive Republican Governors.

In default of a positive statement from you and in the light of the statements by those who are not in a position to resist your present control of the Republican Party, the electorate will conclude that your attitude is similar to that of Roosevelt. In the meantime, it will appreciate the political expediency of your refusal to indicate your future course.

For your silence both confuses and embarrasses the Presidential aspirants within your party. As party leader your support is indispensable to another man's success. Your recent public rebuff to Herbert Hoover, in which you declared him ineligible as Secretary of State, has been construed as a rebuke to the indiscretions of those who support your Secretary of Commerce for the Presidency. Former Governor Lowden is risking your displeasure and a rift in the party by building up support for his candidacy among the farmers of the West, but will be powerless against your control of the Southern delegations. The Vice-President, whatever his ambitions, is compelled to maintain an attitude of quiescence. You have the power in your party and by silence you can both punish opposition to your leadership and expose to ridicule and failure any

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man who seeks to lead in your default.

Your silence is hardly less embarrassing to the Democrats, who can not know whether the third term issue may be injected into the campaign and so can not evaluate either the program, leaders or policies necessary to offer an intelligent alternative to the electorate.

If personal or partizan expediency were the guiding rule of Presidential conduct, this would be very well. Your decision to conceal your course conforms admirably to the requirements of personal and party strategy. Do you feel that you need not weigh against a personal and partizan expediency the consideration of political principle? Do you believe that you are at liberty to use a basic practice of American government as a vehicle for political mechanics? Do you consider that your silence in no way infringes the dignity of the Presidential office?

V

The electorate, which has conferred your present honor upon you and to which you are responsible, appreciates the nature of your cruel dilemma. Your supporters are already engaged in asserting that your reelection would not constitute a third term. Nineteen months is not a long period. It has been suggested that you might resign on August 3, 1931, thereby remaining in office but eight years. This, you will recognize, is casuistry, as is the argument that your completion of President Harding's term does not constitute your first term. You have received your education in office and would, doubtless, serve your country more intelligently and intelligibly during another four years. It does not seem that it is just that you should be deprived, through the accident of your accession, of the opportunity to serve your country still further. The inducement to ambition is seductive and the obstacle is slight.

You are the leader of the Republican Party. If you choose, you have it in your power to dictate your renomination. Through the activities of your partizan subordinates, you have it in your power to arouse the appearance of a popular demand for your reelection. The Democratic Party is as yet united on neither leaders nor principles. The Republican Party, despite agrarian unrest, is still intact, and time and the weather may yet work to prevent any serious cleavage. For the first time since Andrew Jackson resigned the Democratic leadership to Martin Van Buren, the choice of whether or no the practice of the Presidency shall yield to the ambition of the President lies within the latter's power of decision.

Under the practice of the Constitution the electorate will decide upon the issues. Among them may be that of a third term. The electorate is a great one, as your own majority will testify, and of complex composition. Public opinion is slow to form and, if uninstructed, may not realize the issues which it will determine by its action at the polls. Do you feel that you are under no obligation to enlighten a friendly and sympathetic public in such wise as to permit it to consider the issues of 1928, coolly and in advance of the partizan turmoil of a deliberately confusing campaign? Will you accord the electorate the leisure to consider whether it may be called upon to break with the traditions of one hundred and forty years of the Presidential office?

I am, dear Mr. President,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN CARTER

Calvin Coolidge, Esquire,
President of the United States,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Good Neighbors

Here are two letters, one from an American, one from a Canadian, on our relations with "Our Northern Neighbors".

Editor of THE FORUM:

In reading the March number of THE FORUM I find a book review written by Harvey M. Watts, under the title "Our Northern Neighbors" appearing on page 473. It is a very well written review on Sir Robert Falconer's book *The United States as a Neighbour.*

There is one statement, however, made by Mr. Watts to which I desire to take exception. He says: "This admirable work ought to be read by every American tourist who went into Canada this summer, — hundreds of thousands of them, — only to find unprecedented abuse of America and Americans."

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Analyzing this statement from the standpoint of a lawyer, I am curious to know how Mr. Watts assumes to speak for hundreds of thousands of Americans, when he probably has seen and talked to very few. To my mind, this seems to be rather a wild statement to make, because it attempts to leave the impression in the mind of the reader that hundreds of thousands of American tourists, who visited Canada last summer, were subjected to unprecedented abuse by the Canadians. Such a statement can not be proved and therefore ought not to be made at all, especially in a review of so admirable a book as Falconer's.

I am a Yankee myself, born in New York City, but have toured extensively in Canada and have talked with a great many others who have. The only American who is abused in Canada is the one who invites abuse himself by his own conduct.

R. B. NEWCOMB

Cleveland, O.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Harvey M. Watts's eulogistic commendations of Sir Robert Falconer's book *The United States as a Neighbour* can not atone for his fatuous distortion of facts in stating that "hundreds of thousands" of American tourists who visited Canada last year met with "unprecedented abuse of America and Americans". He glaringly stultifies himself in scoring Canadian inhospitality and churlishness in one breath and in the next commending "Sir Robert's very fine book" as "balm to the soul of any citizen of the United States".

We on this side believe that the spirit of friendliness and sentiment of Canadians generally towards American visitors is epitomized fairly in the recent admirable editorial in the "Cleveland News":

"More motorists than ever before are expected to head for Canada when the year's vacation season opens. Evidently Canada intends that courteous hospitality shall be more in evidence than ever. According to announcement at Ottawa, tourists entering Canada may now remain sixty days, instead of thirty. It is a courteous gesture and any cutting of red tape is most welcome. Seemingly it will now be truer than heretofore that the *only* unpleasant part of a trip to Canada is trying to get back into the United States."

GEORGE WILSON

Toronto, Ont.

The Retort Courteous

What Mr. Watts has to say in this matter.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is natural that when those who feel themselves innocent of any offense read what they consider is too sweeping an indictment of some of their fellows, they are apt to rush to the other extreme and identify themselves with their people as a whole. They assume that all are as free from blame as they admittedly are. It is true that all sorts of agreeable Canadians are fond of Americans and do not continually carp at the civilization of the United States. But it is also true that large numbers of the quickly moving automobile tourists, who formed that huge body of American visitors, were in Canada for too short a time to learn anything save that those engaged in meeting their wishes desired to please them. However, this has nothing to do with the fact that during the political campaign of last summer in Canada, — as a result of their new nationalism, — Canadians were "resentful of the record of the United States during the conflict and since". Americans found in the press and in smoking car and hotel lobby a reiteration of the British and European viewpoints that the United States is a justly unpopular country, guilty of all sorts of ignoble procedures; that Americans must admit this unpopularity; and that they ought to be ashamed to look Canada in the face.

The Clemenceau letter brought out a great deal of this nonsense; and when a protest was made in a particular case of a particularly outrageous article, showing that America had not a leg to stand on in any matter connected with the War, the reply was "Oh, that's for home consumption, and not meant to be read by your people." Of course, those familiar with Canadian political campaigns are aware that the United States and what Americans are doing are bones of sharp contention. Nowadays there is a tendency up there to assume as axiomatic that when

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America did not enter the War at the drop of England's hat, she was guilty of an unforgivable action. And there are those who believe that other fallacy, that Canada and Great Britain fought our battles for us until we decided to come in for purely selfish reasons.

With all this discussion going on and the various accusations of the two parties against the policies of each other, what the United States really stands for and what Americans really are like, in the main, received scant notice last Summer, as Canadians who are familiar with their own press will certainly admit.

Naturally the Sir Robert Falconers do not take the truculent Kipling viewpoint. If what Canadians admit is "the unrestrained way" in which their newspapers attack the United States could be influenced by men like Sir Robert, all would be well! But a great many Canadians seem to feel that they can do as they please in abusive tactics and then have Americans accept it all as "purely home politics", — of which they are apparently expected to be ignorant.

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Oil and Subsoil

The Secretary of the Mexican Chamber of Commerce in New York has something to say about oil in Mexico.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Three points to my mind have been overlooked in the debate on the Mexican oil dispute in the April FORUM by the supporter of the Mexican side of this question.

The Mexican decrees, codes, and laws of 1884, 1892, and 1909 are unconstitutional. The Executive had no power in the premises. Legislation prior to 1884 continued effective. Suppose Mayor Hylan sold the Statue of Liberty to the Prince of Wales. The case would be similar. The recent decision of the Supreme Court here canceling oil concessions fraudulently given to Mr. Doheney illustrates and justifies the Mexican position.

Subsoil rights to accompany surface rights are physically and ethically absurd. Oil is not a solid substance, the volume of which can be demarcated under the soil. Oil fields are in the shape of gigantic lentils which cannot be divided corresponding to soil divisions. An oil well drilled on a surface of one hundred square feet can exhaust the oil wealth of a field under thousands of acres of land.

The oil companies claim that Mexican taxation is confiscatory. The fact of the matter is that oil produced in Mexico under so called confiscatory production taxes, having to pay so called confiscatory export duties, excessive freight rates and more or less arbitrary import dues, comes to the United States and advantageously competes with oil produced here under ideal conditions. It is not actual possession and exploitation, not a question of law or ethics that a few recalcitrant, rebellious oil men are fighting for. It is the return to a status which enabled them to get something for nothing.

JOSÉ MIGUEL BEJARANO

New York City.

In Perfect Accord

Doctor Fortune is pastor of the Central Christian Church in Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I read with great interest the article, "Why I Am A Disciple," by Dean W. E. Garrison in the April FORUM. I find myself in perfect accord with the spirit of the article. I am happy in my ministry among the Disciples because of the undenominational ideal which they have never entirely lost. Regardless of what may be done in conventions, each minister and each congregation is free to follow that ideal. They have insisted that Christ is their creed, and every man is free to make his interpretation. They have insisted that the Bible is their guide, and every man is free to interpret it. I am a Disciple because I accept these ideals.

A. W. FORTUNE

Lexington, Ky.

Detained

From one who has been through the experience, comes this appreciation.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I read Mr. Harrington's article, "Ellis Island by Liberty Darkened," with much interest and absolute understanding.

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Only those who have been "detained", can really appreciate Mr. Harrington's clear conception of the situation and his unusual ability to feel and sympathize with these unfortunate human beings who have been doomed to go through this heart-breaking and harrowing experience.

Only those who have been "detained" can possibly know all the horrors and humiliations one is made to go through, and a whole lifetime of happiness in this wonderful country can not erase from one's mind the memory of "Detention at Ellis Island".

RANDI P. ERICKSON

Merion, Pa.

Thoughts From Abroad

A Britisher makes some reflections on Mr. Pisgah's "Impressions of America" in the April FORUM, *and gives us some of his own.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

If it is not antiquated to speak from experience in an age when writers belabor peoples they have never visited, I hasten to assure you that your English critic maligns you. The Americans he has met abroad must be sorry examples, — or more probably his interpretation errs. Is he more accustomed to examining bacteria than mankind? Nobody would understand jungle life through admiring six lions in Europe, and there is more lion in your American than microbe.

If you demand an Open Sesame to American character, I suggest a phrase in your critic's article passed over so hurriedly that he seems to miss its significance. "Americans," says he, "are great children." Youth! That's what is wrong with you. A healthy complaint, though it may make you unpopular with intolerant, misunderstanding elders.

Your critic complains that America is not a happy country. I reply that Americans are happy as children are happy. You enjoy the present, yet you do have a goal to work to. What is the British working-man's goal? Often beer. Your workingmen more frequently become rich than ours, and your new-rich should be compared with our new-rich, — not with business men brought up via public school and university to some easy-going family concern whose roots are centuries deep.

I have always found Americans abroad most friendly to one another. The English live within themselves, hesitate to make acquaintances; but you Americans are mixers. Personally, I never got used to the "gang" feeling in the United States, but it certainly exists. Perhaps the lack of long historical continuity behind the race is one of its causes. You have not the backing of centuries. Boats are burned, and you are striking out for yourselves on a great new adventure. Your singleness of purpose, — to prove your worth, — groups you together, giving you force. When progress slows, and you, too, become an old country, you will lose this friendly team life. You will become individualistic like the English, and English critics may cease to write your frailties.

Your critic complains that the American "head" is weak. Your own older states see more clearly than the Middle West, but untried hands are at the helm. In money matters, for instance, individual Americans are generous, yet the Senate will have its chunk of flesh regardless of the agony that compelled the bond and your moral debt to Europe. I think the nation will live to be ashamed of its failure to make the gesture nobility required. You are working your problems for yourselves, struggling through to truth instead of following a short cut blindfold.

Your critic must certainly cross the Atlantic to meet some of the millions of happy women living brighter, busier lives than any others in the world. But he must not judge them from a walk up Broadway. He may see enough of the country to write a book while the *Aquitania* turns round, but gallantry forbids that he treat American femininity so summarily. Nor must he judge of women's leisure by their looks and apparel. As long as the American business man retains an eye for a lass, permanent waves and manicured nails will play their part in the office. Clothes, besides, are not the guide to social position they still remain in England.

With all your youthful failings, — Ellis Island, split shirts, and hot dogs included, — Europeans recognize in you a great people. Sometimes we feel a little jealous.

G. B. MACKENZIE

Lanvallay, France

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Birth Control

Father Cooper, of the Catholic University of America, takes issue with Dr. East's point of view, published in the May FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

By birth control the writer here understands contraceptive practices, — not marital abstinence, deferment of marriage, or any other measure or circumstance that limits the number of births.

The more common grounds upon which the defense of birth control is rested are: the dangers of overpopulation, the hazards to the health or life of the mother, and the necessities of domestic economy.

As for overpopulation, our best informed professional experts on food resources, such as Baker and Russell Smith, have shown with all clearness that overpopulation does not obtain to-day either in the United States or in the world at large. Nor is such overpopulation, or to speak more exactly saturation, apt to come for many a day. For some decades past production has notably outstripped populational increase. Should saturation come some day we should simply be returning to what Carr-Saunders has shown with high probability to have been the normal condition of humanity throughout most of its history. Should we have to cross the bridge at some future date, a ready remedy lies at hand in a slight deferment of the marriage age.

As for hazards to the health or life of the mother, there are undoubtedly cases in which further bearing of children at the time would be a grave menace to the physical well-being of the mother. The advocates of birth control suggest in such cases the remedy of contraception. This suggested remedy, unfortunately for the proponents thereof, is neither scientific nor humane. No infallible or even near-infallible means of artificial birth control is known to the medical profession to-day, and informed contraceptionists know this perfectly well. There is a safeguard that can be relied upon, and there is one only, that is, marital abstinence. Call this safeguard difficult, call it hard, call it heroic, call it what we please. But in the name of Noah Webster let us not call it ascetic. Where the sole safe or adquate means for safeguarding the health and life of a beloved wife, the mother of one's children, is abstinence, calling such abstinence asceticism is darkening counsel by words without knowledge.

As for the necessities of domestic economy, both our common experience and our questionnaire data show this to be the more frequent reason given for practising birth control. Against this reason, as alleged, stands the well-recognized fact that contraception is increasingly practised in direct proportion to increase of income. Those who naively accept at face value this alleged economic reason surely "think noble thoughts far removed from base reality". In view of the open contradiction between the facts and the reasons, we seem impelled to look for the explanation as a typical instance of rationalizing. Beneath the plea of economy we cannot help seeing in most cases the obvious fact of a selfish unwillingness to accept the sacrifices and responsibilities of child-bearing and child-rearing.

And this is about what we should expect. After all, birth control, in common with all other types of sex aberration, tends to isolate the selfish and egoistic elements in the sex-parental complex from the unselfish and altruistic ones. The motives that urge men and women to marry are more commonly the drive of physical sex hunger and love's desire for possession and companionship, that is, selfish or self-regarding ones. But marriage itself and home-making, child-bearing, and child-rearing, fulfil unselfish tasks and normally train mates in the practice of unselfishness towards each other and towards their children. The cardinal element in any higher concept of human welfare is unselfishness. Introduce birth control into family life, and in the long run or in the short run, you multiply the quota of deliberately childless marriages, and you usher in the era of the one and two child family, — that is, the family that does not reproduce itself, the family that provides the maximum of play-toy satisfactions for the parents with the minimum of unselfish sacrifice and responsibility.

Birth control is normally the offspring of selfishness. Normally, too, it is the parent of selfishness.

JOHN M. COOPER

Washington, D. C.

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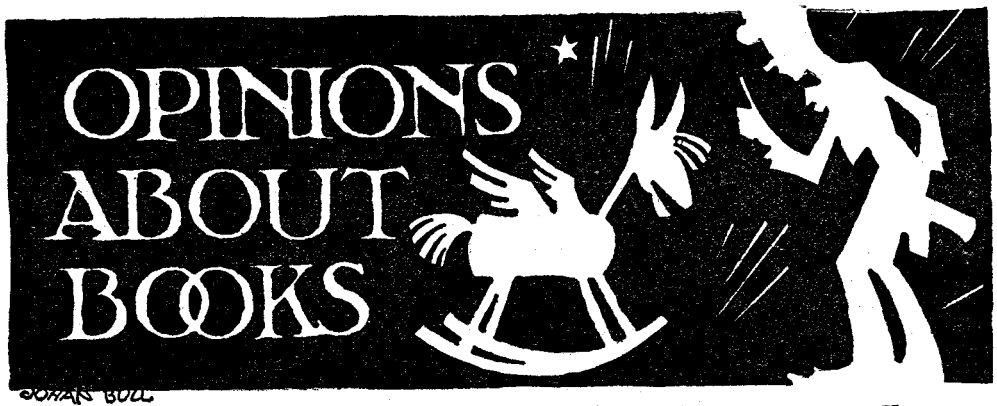

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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Two First Novels

I SUPPOSE every college professor of English makes up his mind that he will write a novel. Some do it early, some do it late; and in old age, some wish they had, and some wish they hadn't. Barrett Wendell was not usually regarded as a novelist; but early in his career he published two works of fiction. Professor Robert Morss Lovett wrote two novels, one of which is so good (*A Winged Victory*) that I am at a loss to determine why he did not continue. The most sensational success won in this field by an American college professor is by John Erskine, whose two books are so familiar I do not have to name them. Henry Van Dyke, Brander Matthews, Gordon Gerould, and Jack Crawford have succeeded in combining academic teaching with story-writing. Perhaps the American college professor who has won the highest place among contemporary novelists is Robert Herrick, who has had a long and distinguished career, and is still in his prime. My opinion is that teaching is bad for writing, but that writing is good for teaching.

Carl Van Doren has won an enviable reputation as a critic, and one greets his first novel THE NINTH WAVE (Macmillan, $2.00) with pleasurable anticipations, which the book justifies. It is, as one would expect, admirably written, with dignity and restraint, with grace and charm. It is a good story well told, with character and circumstance well within the author's experience and observation. Its defects are in its limitations rather than in its excesses. One feels that it is a trial novel, somewhat like a rhetorical exercise; but it is so good that on finishing it we feel certain that the next one will be better.

Viola Paradise's first novel THE PACER (Dutton, $2.00) is an original and admirable story. It is not so finished and deft in literary style as Mr. Van Doren's book, but it is a "bigger and better" fable, and contains a violent conflict, which is the essence of drama. The title well expresses the character of the heroine, who is a real person, but the chief figure and surely the most appealing, is the husband, Joe Gunner, owner and manager of a pickle factory, — symbolical of the difficulty in which he finds himself. Imagine what Sinclair Lewis would have done with and to Joe Gunner! His vulgarity would have shrieked raucously to the circumambient

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air. But Viola Paradise has seen below the surface of Joe's amiability to the beauty of his soul, illumined by the lamp of the spirit.

Here is a rather new treatment of the monotonous triangle theme. Judith, the eternally restless, almost neurasthenic wife of the blissfully contented pickleman, falls wildly in love with a poet. This is not because "she is not understood" by her husband; it is because she does not understand him. The final victory is the triumph of character over culture. The difference between a rough diamond and polished paste (of which there are plenty of specimens in the book) is this: the more you polish a rough diamond, the brighter it glows; but it won't do to go on polishing paste, lest you polish it into nothingness. Joe's solid qualities are developed by music and by reading Professor Sumner's *Folkways;* but neither music nor knowledge could have developed him, if the core had not been sound. And Joe is a man with a core, and, in these wild and whirling days, a man good to meet, better to know, and best to live with. What a magnificent man, husband, father, friend he will be at sixty!

Other characters in the story are also well drawn. The author is fond of showing unsuspected virtues concealed beneath unpromising exteriors, — white hopes, — of which the most attractive is perhaps Aunt Carrie, who survives the knife of the surgeon and the sharper tooth of time.

Superficially the novel is exactly up to date, — contemporary in its social patter, in its ironical view of society, in its analysis of pose. But it differs from many books of the day in being the expression not only of a clever mind but of a good heart.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Mars' Nest

MR. HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG has attempted a difficult feat of exposition in THE NEW BALKANS (Harper's, $3.00), and has carried it through successfully, even brilliantly. His purpose is to set forth the essential problems of the Balkans in their contemporary aspect, considered always in relation to possible dangers of the future. Because of his gift for clarification and an admirable sense of proportion, the book will be read gratefully by those who have some acquaintance with the background of the subject, as well as by those just awakening to its world importance. It will be of especial service to many a student who has found difficulty in keeping abreast of Balkan developments since 1919, and who is anxious to compare the hopes and fears aroused by the decisions at Paris and after, with the actual course of events.

The author's plan, executed with sufficient skill to conceal its scaffolding, is to select for each state the problems affecting most closely its own domestic future or its relations with other Balkan states and the great Powers. Since almost all of these problems touch two or more states, the reader receives an impression of the interplay of various national interests, which, in the study of Balkan questions, may be termed the beginning of wisdom. By artful construction Mr. Armstrong has avoided the mistake of so many text-book writers, who take up the Balkan states *seriatim* and in apparently water-tight compartments. The tone of his generalizations is one of healthy optimism, for he finds that the Balkan states on the whole "seem to be pursuing their way under skies that are fairly serene by comparison with those of the past".

The details of his chapters, however, make clear the numerous pitfalls in which future disaster may lurk. He refuses to propound any panacea except the passage of time and the exercise of constant self-restraint. The chief danger, perhaps, lies in the opportunity which a quarrel between two Balkan states might offer for the intervention of an outside Power desiring to "keep the Balkans harassed and disunited". These little nations must "steer clear alike from assuming commitments outside the peninsula and from allowing foreign interference in their dealings with one another". A Balkan pact of non-aggression offers obvious advantages, but in Mr. Armstrong's opinion it had better fail if the circumstances of its creation led to the intervention of an outside Power, which, though technically an arbiter, might be tempted to turn the balance one way or another. "What the Balkan states need is to stand together, promising nothing more than to refrain from aggression against each other and avoiding entanglements outside their special sphere."

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To supplement Mr. Armstrong's brief chapter on Albania, the student may turn with profit to Edith Pierpont Stickney's scholarly study, SOUTHERN ALBANIA OR NORTHERN EPIRUS IN EUROPEAN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1912–1923 (Stanford University Press, $2.50). Based upon primary source material which the author has analyzed with care and objectivity, equipped with a comprehensive bibliography and maps that are really elucidatory, her study is an example of the value of research in contemporary history when the standard canons are observed. Her essay begins with a brief historical survey extending to 1912, and devotes succeeding chapters to the crisis of 1913, the history of southern Albania during the War, conflicting claims at the Peace Conference, the accords of 1920 with Italy and Greece, and the Albanian question as considered by the League of Nations. Miss Stickney's book provides an excellent background for Mr. Armstrong's brief chapter on Albania. Indeed, her volume need not wait for post-publication approval to give it the stamp of merit, for it was awarded the George Louis Beer Prize in 1925. The work is comprehensive and accurate, and will be recognized as authoritative by all students of the Balkans. In view of the recently concluded treaty between Albania and Italy, Miss Stickney's work provides the best possible orientation for an understanding of this new sore spot in the Balkans.

CHARLES SEYMOUR

Wheeler Looks at Comstock

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, ROUNDSMAN OF THE LORD (A. &. C. Boni, $3.00) is an honest portrait of a man who invited caricature. The very title is a stroke of genius. Comstock *was* the "Roundsman", not highly intellectual, nor oversensitive, but fearless in his flat-footed determination to keep his beat clean. Here we see the man, warts and all; but the warts are only indicated and not emphasized, while the man himself, in his sturdiness, his earnestness, his sincerity and his courage, stands out clearly.

Anthony Comstock would never have understood Heywood Broun, but Broun enters more fully into the mind and motives of Comstock than many a Comstockian, including Trumball who was his official biographer. He does not praise nor blame with emphasis. He merely reports with unusual clarity a man whom his enemies and his friends have hidden under legends. He helped protect the morals of the people, destroying tons of salacious literature, arresting dealers in filth, and calmly listing the death or the suicide of his quarry as part of his achievements. In spite of his own well-known attitude toward censorship, further set forth in an essay at the close of the volume, Broun does justice to Comstock by making it clear that "his actual interference with books, plays, and paintings of sincere intent was slight"; that "in his own day the bulk of Comstock's work might well be classed as a defense of the folkways of his people"; and that "few among the half million (pictures) pounced upon by Comstock were reproductions of well-known or worthy pictures".

The riddle of Comstock is well propounded by Margaret Leech, coauthor with Broun, who asks: "Who was this man? The ignorant foe of culture? The symbol of American provincialism and intolerance? The cruel and fanatical bigot? Or the defender of little children? The fearless witness for the right? God's soldier? Perhaps he was all these things in that strange and fateful medley which makes up a human soul."

Comstock's methods, like those of Carrie Nation, were of his own age. He took upon himself the individual responsibility of securing evidence, making arrests and prosecuting offenders. That brought him into more bitter controversy with his opponents than he would have known had he used the present day methods of holding to responsibility those public officials whose duty it is to enforce the law.

The italicized quotation on the title-page, "The United States is one great society for the suppression of vice," probably expresses the mind of that "solid and important block of public opinion" to which Comstock and other "weeders in the garden of the Lord" gave, or are giving, expression. I commend this book to the liberal and the fanatic, the individualist and the social reformer. They will all find pleasure in its reading and may gather here arguments for their opposing theories of life.

WAYNE B. WHEELER

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China on the Map

IN September 1925 THE FORUM *published two articles on China. In one, prediction of a forthcoming revolution on Bolshevik principles was made by Dr. Hu Shih, — then little known in America. The second article forecast the dawn of a new and self-controlled China. That subsequent events have borne out these prophecies is seen in the following review by Mr. Upton Close, the well-known authority on the Far East whose newest book,* THE REVOLT OF ASIA, *is soon to be reviewed in* THE FORUM.

FOUR books in one week, not to speak of lines of heads and columns of dispatches at forty cents a word in the newspapers, are evidence enough that America has at last discovered China. Let the Chinese kill a few more Americans and we shall actually get interested in them. A great deal more information will have to be disseminated among us, however, before the American people are equipped to grapple in knowledge with the problem of the Pacific Era upon which the world has entered.

At this moment when the chairman of a "Foreign Policy" dinner announces the topic of discussion as "State Department Responsibility, — if any, — to Public Opinion, — if any," and the editorial editor of the New York "World" retorts, "State Department, — if any," Henry Kittredge Norton's book, CHINA AND THE POWERS (John Day, $4.00), comes as a valuable exposition of American trans-Pacific policy. Norton suggests no new line. The principles and attitudes of Webster and Cass and John Hay and Hughes are good enough for him, and he passes over the Kellogg régime without a shrug. But Norton presents that policy as it might be were it conscious, informed, reduced to consistency, and infused with courageous idealism. In such a policy would lie, according to the author, the salvation of China and the avoidance of world-wide scrimmage, — that is, provided Young China would react to it in the right spirit.

Henry Kittredge Norton is the best stylist among our prophets of the Pacific era. No one since Edmund Burke has made better logic or more lucid sentences out of politics. His maps are always a delight to the eye and first aid to the understanding. Having been the sole historian of the temporary Soviet Far Eastern Republic, he presents dramatically Russia's approach to China. He fails, however, to evaluate the statesmanship which lies behind her "enlightened imperialism", or how unlikely it is that while her present leaders are in power she will slip back into the old-style aggression which would bring her once more on to the plane of the Powers whom she is displacing in Asia. Under the suggestive title "The Interested Referee", Norton succinctly evaluates American interest in Pacific Asia.

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The weakness of Norton's book is that he evaluates the situation as it ought to be, not as it is. "The hope of young China lies in her students, in the Young China movement, now most strongly coordinated in Canton. There has yet appeared no other force in China that has the power to save China and the world from a great tragedy." "All they need to do to put China on the road to recovery is to assure themselves that there is no aggressive motive behind the Western assistance, and then to accept it as freely and make as good use of it as they have hitherto of the second-hand Russian article." In view of past performance, this is rather a large amount of faith to ask of Young China. If Mr. Norton were an Asiatic he would smile at the suggestion that Russian aid, compared to Western magnanimity, is a second-hand article. The Chinese do not waste emotion thrilling over the sincerity of either one, but they know which gets results. And regardless of the risk they run of wasting their own substance, they do not propose to remain another instant the wards of a benevolent America or anyone else. Since we can not constrain them, why waste words over how good for them it would be if the guardianship might be perpetuated?

Felix Morley in OUR FAR EASTERN ASSIGNMENT (Doubleday Page, $2.00) does one of the finest pieces of sympathetic reporting I have seen. On the Philippines especially, he presents a welcome relief from the arguments of retired American officers and judges. If one wishes to know how real and living is the independence movement, if he wishes to know why Filipinos ask independence at once and without stock arguments as to the foolishness and hopelessness of their projects, Morley's little book will tell him. The distribution of this tiny, unassuming book is one of the fine things to the credit of the Council of Christian Associations, which should not arouse prejudice.

Crowell puts out a new and timely edition of Professor E. T. Williams's CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY ($4.50). This potpourri of observations and researches on many phases of Chinese life by one of America's *oldest* students of the Orient has made a definite place for itself since its first appearance four years ago. Its exposition of guild and peasant communal organization is the best available. Dr. Williams has added a new chapter on art, which he rightfully recognizes is one of the truest indices to the civilization of any nation.

It is good to be able to end this list with a book by a Chinese author, CHINA AND HER POLITICAL ENTITY (Oxford Press, American Branch, $2.00) by Professor Shuhsi Hsü, of the Tsinghua (Boxer) Indemnity College. The eagerness with which Americans turn to Chinese scholars for an interpretation of the ideals and hopes of the new China, is best seen in the large public attendance at the lectures of Dr. Hu Shih during his recent visit to this country. We greatly need more books on China by Chinese, although it would be encouraging to see a turn to art, social history, and economics, rather than the everlasting writings on diplomatic controversies. However, while the spirit of nationalism governs Young China this must be expected. Professor Hsü's thesis concerns the problems of Korea, Manchuria, and Mongolia, with an especial eye to the now rather *passé* Japanese menace. It strikes out in a different vein from its predecessors with a valuable but too barely chronological background of the histories of these regions.

Summing up these books from the point of view of one who ardently desires the lessening of ignorance about China by the American public, I should say that Mr. Norton's book will be most read, as, indeed, it ought to be. Like Tyler Dennett's admirable *Americans in Eastern Asia*, it shows that, although the United States hasn't the same colonial concern as England and France in the region we mistakenly call the "Far" East, American observers are as perspicacious and as enlightening as their compeers in any other country. They are calling attention to a region which, in future, will play a larger part in world affairs than it has in the past. Our dense and grievous popular unawareness is not their fault, as the great number of recent books on China indicates. Indeed, it is to be hoped that the American people will not long remain in ignorance. Events in China daily call attention to a world in revolt which dares us to understand it, and the material is now at hand for accepting the challenge.

UPTON CLOSE

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A New Sedgwick Novel

READERS of Anne Douglas Sedgwick have been aware for some books past that she was turning toward what, if you are knowing, you call "the stylistic and decorative", and away from what is variously called (according to your personal taste) "the realistic", "the truthful," or "the materialistically photographic". In *The Little French Girl* one figure at least was certainly a metaphorical one in a fresco, rather than a living member of our mixed-pickles human race. This was the all-conquering siren mother, evidently intended to symbolize pure, unmoral beauty. She was too all-conquering. A siren before whose charms literally everybody fell is not even a conceivable possibility for beings who so long ago recognized the *de gustibus* proverb as one of the aphorisms of our existence.

In the latest Sedgwick novel, THE OLD COUNTESS (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), not only one character but all the book is done in the allegorical fresco style, and beautifully done if you like that style. If your taste allows you to enjoy it, and if you realize to begin with that this is what the book has to offer, you will immensely enjoy this story, half French, half English, wholly non-realistic, lovely with an unearthly sort of lambent spiritual distinction which has become the peculiar quality of Mrs. De Sélincourt's literary personality.

If your habitual mood leads you to read Theodore Dreiser, shun this book. You will save yourself and those about you an outburst of protest against its "unreality, thinness, sentimentality, impossibility." The comment of the realist in my own circle as he laid down the book was not indignant but melancholy. "It never happened," he said sadly. "Not one thing in it ever happened." As I say, if this thought is one to sadden you, keep away from this story of complex mankind (the husband), torn between sweet, honest, wholesome, healthy human joys (his lovely young wife), and the darker, more potent, more dangerous, more exalting joys and pains of mysticism (represented by the exquisitely saintly and alluring other and third angle of the triangle).

I ought to add a footnote referring to the word "mysticism" as used above, and protest against our narrowing it always to the meaning of doctrinal or religious mysticism. I do not mean it in this sense, but as referring to all those strange, deep-lying, overwhelming, spiritual gropings in human beings, gropings which not only refuse to be contented with merely human satisfactions, but as part of their essence seem always bent upon rending and tearing asunder merely human satisfactions. That's the kind of book it is; resembling a Sinclair Lewis novel as closely as a Puvis de Chavannes fresco of classic groves resembles a flash-light photograph of a prize-fight. There is spiritual truth in it, — the picture of the compelling power of a soul which has endured and survived and conquered suffering. But it certainly "never happened".

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

A Short Talk to Belloc

HILAIRE BELLOC'S SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD AND OTHERS (Harpers, $3.00) are very short, and the first essay is only mildly amusing. It was a pity to take a title so associated with past brilliance and wisdom, from Lucian to Landor, from Lord Lyttleton to Andrew Lang, and to employ a literary form so full of opportunity, yet make so slight a use of them. The truth is that Mr. Belloc is a little too casual with his readers, by whom he would appear to have become rather spoiled; for he often writes as if anything is good enough for them, apparently taking little pains with his ideas, and dashing down anything that comes into his head in a somewhat lordly fashion. At his best, as we know, he can write very well. If a little oracular at times after the manner of a British Justice of the Peace, he can also be engagingly human, and even boyish. In this volume, too, he writes prose which reminds one how finely he once wrote it, — and, of course, can still write it when he cares to take the trouble.

Putting aside the first paper, which gives its figurehead title to the volume, "*and Others*" contains much that is both amusing and wise. The wisdom is better than the humor, which is too often heavy and labored, except in the occasional nonsense verses of which one wishes there were more. I think the best of humorous

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papers is that on "True Advertising", a whimsical commentary on a congress of advertising men who came to the conclusion that advertisements ought to tell the truth.

The Lord Lyttleton aforesaid, who, like Lucian, wrote some "Dialogues of the Dead", has this passage in the preface to his book, which I would apply favorably to Mr. Belloc. He says: "Indeed, one of the best services that could now be done to mankind by any good writer would be the bringing them back to common sense, from which the desire of shining by extraordinary notions has reduced great numbers, to the no small detriment of morality and of all real knowledge." Curious how all ages seem to have been alike; but certainly no age more than our own has needed that bringing back to common sense. Well, Mr. Belloc is the man to do it, if any one can. The best things in this book are full of common sense. Of course, it is Tory common sense, — but perhaps all of it is that.

The best things I mean are the papers dealing with Byron and Livy, both particularly good and "sound": "Talking of Fakes," "Talking of (and Singing) of the Nordic Man," "The Fate of a Word," "Talking of Poverty," and the paper for which I am most grateful of all, "On Rasselas." How good at this time of day to hear a critic saying: "Every man ought to read *Rasselas*, and every wise man will read it half a dozen times in his life. Indeed, a man would do well to read it once a year at least; for never was wisdom better put, or more enduringly." And what a sound canon of criticism is this: "A work of art is not to be judged wholly nor even generally by its effect as a work of art, but is rather to be judged by its whole social effect upon man."

When I read this, and some other wise and occasionally beautiful things in Mr. Belloc's new volume, I feel repentant for the perhaps rather unkind tone of my opening paragraph. Still I meant it kindly, — for his own good! — and for the good of his readers. Besides it's true that he *is* a little too go-as-you-please and take-it-or-leave-it-damn-you even for an essayist who writes with that "rambling ease" with which the jacket of his book credits him.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

The First Realist

VIRGIL BARKER has given us in PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER (Arts Publishing Corporation, $2.00) the first popular study to be published in English of one of the most remarkable personalities and painters of the sixteenth or, indeed, of any century. The pictures form a rather more important part of the book than the text. The fifty or more plates give probably as good an idea of the variety, vigor, and realistic quality of Bruegel's talent as can be conveyed by half-tone reproductions of photographs, — those shadows of paintings.

Bruegel was indeed, as Mr. Barker says, "the first complete realist in the history of painting". His sympathetic, humorously satirical, but entirely uncompromising, presentation of peasant life illuminates not only his own period but all time. "We can understand," says Emile Michel, "the admiration which François Millet professed for Bruegel. In those drawings of the master pinned on the walls of his simple studio at Barbizon, he found his own models, and felt in complete harmony with the point of view of the artist whom he could hail as one of his forerunners."

Bruegel's vivid influence extends to artists other than painters, even down to our own day. The first essay in prose of his fellow countryman, Maurice Maeterlinck, was a sketch called "The Massacre of the Innocents" wherein the New Testament story is told as if it were the account of a raid of Spanish troopers on a sixteenth century village in Flanders. Every detail of the scene is described exactly as Bruegel painted it in the great picture from which Maeterlinck drew his inspiration.

The master painter was also a profound thinker. He was, as Henri Hyman says, "the eloquent interpreter of the popular feeling of his epoch, the Hogarth of his time". He was, indeed, one of the great *rieurs* of Rabelaisian breed. This very quality which made him immensely popular in his own day, has since somewhat obscured his talent as a painter and distracted attention from the purely pictorial beauty of his later landscapes. As he developed, he became steadily more entirely the painter. The lover of landscapes and season forced the satirist and humorist into the background, and though

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Bruegel died at a comparatively early age, while his genius was still in the full sweep of its expansion, he has left us some of the most profoundly beautiful and moving of all expressions of landscape painting.

In the first part of his book Mr. Barker gives us, against a rather sketchy historical account of the time, what little is known of the life of Bruegel. The second part is devoted to an enthusiastic discussion of his quality as a man and as an artist. There are also some explanatory notes on the illustrations and a short bibliography. It is an unusually honest, sincere, and readable piece of work and should greatly increase the interest and pleasure in this great artist, who, in the last few years, has been winning back his early fame among lovers of painting.

FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

Israfel

HERVEY ALLEN'S ISRAFEL (Doran, 2 volumes, $10.00) is a tremendous undertaking which gives us the life and times of Edgar Allen Poe with a rare combination of unprejudiced detachment and sympathetic and pitying understanding. The author's method is to pile up fact and yet more fact. The book sets out to be a presentation of evidence, rather than an interpretive study of Poe.

For the first few chapters I found myself annoyed by this factual method, by the countless footnotes anent unimportant items, and by the exaggerated caution with which Mr. Allen surrounds the most harmless assumptions, as for instance, when he describes the furnishings of a room: "probably a trundle bed for the children or a cot upon which a nurse, if any, slept." Yet, after the first few hours with this book, I discovered that a clearer, more real and human concept of Poe had begun to emerge from these pages, than any I heretofore received. At the end of the book I felt that I knew him as well as if during his life time I had been an intimate acquaintance, as if I had met him often, and had heard much about him from friends, and enemies. For Mr. Allen gives you the wherewithal to construct him for yourself.

Mr. Allen does not write with a novelist's art. But perhaps he does something more extraordinary. He makes you feel that you have lived through Poe's whole brief life. You stop here and there to wonder if this Israfel can be the boy you knew years ago, — only it wasn't years, it was pages. You see what life has done to him, you suffer with him, you feel his tortured waywardness so intensely that at times, — though the facts of Poe's life have always been familiar to you, — you wonder what really will become of him.

I think it must have been pity of this man whom fate treated with such devilish cruelty that drew Mr. Allen to his task. Yet he handles his character, and, indeed, all the people whose lives he discusses as their paths cross Poe's, with unsentimental honesty. He does not spare the unsavory traits of Israfel. But no more does he exaggerate them. It is an achievement to maintain so unpartizan an attitude in dealing with a man like Poe. Again and again the cup was dashed from his lips at the moment of drinking. And yet, for the brief time when he could really taste his fame, it was almost as disastrous as the times of want.

Poe was cursed at the outset with one of those precariously constituted nervous systems, which, even when outward circumstances are kind, make existence hard enough to endure. And after a brief youth equipped with advantages, he was turned adrift quite unprepared for life, to struggle and starve and suffer. If any one can read this book and believe at the end that starving is good for genius, he is blind indeed. Whatever be the estimate of Poe's genius, one must now know that the poverty which so bedeviled him, robbed the world as well as Poe. Poe's life was a succession of crashing dissonances, which never resolved themselves into tolerable chords. He was forced to snatch what happiness he could out of dreams. It was a poor thin trickle of happiness he derived from his unreal marriage with Virginia. Indeed, there was a quality of unreality about all his relationships with people, except, possibly, the solid and motherly Mrs. Clemm.

Despite the fact that the book is not written in a brilliant or distinguished style, it is a very valuable contribution, not only to the literature on Poe and to the picture of the early nineteenth century, but to the science of biography.

VIOLA PARADISE

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Mr. Churchill's War

THE command of armies and the organization of industry in time of war call for the highest technical and executive ability; but the greater task of effectively coordinating the various civil, military, and political powers of whole nations demands nothing less than genius. In his study of the War, THE WORLD CRISIS, 1916–1918 (Scribner's, 2 vols., $10.00), Mr. Winston Churchill finds no outstanding strategic genius, either among the allied or the enemy leaders. The art of war, he tells us, had fallen into helplessness in 1918 when the whole strength of the belligerents was at last brought into the struggle. The problem was to procure a swift decision and spare humanity the horrors of protracted warfare; but the solution was not to be arrived at by strategy.

Instead, for over three years the great armies of Europe carried on the indecisive butchery of trench warfare, and in the end came victory by attrition, — a victory which we know now to have been almost as disastrous to victors as to vanquished.

> And why should the view be limited to the theatre in which the best and largest armies happen to face each other? Sea power, railway communications, foreign policy, present the means of finding new flanks outside the area of deadlock. Mechanical science offers on the ground, in the air, on every coast, from the forge or from the laboratory, boundless possibilities of novelty and surprise.

Thus it was that victory by exhaustion entailed far-reaching enervation in every field. And in the main, one must agree with Mr. Churchill's thesis. He states his case ably and clearly, and supports it with an imposing array of statistics, charts, and quotations.

Discussion has arisen as to the author's bias against the "epaulets" in favor of the "frocks", but the closest reading of the disputed passages reveals no prejudice. Mr. Churchill's characterizations of his colleagues are outspoken and intimate, but not unfair. In his judgment of Admiral Jellicoe's strategy in the battle of Jutland, he avoids facile criticism by correctly pointing out that the British Commander-in-Chief, as no other man, — sovereign, statesman, or general, — could have lost the War in the space of two or three hours.

Similarly, in taking the allied command to task for its lack of strategic ability, he gives credit to the individual leaders for the spirit that animated them at all times and the steadfastness of their purpose. His commendation and criticism supersede war-time judgments. Many Allied generals, among them Joffre, Robertson, Nivelle, and Kitchener are criticized, while certain German generals, and particularly Ludendorff, receive credit for their ability. There is this to be said in favor of the rank and file of German generals as opposed to the Allied commanders, that up to 1918 both in offensive and defensive operations they succeeded in sparing their troops more than half the casualties suffered by the Allies.

The work as a whole presents a wide panorama of the military operations during the crucial years of the War. There is, however, one important omission in Mr. Churchill's selection of material. He gives far too little attention to the Russian front and to the rôle of Austria in the War. It is a common failure of war historians to forget the important part played by the Austrian Empire in its fatal struggle with Russia. In spite of being a confessed "Easterner", Mr. Churchill refers but briefly to events on the eastern front and passes over without any mention the Caucasian and Persian theatres of war.

Having served as First Lord of the Admiralty, as Minister of Munitions, and as Secretary of State for War, Mr. Churchill was not only able to view events from the point of view of Downing Street, but also from that of the battlefield, for he distinguished himself in France as a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1916. A reading of this work gives the lie to the theory that contemporaries are unable to view events of which they have been witnesses in proper historical perspective. If this has been generally true in the past, Mr. Churchill's brilliant and comprehensive treatment of his immense subject establishes a new standard in recent historical writing.

GEORGE NEBOLSINE

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Gantry, the Devil's Saint

ELMER GANTRY has been branded at once the truest and falsest, the fairest and foulest, the most heroic and most cowardly book of this frank, prolific and artistically pregnant age. In so much propaganda, is there no art? No permanence? If so, what is its quality and value? The literary merits of the book, — if any, — have been largely obscured by prejudiced praise and vituperation. THE FORUM, *therefore, offers a prize of one hundred dollars to the reviewer of* ELMER GANTRY *who, in the opinion of the Editor, succeeds best in assessing its literary value. The only condition of eligibility for this prize is that the review must have been published in some magazine or newspaper before August 1, 1927, and must be submitted to* THE FORUM *before August 15. The following review is the only one that will appear in these pages.*

ELMER GANTRY (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is dedicated to H. L. Mencken. Much of it sounds as if it were dictated by him. Much of its phraseology has a familiar sound to a reader of the "Mercury". It presents, in fiction form, the Mencken philosophy regarding American Protestant Evangelical sects. Its importance as a book depends, however, not upon its indictment of organized religious hypocrisy and bigotry, but upon its accuracy as an authentic and artistic picture of American civilization. It is necessary to mention this because American Protestantism, especially the Evangelical branch, is unlike anything else on earth. This reviewer, who was reared in England as a Methodist, welcomes *Elmer Gantry* as a timely book. But if it had been less bitter, less extravagant in its portrayal of the intimate connection between religion and lust, it would have been more successful.

It is also a little too long. The Sinclair Lewis technique is now familiar to the world in a remarkable gallery of American scenes. That technique consists of a vivid caricature entirely surrounded by livid, flash-light photographs. The power of this method is undeniable. Each face is painfully recognizable, but the intensity of the illumination emphasizes the sinister features and destroys every vestige of beauty and softness. This is attained by minute attention to detail, by a tireless accumulation of data. Lewis, with less genius, is like Kipling. He uses English in much the same way and he collects his material in exactly the same way. The cumulative effect is tremendous, but the weight of so much material needs a strong frame on which to rest. If a reviewer may offer a suggestion, it is that Mr. Lewis shorten his novels. *Arrowsmith* began to drag when Leora died, and should have ended there. *Elmer Gantry* drags after the attractive evangelist, Sharon Falconer, is burned to death; and the final scenes are deliberate muck-raking reporting.

The blurb on the jacket says the novel is "a work of art". That is for competent judges to say, not anonymous blurb-writers whose English is at times poor. This calls to mind William Allen White's recent comment. It seems that a short time back, Sinclair Lewis, — while gathering material, — stood in the pulpit of a Kansas City church and dared God to strike him dead. Mr. White, after reading *Gantry*, recalled the episode and remarked that apparently God had taken Mr. Lewis at his word and had struck him dead artistically.

The chief impression one has in putting the book down is that of an undisciplined vitality. It is like reading a book by Dostoyefsky which has been rewritten to suit "True Stories" magazine. The trouble is that all the characters, save one or two minor ones, are ignoble. Once the character of Gantry is clear to the reader it becomes plain that he has in him nothing of normal decency and goodness, and the only way in which our interest can be maintained is to pile horror on horror. Are evangelists and preachers like this? Here and there, no doubt. In so large a population it is inevitable. But Lewis, at times I fear, is spiteful. He has very nearly defeated himself. *Elmer Gantry* will be read and fought over and attacked, and will possibly start a reaction. But *Babbitt* remains the Lewis masterpiece.

WILLIAM MCFEE

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